JAPAN

DESCRIBED BY GREAT WRITERS

ESTHER SINGLETON

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JAPAN

As *Seen* and *Described* by Famous Writers

Edited and Translated by

ESTHER SINGLETON

Author of "Turrets, Towers and Temples," "Great Pictures," and "A Guide to the Opera," and *translator of* "The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner."

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

IN the following pages I have endeavoured to present a bird's eye view of Japan, as seen by travellers and recognized authorities who have given time and study to the arts, sciences, history, ethnography, manners, customs and institutions of that country. Within the limits of a volume of this size, it is, of course, impossible to describe Japan in detail; in fact, that country is still a sealed book to the European and American with the exception of the circumscribed region around Tokio, Kioto and the Treaty Ports. I have tried, however, to give a general and comprehensive view of Japan and Japanese life by drawing on the records and impressions of those who have been allowed especial opportunities for examination and forming their own conclusions.

Beginning with the description of the country, its physical features, flora, fauna, etc., the writers whom I have laid under contribution next describe the Japanese race with ethnological details, and then proceed to treat of the history and religion of the land. The next division of the work is devoted to descriptions of special towns, the Inland Sea, mountains, highways, temples, shrines and places or popular resort. As these special descriptions give a clearer idea of Japanese life and thought than more general

articles, more space has been devoted to this department of the work than any other. From the topography and special descriptions, we pass to the manners and customs of the nation, treating of the home and the special social observances and amusements peculiar to Japan. After this, the arts and crafts of the Japanese are treated comprehensively by recognized authorities in the various branches; and, in order to give the reader an idea of Japan as it now is, I have added a few recent statistics and an article on the dawn of New Japan.

The extracts from *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, by Lafcadio Hearn, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Mr. Hearn's works.

E. S.

New York, March 20, 1904.

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THE COUNTRY

LOUIS GONSE

ALL those who have set foot on Japanese soil agree in praising its natural beauties. In this respect, travellers' tales present such unanimity that we may consider Japan as one of the most favoured countries in the world. Beauty of sky, mildness of climate, variety of zone, and configuration to the land all contribute to its wealth. By its greatly lengthened form, like that of a bow, the concave side of which is turned towards the Asiatic continent, and by its extension from north-east to south-west, the Nippon archipelago covers very different latitudes and consequently lends itself to cultivations of the most opposite character. There are no fewer than 750 leagues between the northern extremity of the island of Yezo, which is on the forty-sixth parallel, to the extreme south of Kiushiu, which is on the thirtieth. While the northern regions are covered with snow the southern ones are vivified by an ardent sun. From the crossing, around Japan, of the great Polar current that comes down from the Sea of Okhotsk and the great tropical current that comes up from the equator towards the Isle of Formosa and flows along the east coasts before losing itself in the Pacific, it results that the difference between the temperatures of the north

and south, between summer and winter, is more marked even than in Europe. At the same latitude, it is colder by five or six degrees in the north of Japan; and the heat is more intense in the south. The medium climate of Yezo corresponds almost with that of Norway; that of Kiushiu with that of Egypt. There is the same difference in the seasons. It must also be added that the east coasts have a milder and more humid climate than those on the west.

Four islands, of much greater importance than the others, form the territory of the Empire of Japan properly speaking; Yezo, Hondo, the largest, which the Dutch named Nippon; Shikok, the coasts of which form the Inland Sea, and Kiushiu. The area of the Empire of Japan, according to official statistics, is a little more than three-quarters the size of France; and the population numbers about forty millions. Taking into account the small number of inhabitants contained by the northern and mountainous regions, this country must rank as one of the most densely populated on the face of the globe. The population of the three imperial cities is,—Tokio, 1,507,642; Kioto, 351,461; Osaka, 1,311,909. Ten other towns have more than 100,000 inhabitants each.

The extreme width of Japan, even in the latitude of Tokio, does not exceed 130 leagues. The extent of the coast line is enormous and may be set at ten times that of France. The shores are greatly indented, with deep bays; and the islands with which they are dotted are almost infinite in number,—no less than thirty-eight hundred of

FALLING FOG CASCADE, KIRIFURINOTAKI.

them have been counted. This geographical disposition, in combination with the presence of the ocean currents, results for a great portion of the year in a very humid condition of the atmosphere, from which vegetation gains an incomparable freshness. The almost tropical humidity of the spring and summer, and the relative dryness of the autumn and winter constitute the most striking character of the climate of Japan. Rain and snow are continually recurring in the compositions of the Japanese artists.

The rainy season corresponds to our months of June and July. The temperature rises rapidly with the arrival of the rains, and transforms Japan into a veritable sewer. The summer, which follows, is short, hot and stormy. We can imagine the different actions exercised by such a state of atmosphere upon plants, animals and man. During these months, the population is attacked by a general anemia. Everything softens in this warm humidity. Twice as much rain falls in Japan as in Western Europe; at Tokio (Yedo), the meteorological observations show a rainfall of nearly sixty inches per annum. The bay of Tokio performs the office of a hole to engulf the clouds brought by the south winds. The paddy-fields thrive wonderfully in the province of Musachi and form stretches of verdure for which the eye can find no limit. The skies in this region pour down such masses of water that the waters of the sea are far less salt here than elsewhere. This enervating return of warm rain is a real scourge to public health; it is the sole complaint that visitors have to make. But it is really

serious, and to its influence must be attributed the frail constitution of the Japanese, especially in the leisured classes, their premature old age, and the relatively short life among the dwellers in the plains.

The autumn and winter are the dry seasons. The autumn particularly is the loveliest part of the year. During the months of October, November and December, the sky is of exquisite purity, the colours in the landscape glow with marvellous brilliancy, and the air is light and full of tonic. Those who visit Japan in these privileged days carry away with them an image of ineffaceable delight. Freed from the excessive influence of the spring, the plants, like the men, stand up and seem to take strength from the well-being of Nature. The flowers of spring are succeeded by a still richer display; this is the time when the denticulated leaf of the *moumidji* illumines the landscape with its purple hues.

The surface of Japan is very mountainous and of an essentially volcanic formation. The features of the land and shores give to the landscapes an extraordinary variety and an almost tortuous aspect which is very happily softened by a luxuriant vegetation. A few of the volcanoes that are scattered over the surface of the Japanese archipelago are still in activity. The most remarkable of all, on account of its outline, the beauty of its form, and its isolated situation, is the celebrated Fusiyama, the snowy mass of which is so majestically enthroned on the horizon of Yedo;—the poetical Fusi, sung by all the poets and reproduced by all

the artists of the capital. The affection of every good Japanese for this admirable mountain, the highest in Japan, is well known. Like Etna, with which it presents singular analogies, Fusi has no rival. It reigns over Japan as Etna does over Sicily.

Warm springs are abundant, and the vegetative energy indicates that the period of volcanic upheavals is not yet very remote. The soil is wonderfully fertile almost everywhere.

Cascades, streamlets, bridges, mills and miniature lakes are the necessary accompaniment of every Japanese landscape.

The chains of mountains that accentuate Japan are accompanied by innumerable valleys, and even by immense plains, such as that of Yedo, in which the Japanese peasant finds a generous soil from which he can demand everything.

Japanese cultivation, although greatly laboured, is yet somewhat restricted; a small number of vegetables, among which are egg-plants, roots and potatoes; watermelons figure in the first rank; a few species of fruit-trees, mulberries, bamboos, cotton trees, maize, hemp, tobacco, indigo, tea and rice, particularly rice, which, with fish, is the dominant, not to say exclusive, food of Japan. Gardening, by which I mean the cultivation of ornamental plants and flowers, is, on the other hand, extremely developed. The Japanese love flowers. The flowers have not much odour, but they attain magnificent development and glow with hues unknown to us in Europe. Among the

most extraordinary, we may mention the giant chrysanthemums and the rose nenuphars, the calyx of which sometimes measures fifty centimetres in diameter.

The Japanese flora and fauna are similar to our own; many plants and animals are common to Europe and Japan. As for the flora, the number of families and genuses is greater than ours; but the varieties are infinitely fewer. The fauna is poorer.

The centre of Japan, principally in the low regions of the Tokaido, thanks to the development of cultivation, offers a remarkable mixture of the plants of the temperate and tropical zones. There may be seen the banana growing side by side with the mulberry, the orange with the apple, the cotton tree with the walnut and chestnut. The edible fruits seem almost all to be derived from importation from abroad at a historical period. The peach, cherry, plum and almond are not indigenous to Japan; there they have less flavour than in Europe. Pears attain enormous size there; the apple is only a wild fruit; the vine, which thrives in many regions, is not yet used for making wine. The only fermented drink in use is *saké* or rice brandy which contains only a small proportion of alcohol.

The forest vegetation is very remarkable. Trees attain colossal dimensions. The soil is shaded everywhere; bushes, ligneous plants, creepers and tall grasses are mingled in a picturesque jumble. Roads, paths, cascades, peasants' houses, inns and temples seem to be drowned in the verdure. The most noteworthy of the plants peculiar

to Japan are:—the Kiri (*Paulonia imperialis*), the imperial tree, the flower of which united with that of the chrysanthemum, symbolizes the power of the Mikado; the *umé*, or wild plum, an angular tree, covered with thorns, but of most beautiful style, that grows everywhere and whose dazzling blooms are the messengers of spring; the *Soughi* (*Cryptomeria japonica*) whose strange and strong forms have been often celebrated by European writers; the *Hinoki* (*Retinispora obtusa*) that affords the most prized wood for cabinet-making; the *Foudzi* (*Wysteria sincusis*) that wreathes the columns of the temples, covers the straw-thatched roofs of the huts, and figures so largely in the poetic imagination of the Japanese, as the emblem of youth and of the season of flowers; the *Biva*, the *Kaki*, which is the fruit-tree *par excellence* of Japan; and the peony (*Botan*) which is its most beautiful flower. We may also mention the *Rhus vernicifera*, the lacquer tree, and the *Brussonetia papyrifera*, the paper tree. The olive is unknown.

The flowers which the Japanese are most fond of cultivating in their gardens are orchids, chrysanthemums, camelias, peonies, azaleas, magnolias, hibiscus, nenuphars, irises, poppies, volubilis, lilies, begonias, ferns and mosses, odd forms of which they particularly esteem. The cherry is cultivated not for its fruit but for its blossom which is much larger and more beautiful than that borne by our trees. The double cherry blossom is incomparably magnificent.

Neglecting the flowers that are known to have been introduced from China or Europe, Savatier has classified the flora of Japan in 2,743 species, grouped in 1,035 genuses and 154 families. The number of plants may be put at more than 3,000; forty-four genuses have not yet been found outside the Japan archipelago. As to the southern flora of Yezo, it is entirely different and almost unknown. In the forests, the number and mixture of species are much greater than in other countries of the same latitude. The virgin forests of Japan, notwithstanding the breaches already made in them by industry, are still among the finest in the world. Yezo is nothing but a vast virgin forest of which the wealth of timber fit for building purposes has scarcely been touched.

If rice dominates in alimentary cultivation, the coniferous and evergreens dominate in forest vegetation. The resinous species of Japan enjoy universal celebrity. The pines and wild plums (*umé*) are the most beautiful ornaments of this region. The whole of decorate art is to some extent borrowed from the ingenious, delicate and learned study of these most picturesque trees. The artists have also made wonderful use of the *moumidji*, or American oak, the leaves of which assume a purplish red in Autumn and glow in great masses in the Japanese landscape; also of the bamboo the elegant forms of which lend themselves so readily to their favourite combinations. After rice, the bamboo plays the chief part in Japanese life; it seems as if the country could not subsist without the bamboo.

It lends itself to the most multifarious uses and needs.

After the cereals, the cultivation of the tea-shrub occupies the first rank, without being so important or so perfect as in China. Tea is the national drink. The shrubs are set out in the fields, or form hedges; they thrive well everywhere and are very hardy. The best tea is harvested in the neighbourhood of Kioto; as to fineness and delicacy, it is inferior in quality to the tea of China.

Silk culture occupies the third place in the national economics. Japanese silk was already celebrated in Europe in the Sixteenth Century. With respect to suppleness of tissue and beauty of tone, it has no rival. Unfortunately, this industry is in complete decadence, the quality of the best goods no longer appeals to foreign buyers to the same degree as formerly; the Japanese now only think about producing as much as possible without caring to maintain their old superiority. As for the native consumption, it diminishes daily under the invasion of our linens and cottons.

The fauna of Japan offers few remarkable peculiarities. Moreover, it is much poorer than the flora. Owing to the density of population and the development of cultivation, Japan has preserved very few wild animals. The carnivora are scarcely represented except by two species of bears, one of which lives almost exclusively in the isle of Yezo. The tiger exists only in some of the southern provinces, and the wolf has almost entirely disappeared. A species of wild

dog is also mentioned; but the two wild animals that are common over the whole surface of the country are the fox (*Kitsune*), and the badger (*Tanuki*), which constantly appear, in popular legend and to which the women's imagination attributes a baleful power. The fox can assume the human form. By preference, he chooses that of a young and beautiful woman, in order to lead belated travellers astray. The credulity of the lower orders attributes the most malicious annoyances to him. It is certain that he devastates the poultry-yards and rice-fields, where at his ease he can visit during the night the little tabernacles of Inari, the god of rice. The Japanese custom of offering food to their divinities attracts Mr. Renard and furnishes him with excellent repasts. The astute animal is so closely identified with the peaceable god of the fields that every little temple (*yaciro*) is flanked by two foxes coarsely carved in stone or wood, which has led some European writers to believe that the Japanese worship the fox under the name of Inari. For his part, the badger can metamorphose himself into inanimate objects and kitchen furniture and utensils. He is fond of the porridge pot. A very popular legend that has very often inspired the artists relates that one day a merchant bought a big porridge pot. Having been set on the fire, it put out a tail, four paws and a head, and then took to precipitate flight.

The boar and monkey are rather common. Rodents swarm. The rat is the emblem of fortune. It is always represented with Daikoku, the god of wealth. Animals

with prized furs abound in the island of Yezo; but the Japanese have scarcely begun to take advantage of the natural resources of that island. The rabbit and hare are very rare. A few years ago, rabbits imported from Europe commanded fabulous prices.

All the domestic animals, except the dog, came from China. The ass is unknown. The ox is employed in field work; but, until the arrival of the Europeans, the Japanese had not thought of using its flesh as food. The horse alone has any real importance in the normal life of the people. It is reserved for the saddle and pack, the drawing of all kinds of vehicles being confined to men. The sole indigenous equine race is that of the Satsouma ponies. They are small, fiery and difficult to manage. Their mane is short and bristling, and they are strong necked and have a long and flowing tail.

The Japanese ride only entire horses. They have great veneration for the horses of great personages. On the death of a prince or a warrior, a talented artist is commissioned to paint the portrait of his favourite horse with a few rapid strokes. These little pictures, called *yemas*, are piously preserved by the friends, or descendants of the deceased. At Nikko, people still visit the chapel erected to the battle-horse of Tokugawa Iyéyasu.

The ornithological and entomological wealth of Japan is very considerable. The various species of birds present much analogy with those of our temperate regions. The most richly represented are the ducks, wild geese, cranes,

herons, and generally all the long-legged birds. Pheasants and peacocks are reared in gardens, as with us. The gallinacæ offer superb types, and the Japanese cocks enjoy a well-deserved reputation. As for insects and butterflies, they abound throughout Japan.

The marine fauna is no less numerous. The waters of Japan afford fishing innumerable resources which, it is true, have somewhat diminished in certain parts of the sea, but in many others have scarcely begun to be exploited. One may say that Japan is a nation of fish-eaters. Fish cooked, salted, smoked or dried is the basis of the food of the people, and the fish is of excellent quality. There are very few differences between the Japanese species and our own. In general, the principal difference is that they are much larger; the crustaceans are more varied and abundant. There are crabs of gigantic size. Siebold, who studied the flora and fauna of Japan with great enthusiasm, mentions one species with long tentacles measuring no less than sixty inches. A sketch (natural size) of this species is preserved in the ethnological museum at Leyden.

Among the reptiles, we must mention a very odd animal, and one very celebrated in Europe since a specimen was brought to one of the zoological establishments of Italy,—the giant salamander, *Sieboldia maxima* (in Japanese, *Sanzio Ouvo*), which is found in some of the central provinces and in the neighbourhood of Lake Biwa.

PHYSICAL FEATURES

Relief of the Land—Highlands—Volcanoes

A. H. KEANE

THE Japanese archipelago is "an advanced frontier of Asia" consisting for the most part of very old sedimentary rocks, deposited, like the mainland itself, in deep water in palæozoic times, and upheaved, like so many other mountain systems by lateral pressure due to the gradual shrinkage of the earth's crust through secular cooling. Doubtless, extensive longitudinal fissures were left, through which igneous matter was ejected in later ages. But although most of the loftiest summits are extinct craters, volcanic agencies have on the whole played a relatively small part in the geological history of Japan. If the archipelago be compared, with the old geographers, to garlands of flowers, then the volcanoes may be likened to small pearls threaded among these garlands.

The neighbouring Pacific waters are the deepest that have yet been anywhere sounded; but they shoal somewhat gradually towards the east coast, while the incline is still more gentle in the comparatively shallow sea of Japan on the west side. Above these waters rise the Japanese uplands, which cover the greater part of the surface, and which, viewed as a

single orographic system, are found to consist of a long series of folds running normally in the direction of the main axis of the Archipelago. But towards the central and widest part of Hondo, a great transversal cleft, Naumann's *Fossa Magna*, marks off an area of profound disturbance between the northern and southern sections of the system. For some distance north of this cross fissure, above which rises Fujiyama, culminating point of the Archipelago (12,425 feet), the folds curve round so as to run for the most part transversely to the insular trend, but resume the normal direction about thirty-eight degrees north latitude, between Sado Island and Sendai Bay.

During its long life above the marine waters, the original structure of the Japanese highlands has been somewhat obliterated by weathering, denudation, erosive action, mechanical pressure, and igneous agencies. Nevertheless, these primitive zones—an outer towards the Pacific, a median, and an inner facing the mainland—may still be distinguished, and are somewhat clearly marked, especially in the southern section south of the *Fossa Magna*. Here, the outer zone traverses the islands of Kiushiu and Shikoku, and the Kii and Akaishi districts of Hondo, rising to a height of over 7,700 feet in Shi-koku, and to about 10,000 near the transverse fissure. Beyond this point, it is continued at intervals by the Quinto, Abukuma and Kitakami mountain masses.

In the south, the median zone is now represented by the innumerable rocky islets of the Inland Sea, a vast flooded

HARBOUR OF NAGASAKI.

depression disposed in the normal direction between the outer and inner zones. North of the *Fossa Magna*, this basin is continued by a median range with crests 6,000 feet high, extending to Awomori Bay at the northern extremity of Hondo, and bearing numerous igneous cones. Both in the north and in the extreme south (Kiushiu), the median zone is the chief sphere of volcanic activity in the Archipelago, and here are accumulated enormous masses of erupted rocks.

Lastly, the inner zone, skirting the shores of the sea of Japan, is of a more fragmentary character, its most salient feature being isolated volcanoes rising above circular basins formed by abrupt depressions. Such are the Sanpei and Daisen basins in the south facing the Oki Islands, in the north those of Gassan, Chokai, Moriyoshi, and Iwaki, extending from near the parallel of Sado Island to Sangar (Sugara) Strait, between Hondo and Yezo.

In Yesso (Yezo) exploration has been greatly retarded by the absence of roads through the trackless forests covering the greater part of the interior. The whole surface is hilly and in parts mountainous, the highest peaks being Shribetsi in the south (7,874 feet); Unabetsu in the north-east (5,039); Ofuyu in the west coast (6,000); Ishikari (7,710) and Tokachi (8,200) near the centre. Both old and recent eruptive rocks occur, as in Hondo; but sedimentary formations seem to predominate, developing numerous ridges of moderate elevation. The narrow intervening valleys are watered by small streams, which do not

converge in any large fluvial basins, but for the most part find their way in independent channels to the coast. These rivers teem with salmon, while the immense forests contain much valuable timber—oak, elm, walnut, birch and maple—which might be exported at a profit. Coal abounds, and the mines opened at Sorachi are now connected by a railway with the coast. Yezo has an area of 86,880 square miles.

In Hondo, the main axis towards the middle of the island recedes somewhat from the east coast, where is developed an alluvial lowland district watered by numerous streams, and occupied by Tokio (Yedo), capital of the empire. But west and south of this district the hills attain their greatest elevation in Mounts Nantai (8,195 feet), Asama (8,260), Haku (9,185), and the magnificent snow-capped cone of Fujiyama (12,400). The latter rises in solitary grandeur some seventy miles south-west of Tokio, and is visible in clear weather for a distance of nearly one hundred miles. It has been quiescent since the year 1707. But although the highest, Fujiyama is not the largest volcano in Japan. This honour is claimed by Asosan, in Kiushiu, twenty miles from Kumamoto, the crater of which is said by Milne to be twelve miles in diameter, and consequently larger than Mauna Loa, hitherto supposed to be the largest in the world.

The Asama-yama occupies a somewhat central position to the north-west of Tokio. From its crater, 1,000 feet across, this volcano emits constant volumes of smoke and

vapour, and from its summit a magnificent prospect is commanded of the surrounding country.

Other superb cones are Chokai-san on the north-west coast of Hondo, and Tateyama, one of the most conspicuous and loftly peaks (nearly 10,000 feet) of the Shinano Hida range, towards the northern extremity of the *Fossa Magna*. Like Fusiyama, near the southern extremity, it is a famous place of pilgrimage; and both command magnificent prospects of the surrounding lands and seas. Except a few hot springs at the foot of the mountain, there are no traces of recent volcanic action on Chokai-san; but on the western slope of Tateyama is the largest and most interesting solfatara in the Archipelago. "The Japanese call it Figoku, 'Hell,' and no place in the whole world could remind one more of the infernal regions. From hundreds of openings, steam is emitted with a shrill, hissing noise, and sulphurous vapours belch forth in large volumes. At the edge of the solfatara, I found some small mud volcanoes in regular action. In some of the openings grew graceful flower-like cups of a beautiful yellow colour, formed of minute and beautiful crystals of sulphur, one of which, was about six feet high" (Naumann).

Although many of the volcanoes have been in eruption during the historic period, nearly all are now extinct, or at least quiescent. But in 1878, Naumann witnessed a tremendous outbreak on the island of Oshima at the entrance of Tokio Bay. From a small cone springing from the floor of a huge circular crater, a column of fire was

projected into the air to a height of 1,000 feet, while masses of molten lava streamed down the slopes.

But if eruptions are rare, earthquakes are all the more frequent, one might almost say of daily occurrence, although seldom of a violent character.

Since the opening of the country to foreign intercourse, however, two very destructive disturbances have been recorded, that of the Tokio district on 22d February, 1880, and the still more violent convulsions of the Mino and Owari providences which began on 28th October, 1891, and continued till the end of March, 1892, as many as 2,588 shocks being felt at Gifu, and 1,495 at Nagoya. This event was felt over an area of 50,000 square miles, or sixty per cent. of the Japanese Archipelago, and in the central parts its effect was greatly to modify the topography of the country, rendering existing surveys quite useless in some districts. On the plain near Nagoya, the ground was riven with myriads of fissures, small mud volcanoes being thrown up along the Shonigawa River, where a bamboo grove slid sixty feet back, the trees remaining upright. Gifu was nearly ruined, and every house was overthrown in the continuous street, twenty miles long, running thence to Nagoya. Several other places shared the same fate, and even greater havoc was wrought in the hilly Mino district, traversed for forty miles by a new line of fault, where everything lying near the great throws of shale was destroyed. The solid ground became for a time like a sea of waves, the destruction being complete in the epicentric

district, 4,200 square miles in extent. Near Kimbara, in the Neo basin, the sides of the valley slid into the river, and in the upper reaches a great part of the mountain slopes glided down to the lowlands. One result of the earthquake was the formation of a huge fissure, which was traced for over forty miles through the Neo valley from Katabira to Fukui in Echizen, cutting across hills and paddy-fields, and raising the soft earth into a ridge, like the track of a gigantic mole. "The old Japanese idea that earthquakes are caused by the burrowing of a gigantic insect might well be suggested by such a phenomenon."

Hydrography—Rivers and Lakes.—The lofty range stretching southwards from Mount Asama forms the water parting between the Pacific and the Sea of Japan. But owing to the disposition of the mountain system, covering probably nine-tenths of the whole surface, no room is left for the development of large rivers. Those that do exist bear somewhat the character of mountain torrents with very rapid courses, and are liable to sudden and disastrous floodings in their lower reaches. Hence they are almost more damaging than beneficial even for irrigation purposes. To navigation, they are not merely useless, but a positive hindrance, owing to the large quantities of sedimentary matter which they bring down, and with which some of the best harbours in the country have been gradually filled in. Such has especially been the fate of Osaka and Niigata harbours, formerly accessible to the largest vessels, but which can now be approached only by small craft. In

Japan, "a river bed is a waste of sand, boulders and shingle, through the middle of which, among sandbanks and shallows, the river proper takes its devious course. In the freshets, which occur to a greater or less extent every year, enormous volumes of water pour over these wastes, carrying sand and detritus down to the mouths, which are all obstructed by bars. Of these rivers, the Shinano, being the biggest, is the most refractory and has piled up a bar at its entrance through which there is only a passage seven feet deep, which is perpetually shallowing." [1]

Of the few lakes, none is of any size except Biwa, a magnificent sheet of water some forty-five miles long, with a mean breadth of about ten miles. Biwa, which is traversed by the river Yodo, lies within eight miles of Kioto, the ancient capital of the Mikados, who usually spent the summer months with their suites on its romantic banks. It is closed north and west by lofty forest covered mountains, and elsewhere skirted by an open highly-cultivated country dotted over with numerous villages and tea-houses, the resort of pleasure-seekers from all parts. Its clear waters, which abound in fish, are enlivened by fleets of tiny craft, including probably one hundred small steamers always crowded with passengers.

[1] Bishop, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* (London, 1880).

THE JAPANESE RACE

JEAN JACQUES ÉLISÉE RECLUS

THE dominant people in Japan are evidently a mixed race, in which the Aino element is but slightly represented. According to the prepossession of observers, they have been affiliated to various stocks; but although Whitney and Morton regard them as members of the Caucasic family, most anthropologists class them with the Mongol races of Siberia and East Asia. The Chinese records referring to the land of Wo, that is, of Japan, before the inhabitants were acquainted with the art of writing, mention certain facts attesting the preponderating influence of Chinese civilization even at that remote epoch. Migrations must have taken place from the Yang-tze basin to the adjacent archipelago, and according to one legend the ancestors of the Japanese race were three hundred young men and women sent across the seas by the Emperor Tsin-Shi-hwangti in search of the flower of immortality. Many have suspected the presence of the Malay elements amongst the inhabitants of Nippon, while the curly hair and dark complexion common in the south have been referred by Siebold to a mixture with "Alfuros," Melanesians and Caroline Islanders. Vessels may certainly have often drifted northwards with the equatorial current and the Kuro-sivo, and it is possible that Japan may have

in this way been peopled from the Pacific or East Indian Archipelagoes.

Ethnologists have attempted to describe the characteristic Japanese type. But although at first sight few differences are detected, foreigners residing in the country soon begin to distinguish two distinct types, which correspond partly to two social classes, and which the native artists have at all times reproduced and even exaggerated. These types are those of the peasants and the aristocracy. The features of the peasant approach nearest to those of the East Asiatic peoples. He has the same broad, flat face, crushed nose, low brow, prominent cheek bones, half-open mouth, small black and oblique eyes. He is best represented in the northern division of Hondo, in the low-lying plain of Tonegava and on the highlands stretching west of Kioto. The nobles are distinguished by their lighter complexion, more pliant and less vigorous body, more elongated head, elevated brow and oval face. The cheek bones are but slightly prominent, the nose aquiline, mouth small, eyes very small and apparently oblique. Artists have accepted this aristocratic type as the ideal of beauty, transferring it to their gods and heroes, and exaggerating it in their portraits of women. Being found chiefly in the Kioto district and on the slope facing the Pacific, it has been argued that these features belonged to a conquering "Polynesian" element from the eastern islands. But all shades of tradition are now found between the two extremes, and owing to crossings and shiftings of fortune many of the nobles

might be taken for plebeians, while the oval face and aquiline nose of the aristocracy are often found amongst the lower classes. On the whole, the Japanese face, with its olive complexion, lozenge shape and receding brow, is far from answering to the Western ideal of beauty, and to most foreigners seems decidedly plain. But this plainness in the case of the women is often counterbalanced by a graceful carriage, charming expression and tender glance. Those of Kioto and the southern regions bear the palm for beauty in the estimation both of natives and foreigners. Amongst the Samurai aristocracy many beardless youths betray a surprising resemblance to young women.

To whatever class they may belong, all the Japanese are of low stature, averaging from five feet to five feet two inches in the men, and under five feet in the women. The lower orders are mostly robust, broad-shouldered, very straight, and endowed with a remarkable power of endurance. The Japanese coolie will carry a heavy load at a rapid pace for hours together, without stopping even when ascending steep mountain passes. Attendants on foot keep up with their master's horse crossing the country at full gallop, and the acrobats are unsurpassed in strength and activity by those of the west. A tendency to obesity is found only amongst the wrestlers, amongst whom the Mongolian type seems, by a sort of atavism, to be preserved to a surprising degree. The artisans and peasantry are generally well-proportioned, except that they are often knock-kneed, a defect due to the way children are carried

on their mothers' backs. They also become prematurely aged, both sexes being usually covered with wrinkles about their thirtieth year, and retaining of youth little beyond their white teeth and fiery glance.

The prevailing malady is anemia, which sooner or later affects four-fifths of the whole population, and which is attributed to the almost exclusive use of rice and vegetables, possessing little albumen and fat.

It is no longer obligatory to wear the national dress, and in their eagerness to imitate foreign ways, the lettered and trading classes have adopted the European costume, which, although very unbecoming, has the advantage of helping to get rid of the old class distinctions. Formerly the style and colours of the clothes worn by both sexes in every social position were strictly regulated by law or custom. The usual material was cotton, silk being reserved for the rich, or for grand occasions. The *Kimono*, or robe of the women, differs only in its greater length and brilliancy from that of the men. In both the wide sleeves serve as pockets, and are usually filled with rolls of paper used as handkerchiefs, or table-napkins. Hence also "sleeve editions" answering to our small "pocket editions" of books. The costume is completed by a skirt in the upper classes, or drawers amongst the poor, while several robes are worn one over the other in cold weather. During the rainy season, the artisans and peasantry cover their clothes with straw or oil paper cloaks. All except the coolies and couriers wear the so-called *bata*, high wooden clogs, which

require great care in walking, and are even the cause of nervous affections. The European boot is ill-suited for the muddy streets, and indoors they walk bare-footed on the fine matting of the floors. The head-dress, especially of the fair sex, is quite a work of art and much patient labour, consisting of a vast chignon of real and artificial hair, cunningly devised, and over which many hours are usually spent. Being unable to afford all this time every day, women engaged in work have their hair dressed once or twice a week only, and in order not to disturb the elaborate superstructure, they are obliged to sleep with the neck resting on a wooden pillow, so as to keep the head free from contact with the bed-clothes. A white cosmetic on the face and neck, crimson on the cheeks, the eyebrows blackened, the lips covered with gold leaf, and the teeth with a brown pigment, and the toilet of the high-born lady of the olden times may be pronounced completed.

Tattooing has been almost entirely abandoned by the women of all classes, and its use, even by the men, has now been forbidden by the Government. We learn from Matoualin that the nobles were formerly more richly decorated than the plebeians. But in recent times the most elaborate art has been lavished on the couriers and others, obliged, by their occupation, to appear almost naked in public. These designs, mostly in red, white and blue, are diversely interlaced without any symmetrical arrangement, but always with great taste, so that a graceful proportion is observed between the birds, dragons, flowers and

other more conspicuous objects. Thus a tree will be represented with its roots twined round the right foot, the stem growing up the left leg, and covering the back or breast with its outspread leafy branches, on which are perched birds of various kinds.

Made up as they are of so many heterogeneous elements, it is extremely difficult to form a just estimate of the Japanese people, and the difficulty is increased by their consciousness that they are just now, so to say, on their trial. They are consequently apt to assume false airs; and as they have endeavoured to assimilate themselves outwardly to Europeans, by adopting a foreign garb, they, in the same way, affect the manners and tone of a nation long accustomed to Western culture. Except, perhaps, certain tribes of the New World, no people have developed to a higher degree the faculty of concealing their inward sentiments and preserving their equanimity under the most trying circumstances. Extremely reserved and sensitive to the opinion of others, they speak only after having well weighed their words, and maintain a sort of self-restraint in the presence of Europeans. Many officials have even taken to blue or coloured spectacles, in order the better to conceal their inmost thoughts; and even among themselves their outward indications of anger, contempt, affection, or other strong passions, are singularly moderate, compared with the vehemence of many Western peoples. They suffer impassively without wringing their hands in despair, or appealing to the Deity with outstretched arms and

upturned eyes. They have learnt from Europeans the custom of shaking hands, but it never approaches the hearty grasp of an Englishman. Mothers even rarely embrace their children; and this general reserve extends even to the demented classes, so that a "dangerous lunatic" is almost an unheard-of phenomenon in Nippon.

The very effort to make a good appearance in the eyes of strangers speaks highly in favour of this interesting people. They are essentially kind-hearted, and nothing is rarer than instances of men rendered arrogant by their social position, and treating those beneath them with harshness. Those in the enjoyment of power and privilege seek rather to avoid envy by their courtesy and consideration for others less favoured by fortune. No one, whatever his rank, assumes that haughty air which so many functionaries great and small, elsewhere regard as their most highly prized prerogative. From the custom of bowing gracefully to each other, the Japanese have gradually acquired a natural attitude of deference, while the expression of the features generally reflects their kindly disposition. Even under extreme suffering, patients preserve a mild glance and endearing tone. This innate amiability, conspicuous especially in the fair sex, is usually accompanied by the domestic virtues of temperance, order, thrift, and common sense. The young women united by temporary alliances with Europeans, as is the custom of the country, seldom fail to ingratiate themselves with them by their careful forethought, assiduous attention, and orderly management

of the household. Strangers are surprised at the cheerfulness and calm resignation of the hard-working labouring classes, who adapt themselves to everything, and submit uncomplainingly to the greatest hardships and privations. Yet this resignation cannot be attributed to the want of a higher ideal. The eagerness with which the European arts and sciences have been welcomed shows how keen is the desire of progress amongst all classes.

The Japanese are now committed to the new social evolution by a sense of honour, which has ever been one of their main springs of action. The practice of *harakiri*, or *sappuku*, maintained for centuries among the nobles, attests the strength of will with which they are capable of asserting their personal dignity. Although not of native growth —for frequent mention is made of it in the Chinese annals— this custom has nowhere else become a national institution. Whether commanded by the Government in order to spare the nobleman a dishonourable death, or voluntarily performed in order to be indirectly avenged on an opponent by compelling him to give life for life, the act was always executed with scrupulous nicety.

The history of the forty-seven *ronin*, so determined in exacting vengeance for the murder of their master, so heroic in their self-sacrifice, is the most widely known in the country, and the graves of these daring men are still piously tended by the citizens of the imperial capital. The recent wars and revolutions also show that the people have not degenerated from the prowess of their forefathers, and

we may rest assured that should Russia or any other Western power become engaged in hostilities with them, it will meet with a formidable adversary. Hitherto the European powers have obtained easy triumphs over most Eastern nations, thanks to the superiority of their armaments and discipline. But the Japanese people are not one of those which will henceforth allow themselves to be conquered without a struggle, nor will civilization have to deplore the disgraceful subjection of 40,000,000 human beings who are rapidly placing themselves on a level with the most advanced states of Christendom.

While recognizing the superiority of European science and industry, the Japanese are none the less, in certain respects even more, civilized than their foreign instructors. In all that regards frugality, self-respect, the sentiment of honour, mutual kindness and consideration, the mass of the people certainly stand on a higher level than most Western peoples. The humblest Japanese peasant has an eye open to the wild grandeur and softer charms of the landscape, and takes care to build his hut by the sparkling stream, in the shade of a leafy thicket, or on an eminence commanding a fair prospect of the surrounding scenery. His lowly dwelling is even usually adorned with flowering plants tastefully disposed. The country is not allowed to be disfigured by wayside inns erected on incongruous sites, and during the fine weather groups rather of tourists than pilgrims are everywhere met visiting the districts famous for their romantic beauty.

THE HISTORY OF JAPAN

BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN

THE continuity of the Japanese mythology and history has been fully recognized by the leading native commentators, whose opinions are those considered orthodox by modern Shintoists, and they draw from it the conclusion that everything in the standard national histories must be accepted as literal truth,—the supernatural equally with the natural. But the general habit of the more sceptical Japanese of the present day, that is to say, of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the educated, is to reject or rather ignore the legends of the gods, while implicitly believing the legends of the emperors, from Jimmu Tenno, in B. C. 600, downwards. For so arbitrary a distinction there is not a shadow of justification. The so-called history of Jimmu, the first earthly Mikado, of Jingo the conqueror of Korea, of Yamato-take, and of the rest, stands or falls by exactly the same criterion as the legends of the creator and creatress Izanagi and Izanami. Both sets of tales are told in the same books, in the same style, and with an almost equal amount of supernatural detail. The so-called historical part is as devoid as the other of all contemporary evidence. Arrived at A. D. 600, we stand on terra firma, and can afford to push on more quickly.

About that time occurred the greatest event of Japanese history, the conversion of the nation to Buddhism (approximately A. D. 552–621). So far as can be gathered from the ancients of the early Chinese travellers, Chinese civilization had slowly—very slowly—been gaining ground in the archipelago ever since the Third Century after Christ. But when the Buddhist missionaries crossed the water, all Chinese institutions followed them and came in with a rush. Mathematical instruments and calendars were introduced; books began to be written (the earliest that has survived, and indeed nearly the earliest of all, is the Kojiki, dating from A. D. 712); the custom of abdicating the throne in order to spend old age in prayer was adopted, a custom which, more than anything else, led to the effacement of the Mikado's authority during the Middle Ages.

Sweeping changes in political arrangements began to be made in the year 645, and before the end of the Eighth Century, the government had been entirely remodelled on the Chinese centralized bureaucratic plan, with a regular system of ministers responsible to the sovereign, who, as "Son of Heaven," was theoretically absolute. In practice this absolutism lasted but a short time, because the *entourage* and mode of life of the Mikados were not such as to make of them able rulers. They passed their time surrounded only by women and priests, oscillating between indolence and debauchery, between poetastering and gorgeous temple services. This was the brilliant age of Japanese classical literature, which lived and moved and had its

being in the atmosphere of an effeminate court. The Fujiwara family engrossed the power of the state during this early epoch (A. D. 670–1050). While their sons held all the great posts of government, their daughters were married to puppet emperors.

The next change resulted from the impatience of the always manly and warlike Japanese gentry at the sight of this sort of petticoat government. The great clans of Taira and Minamoto arose, and struggled for and alternately held the reins of power during the second half of the Eleventh and the whole of the Twelfth Century. Japan was now converted into a camp; her institutions were feudalized. The real master of the empire was he who, strongest with his sword and bow, and heading the most numerous host, could partition out the land among the chief barons, his retainers. By the final overthrow of the Taira family at the sea-fight of Dan-no-ura in A. D. 1185, Yoritomo, the chief of the Minamotos, rose to supreme power, and obtained from the Court at Kioto the title of Shogun, literally "Generalissimo," which had till then been applied in its proper meaning to those generals who were sent from time to time to subdue the Ainos or rebellious provincials, but which thenceforth took to itself a special sense, somewhat as the word *Imperator* (also meaning originally "general") did in Rome. The coincidence is striking. So is the contrast. For, as Imperial Rome never ceased to be theoretically a republic, Japan contrariwise, though practically and indeed avowedly ruled by the

Shoguns from A. D. 1190 to 1867, always retained the Mikado as theoretical head of the state, descendant of the Sun-Goddess, fountain of all honour. There never were two emperors, acknowledged as such, one spiritual and one secular, as has been so often asserted by European writers. There never was but one emperor,—an emperor powerless, it is true, seen only by the women who attended him, often a mere infant in arms, who was discarded on reaching adolescence for another infant in arms. Still, he was the theoretical head of the state, whose authority was merely delegated to the Shogun as, so to say, Mayor of the Palace.

By a curious parallelism of destiny, the Shogunate itself more than once showed signs of fading away from substance into shadow. Yoritomo's descendants did not prove worthy of him and for more than a century (A. D. 1205–1333) the real authority was wielded by the so-called "Regents" of the Hojo family, while their liege-lords, the Shoguns, though keeping a nominal court at Kamakura, were for all that period little better than empty names. So completely were the Hojos masters of the whole country, that they actually had their deputy governors at Kioto and in Kyushu in the south-west, and thought nothing of banishing Mikados to distant islands. Their rule was made memorable by the repulse of the Mongol fleet sent by Kublai Khan with the purpose of aiding Japan to his gigantic dominions. This was at the end of the Thirteenth Century, since which time Japan has never been attacked from without.

During the Fourteenth Century even the dowager-like calm of the Court of Kioto was broken by internecine strife. Two branches of the Imperial house, supported each by different feudal chiefs, disputed the crown. One was called *Hokucho*, or "Northern Court," the other the *Nancho*, or "Southern Court." After lasting some sixty years, this contest terminated in A. D. 1392, by the triumph of the Northern dynasty, whose cause the powerful Ashikaga family had espaused. From 1338 to 1565, the Ashikagas ruled Japan as Shoguns. Their Court was a centre of elegance, at which painting flourished, and the lyric drama, and the tea-ceremonies, and the highly intricate arts of gardening and flower-arrangement. But they allowed themselves to sink into effeminacy and sloth, as the Mikados had done before them; and political authority, after being for some time administered less by them than in their name, fell from them altogether in 1597.

Meanwhile Japan had been discovered by the Portuguese (A. D. 1542); and the imprudent conduct of the Portuguese and Spanish friars (*bateren*, as they were called—a corruption of the word *padre*) made of the Christian religion an additional source of discord. Japan fell into utter anarchy. Each baron in his fastness was a law unto himself. Then, in the latter half of the Sixteenth Century, there arose successively three great men,—Ota Nobunaga, the Taikun Hideyoshi, and Tokugawa Iyéyasu. The first of these conceived the idea of centralizing all the authority of the state in a single person; the second, Hideyoshi, who has been

called the Napoleon of Japan, actually put the idea into practice, and added the invasion of Korea (A. D. 1592–1598) to his domestic triumphs. Death overtook him in 1598, while he was revolving no less a scheme than the conquest of China. Iyéyasu, setting Hideyoshi's youthful son aside, stepped into the vacant place. An able general, unsurpassed as a diplomat and administrator, he first quelled all the turbulent barons, then bestowed a considerable portion of their lands on his own kinsmen and dependents, and either broke or balanced, by a judicious distribution of other fiefs over different provinces of the empire, the might of those greater feudal lords, such as Satsuma and Choshu, whom it was impossible to put altogether out of the way. The Court of Kioto was treated by him respectfully, and investiture as Shogun for himself and his heirs duly obtained from the Mikado.

In order further to break the might of the Daimios, Iyéyasu compelled them to live at Yedo, which he had chosen for his capital in 1590, during six months of the year, and to leave their wives and families there as hostages during the other half. What Iyéyasu sketched out, the third Shogun of his line, Iyémitsu, perfected. From that time forward, "Old Japan," as we know it from the Dutch accounts, from art, from the stage, was crystallized for two hundred and fifty years,—the Old Japan of isolation (for Iyémitsu shut the country up, to prevent complications with the Spaniards and Portuguese), the Old Japan of picturesque feudalism, of *harakiri*, of a society ranged in castes and or-

ders and officered by spies, the Old Japan of an ever-increasing skill in lacquer and porcelain, of aristocratic punctilio, of supremely exquisite taste.

Unchangeable to the outward eye of contemporaries, Japan had not passed a hundred years under the Tokugawa *régime* before the seeds of the disease which finally killed that *régime* were sown. Strangely enough, the instrument of destruction was historical research. Iyéyasu himself had been a great patron of literature. His grandson, the second Prince of Mito, inherited his taste. Under the auspices of this Japanese Mæcenas a school of literati arose, to whom the antiquities of their country were all in all,—Japanese poetry and romance, as against the Chinese Classics; the native religion, Shinto, as against the foreign religion, Buddhism; hence by an inevitable extension, the ancient legitimate dynasty of the Mikados, as against the upstart Shoguns. Of course this political portion of the doctrine of the literary party was kept in the background at first; for those were not days when opposition to the existing government could be expressed or even hinted at without danger.

Nevertheless it gradually grew in importance, so that, when Commodore Perry came with his big guns (A. D. 1853-4), he found a government already tottering to its fall, many who cared little for the Mikado's abstract rights caring a great deal for the chance of aggrandizing their own families at the Shogun's expense.

The Shogun yielded to the demands of Perry and of the representatives of the other foreign powers—England,

France, Russia—who followed in Perry's train, and consented to open Yokohama, Hakodate, and certain other ports to foreign trade and residence (1857-9). He even sent embassies to the United States and to Europe in 1860 and 1861. The knowledge of the outer world possessed by the Court of Yedo, though not extensive, was sufficient to assure the Shogun and his advisers that it was in vain to refuse what the Western powers claimed. The Court of Kioto had no means of acquiring even this modicum of worldly wisdom. According to its view, Japan, "the land of the gods," should never be polluted by outsiders, the ports should be closed again, and the "barbarians" expelled at any hazard.

What specially tended to complicate matters at this crisis was the independent action of certain Daimios. One of them, the Prince of Choshu, acting, as it is believed, under secret instructions from the Court of Kioto, fired on ships belonging to France, Holland and the United States,—this too, at the very moment (1863) when the Shogun's government, placed between foreign aggression and home tumult, as between hammer and anvil, was doing its utmost to effect by diplomacy the departure of the foreigners whom it had been driven to admit a few years before. The consequence of this act was what is called "the Shimonoseki Affair," namely the bombardment of Shimonoseki, Choshu's chief sea-port, by the combined fleets of the powers that had been insulted, together with Great Britain which espoused their cause on the ground of the solidarity of all for-

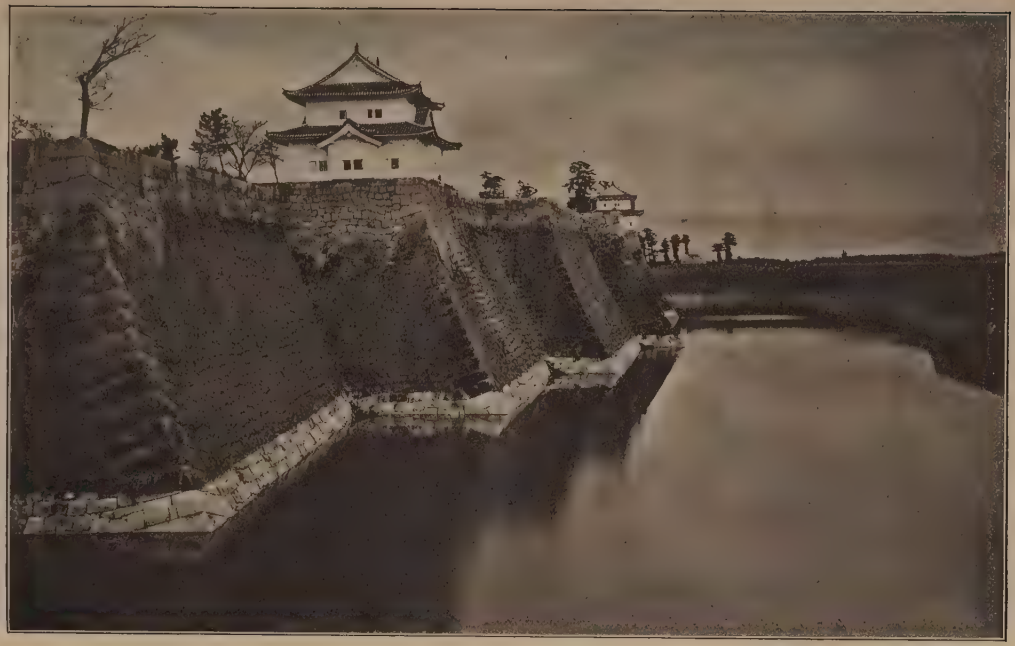
eign interests in Japan. An indemnity of $3,000,000 was exacted,—a last blow which broke the Shogunate's back. The Shogun Iyémochi attempted to punish Choshu for the humiliation which he had brought on Japan, but failed, was himself defeated by the latter's troops, and died. Hitotsubashi, the last of his line, succeeded him. But the Court of Kioto, prompted by the great Daimyos of Choshu and Satsuma, suddenly decided on the abolition of the Shogunate. The Shogun submitted to the decree, and those of his followers who did not were routed,—first at Fushimi near Kioto (17th January, 1868), then at Ueno in Yedo (4th July, 1868), then in Aizu (6th November, 1868), and lastly at Hakodate (27th June, 1869), where some of them had endeavoured to set up an independent republic.

The government of the country was reorganized during 1867–8, nominally on the basis of a pure absolutism, with the Mikado as the sole wielder of all authority both legislative and executive. Thus the literary party had triumphed. All their dreams were realized. They were henceforth to have Japan for the Japanese. The Shogunate, which had admitted the hated barbarian, was no more. Even their hope of supplanting Buddhism by the national religion, Shinto, was in great measure accomplished. They believed that not only European innovations, but everything—even Japanese—that was newer than A. D. 500, would be forever swept away. Things were to go back to what they had been in the primitive ages, when Japan was really "the land of the gods."

From this dream they were soon roughly wakened. The shrewd clansmen of Satsuma and Choshu, who had humoured the ignorance of the Court and the fads of the scholars only as long as their common enemy, the Shogunate, remained in existence, now turned round and declared in favour, not merely of foreign intercourse, but of the Europeanization of their own country. History has never witnessed a more sudden *volte-face*. History has never witnessed a wiser one. We foreigners, being mere lookers-on, may no doubt sometimes regret the substitution of commonplace European ways for the glitter, the glamour of picturesque Orientalism. But can it be doubtful which of the two civilizations is the higher, both materially and intellectually? And does not the whole experience of the last three hundred years go to prove that no Oriental state which retains distinctively Oriental institutions can hope to keep its territory free from Western aggression? What of India? What even of China? And what was Commodore Perry's visit but a threat to the effect that if Japan chose to remain Oriental, she should not be allowed to remain her own mistress? From the moment when the intelligent Samurai of the leading clans realized that the Europeanization of the country was a question of life and death, they (for to this day the government has continued practically in their hands) have never ceased carrying on the work of reform and progress.

The first and greatest step was when the Daimyos themselves came forward to surrender their estates and privileges,

—when, in fact, the Japanese feudal system ended appropriately by committing *harakiri*. A centralized bureaucracy was set up on its ruins (1871). At the same time all social disabilities were removed, Buddhism was disestablished, an Imperial mint opened, and posts and telegraphs—followed next year by railways—were introduced. In 1873 vaccination, the European calendar, and European dress for officials were adopted, torture was abolished, and the persecution of Christians stopped. At the same time photography, meat-eating, and other "Europeanisms" came pell-mell into vogue, not without official encouragement; and an edict was issued against wearing the queue. Steamship companies were established (1875–1885), an immense financial reform was effected by the commutation of the Samurai's pensions (1876), a Bourse and Chamber of Commerce were inaugurated at Tokio (1878), new codes inspired by the Code Napoleon began to be published (1880), a Supreme Court of Justice was instituted (1883), and the English language was introduced into the curriculum of the common schools (1884). Most notable, next to 1873, were 1885–7, the years of the great "foreign fever," when Japanese society was literally submerged in a flood of European influence, such things as foreign dress for ladies, dancing, athletics, card-playing, etc., etc., coming in with a rush, while what is still remembered as the *O-jishin*, or "Great Earthquake," shook the political world. Then were administrative methods reformed, the hitherto excessive number of officials reduced, and new men, such



OSAKA CASTLE.

as Ito and Inouye—names still the most famous in the land—assumed the highest posts.

The failure in 1887, of long-protracted negotiations for treaty revision made of that year a turning-point in modern Japanese history. A strong reaction set in against foreigners and their ways, which has lasted ever since, leading occasionally to murderous attacks on foreign residents and even to one on the present Czar of Russia, who happened as Czarewitch to be visiting Japan in 1891. Notwithstanding reaction, however, a long-promised Constitution, modelled to some extent on that of Prussia, was granted in 1889. Unfortunately it failed from the very beginning to work smoothly, and summary suspension, following on violent altercations, has come to be looked forward to as the most likely fate of the yearly session, while the gradual consolidation of divers political parties in the state has helped to induce considerable exacerbation of feeling. Besides the promulgation, from time to time, of the new codes, the most important administrative events of the last few years have been the promulgation of the Local Self-Government Act in 1888, the granting of bounties for navigation and ship-building in 1896, and the adoption of the gold standard in 1897. In international politics, the revision of the treaties with the various great powers calls for prominent notice. That with England was concluded first, in August, 1894, with the United States a few months later, Russia in 1895, Germany in 1896. Those with France and Austria are still (1898) under discussion.

In the summer of 1894, the Japanese government suddenly and silently despatched to the mainland of Asia a large body of troops, who occupied Korea and seized the persons of the king and royal family, "with the object"—so it was officially stated—"of maintaining Korean independence," thence proceeding to make war on China, "in order to establish the peace of the Orient." The war grew naturally out of the condition of Japan herself at that particular juncture. Perpetual dissensions between the Diet and the executive were fast putting the working of the new Constitution out of gear,—straining it in fact to breaking point. Meanwhile the admirably-trained army, like a racer panting for its trial of speed, had long been impatient for a fight with some one, somewhere, anywhere. To these motives were superadded the desire—now that treaty revision with all the foreign powers was imminent—of abolishing an inconvenient early treaty with China, and above all, the longing to make a figure in the world, to show Russia and England that Japan was no mere playground for æsthetically disposed tourists, but a great power, *the* great power of the East. Surely here were reasons enough. Plausible excuses for taking offence, if one is on the look-out for doing so, are never lacking between close neighbours so mutually antipathetic in temper as the progressive, mercurial islanders and the conservative continentals. The result brilliantly justified the shrewd calculations of the Japanese government. Their preparations,—spread over years, but carried on so quietly that not one of

the foreign legations suspected aught unusual to be in hand,—were complete in every point; their troops behaved splendidly, and the enemy generally ran away. Within a year of the inception of the war, China had been forced to cede to Japan the province of Liao-tung, besides paying a heavy indemnity; and when Russia, Germany and France unexpectedly stepped in to forbid the cession of any territory on the Chinese mainland, the large and fertile island of Formosa was obtained instead.

The simple and ardent patriotism of the Japanese people during the war was as admirable as the statecraft of their rulers:—they moved as one man. Whatever troubles Japan may have in store for her,—troubles financial perhaps, complications with foreign powers, troubles arising from the constant yearning of small but influential sections of her people for radical changes in government,—one thing is certain:—the late war has made for stability and for safety, for increased commerce, increased influence, and national self-respect. New Japan has come of age.

SHINTO AND BUDDHISM

YOSHITARO YAMASHITA

SHINTO has been the religion of the Japanese nation from the very commencement of its history, and cannot be separated from it. Buddhism, though introduced at a much later period, has exercised, with its subtle doctrines and gorgeous ritual, a far-reaching influence over the nation, and it is natural, therefore, to find numerous traces of its effect upon the people of the Empire.

I propose to deal first with Shinto, not only because it is the national religion of Japan, but because it is by far the simpler of the two, and a very few words will suffice to consider its effects.

Students of this religion must have been struck with the simplicity of its doctrine. It enforces no especial moral code, embraces no philosophical ideas, and, moreover, it has no authoritative books to guide believers. Its one peculiar feature is the relation it holds towards the Imperial Family of Japan, whose ancestors are made the chief object of worship. This religion, if indeed it can be rightly called a religion at all, amounts to ancestor-worship—the apotheosis of the Japanese Imperial Family. This fact naturally brings about two results : one is that Shinto can never be

propagated beyond the realms of the Japanese Emperor; the other, that it has helped to a very great extent the growth of the spirit of loyalty of Japanese subjects towards their head, and has enshrined the Imperial Family with such a degree of sacredness and reverence that it would be difficult to name another ruling family which is looked up to by its subjects with the same amount of loyal homage and submissive veneration. It is, indeed, a unique circumstance in the history of nations, that, during the two thousand five hundred years of its sway, the position of the Japanese Imperial Family as head of the whole nation has never once been disputed, nor even questioned, by the people. Of course, it is true that the dynasty has experienced many vicissitudes, but, although the actual government has at times been in the hands of powerful nobles and Shoguns, the throne has, nevertheless, been always kept sacred for the descendants of Jimmu, the first Emperor. In the recent history of Japan, this single fact, coupled with the great wisdom displayed by the present Emperor, explains, in a great measure, the secret of the rapid, yet coherent, change which the country has undergone since the beginning of the Meiji era. Had it not been for the presence of the Emperor as the centre of popular reverence and affection, it is difficult to tell whether the country would not have been thrown into an inextricable chaos of conflicting interests and factions during the period of this radical change. Every Japanese feels deeply grateful for the resultant benefits derived from the transition, the achievement of which was

due to the sagacity and foresight of the Imperial Family; while the Shinto must also be assigned a share of the honours, by virtue of the fact that its influence has brought about and preserved intact the loyal spirit of the people for upwards of twenty-five centuries.

With this single yet not insignificant result, I must leave Shinto, and pass on to the consideration of the wide and many-sided influence exercised over Japan by Buddhism.

Buddhism was first introduced in Japan in A. D. 584, during the reign of the Emperor Bitatsu. At first many bitter conflicts naturally occurred between the adherents of the old and the new beliefs. But Prince Shotoku, a man of high education and great resource, and therefore the wielder of considerable power in the land, having been converted to its tenets, Buddhism at once began to make rapid headway. One of the nobles, named Moriya, who watched with misgivings the pushing aside of the old national religion, felt constrained to resort to force of arms in order to check the progress of the heathen belief, but he was speedily overwhelmed and killed. Then, chiefly through the instrumentality of the governing classes, temple after temple was erected in various parts of the country, and Buddhism soon took firm root in Japan. At a later period, during the long-continued peace of nearly three hundred years under the Tokugawa administration, which preceded the present Meiji era, strict feudalism prevailed throughout the whole of the country, and, as a consequence, many men of high attainments but humble birth were excluded from every

SHINTO TEMPLE, KOBE.

sphere of action except the circumscribed one of the priesthood. It came about, therefore, that although Confucianism was actively encouraged during this time of protracted peace, nevertheless Buddhism produced a large number of distinguished leaders of the faith. In this way, I think, the most subtle and refined forms of Buddhism were developed in Japan to a greater degree than in India, where it originated, or in China, whence it spread to Japan.

The many things for which Japan is indebted to Buddhism may be classified briefly under two heads: first, those which were introduced into the country with Buddhism; and, second, the developments which can be traced to its traditions, its doctrines and its culture.

Under the first head must be mentioned the following:

Sculpture and Metal-work.—Sculpture undoubtedly received its first impetus through the introduction of Buddhistic images. Old historians state that the carving of images in stone was practised from very remote ages, but the production of wood and copper statues and reliefs certainly dates from the introduction of Buddhism. The ambassadors sent to Korea by the Emperor Bitatsu, returned in 584 A. D., with a stone image of Buddha, and this was the first of the models brought from time to time into Japan, and from which the Japanese artists made their copies. According to "Kogei-Shiryo," certain relics have been discovered which can be proved to be the products of this period. It seems that the early Japanese artists did not confine themselves to the carving of Buddhistic images,

but produced also representations of the Shinto gods and animals. Though Shinto carvings are now very rare, those of animals are often to be met with—usually at the entrance to a temple; and it is recorded that when the gate of Tendaiji Temple, in Nara, was in course of construction in A. D. 1196, men were sent to China to procure stones suitable for the carving of lions and Buddhistic images. The production of wooden and copper images was also encouraged, and, when the temples were built, wood-carving was applied to other objects in addition to statues.

Embroidery.—Embroidery is also considered to have been introduced into Japan in the same way. The first record of this class of work dates from the thirteenth year of the reign of the Empress Suiko, when, at her orders, two images of Buddha, one in copper and the other in embroidery, were made by Japanese artists.

Besides these, there are several other branches of art culture which owe their first introduction to Buddhism, but, having regard to the more interesting character of the second class, namely the developments which can be traced to its traditions, doctrines and culture, I pass on at once to consider them.

Education.—A debt of gratitude is due to Buddhism for its unstinted encouragement of education for a period of several centuries. China, in addition to many other things, supplied Japan with her philosophy and literature, and the first serious attention paid to education dates from the reign of Ojin, a period much anterior to the ap-

pearance of Buddhism; for a long period after that date able scholars were continually sent by the government to the land of our teachers, in order to keep pace with the advancement of their learning.

Subsequently, however, the power of the Japanese central government gradually waned, and the actual governing power was transferred in the latter part of the Twelfth Century to the military class, with the result that the country was plunged into a state of continual warfare between the leading military families. In consequence of this, education became entirely neglected by the government. The Buddhist priests were, however, well versed in Chinese literature, and the monasteries soon became centres of learning, and from that time onwards until three centuries ago, when Tokugawa came into power, it was kept almost entirely in the hands of the Buddhists. This explains the existence of the many Buddhistic institutions and ideas which have taken so firm a hold upon Japanese daily life.

Toleration.—A distinctly commendable feature of Buddhism is its capacity for assimilating the practices and teachings of other religions. Among its many sects, some, of course, hold decidedly narrow and bigoted views; but, generally speaking, a respect for the tenets of rival religions is a distinguishing characteristic of the adherents of Buddhism. An instance of this is to be seen in the ready absorption of Confucian doctrines, and in the adoption of many Shinto ceremonies. This attitude towards other faiths, coupled,

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perhaps, with the peculiarly undevotional character of the average Japanese, and the Confucian doctrine of self-culture, has developed to a remarkable degree that spirit of religious toleration which is sometimes difficult to distinguish from a general indifference to religious matters. It frequently occurs that, while the birth of a baby is celebrated in accordance with Shinto customs, Buddhist priests are invited to preside over the burial of the dead. Even the places of worship were used in common by the followers of the two religions, until with the revival of Shinto ideas, the government took steps to separate them. This may be explained in a measure by the fact that both Buddhism and Confucianism, as understood by the educated classes of Japan, inculcate the same doctrine of self-culture. But the assimilation of the essence of other benefits by Buddhism is, it seems to me, quite as much responsible for this far-reaching spirit of toleration.

Many of the time-honoured maxims of Japan exhort the people to disabuse their minds of the idea that the particular one they are following is the only road to salvation, and emphasize the fact that there are several others leading to the same goal which are equally worthy of respect and attention. A typical example is found in a short stanza:

> "To reach the mountain's crest are many ways,
> But all meet there beneath the moon's bright rays.
> From yonder tow'ring peak her smile serene
> Reveals the beauty of the native scene."

It is by no means uncommon to find several different re-

ligions in one family; for instance, the man may be a Shintoist, his wife a Buddhist, and their grown-up children Christians, yet their diversity of beliefs seldom disturbs in the slightest degree the tranquillity and happiness of home-life. This equanimity of disposition seems to suggest that the conversion of the people to a new belief could be easily accomplished in Japan, provided that it were possible to prove that the new one is better than the old, and that undeniable reasonings could be marshalled in support of it.

The Love of Natural Beauty, and its Effect.—A Buddhist temple is usually built upon a site which commands a view of the most beautiful and imposing scenery in the neighbourhood, and it will be sometimes situated far up in a mountain several miles from the nearest town or village. It is not my intention to inquire into the reason why preference was originally given to a position remarkable for imposing scenery rather than for convenience of access. What we are more concerned with is the indirect influence upon the country brought about by this peculiarity. The most apparent result was the opening up of the country as the natural outcome of making new roads leading to the temples, and but for which roads many villages would never have arisen until a much later period. Apart, however, from this essentially material benefit, there seems to be another which has left its mark even more plainly upon Japanese character. As I have already said, most of the famous temples are built upon spots especially chosen by reason of their great natural beauty, and this selection of a

picturesque environment for the place of worship and meditation could not fail to exercise a very powerful influence upon the minds of worshippers. A result of this seems to be that a love of natural beauty has become one of the strongest characteristics of the people, and this has been fostered by the tenets of Buddhism, which hold all the products of nature in the highest veneration.

As a demonstration of this love of natural beauty, a Japanese garden may be cited. When a family is not in a position to make its home in the midst of fine natural scenery, a counterfeit presentment of it on a reduced scale is usually contrived. Hills, valleys, rocks, streams, lakes, woods, thickets and bridges are all faithfully planned out upon a suitable scale just as an artist composes a landscape on canvas. The Japanese mode of procedure is in direct contrast to European methods of gardening. One tries to hide everything but that which is natural, while the other endeavours to render nature subservient to his own ideas.

There is an anecdote told of Rikiu, Master of the Tea-Ceremony in the service of Hideyoshi known to Western notions as Taikun. Rikiu is known to have introduced into Chanoyu, or the Tea-Ceremony, many Buddhistic ideas. It is related that one day Rikiu was ordered to prepare a garden for the reception of some guests. When, however, Rikiu went to the garden he found that every possible attention had already been bestowed upon it. Every corner was swept scrupulously clean, and not a footprint disturbed the freshly sanded paths. He regarded it

critically for a moment or two, and then went to a large tree that stood at one end, and, by giving it a shake, brought down a few dead leaves. He then reported to his master that the garden was ready for the reception of his guests.

I think I may safely assert that this idea of beauty largely owes its development, either directly or indirectly, to Buddhistic influences.

THE JAPANESE TORI-I

SAMUEL TUKE

NO one who has ever visited Japan, not even the most cursory of haste-impelled globe-trotters, can forget the curious but picturesque gateways which form so characteristic a feature in the Japanese landscape. As a rule, they serve as entrances to shrines or temple grounds, venerated spots, or funereal enclosures; but they not infrequently appear in all sorts of unexpected places, where it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for their existence.

Every one who has been over the Nagasendo, recollects the *Tori-i Toge*, "the pass of the *Tori-i*," where the old road passes through a *Tori-i* planted on the summit of a pass. It is impossible to wander over the sunny, flower-decked hillsides, and through the mysterious, shaded valley groves of Dai Nippon, without coming across numbers of these curious structures.

Let us pass beneath one at hazard, and having done so, leave the main track for a narrow footpath through a dark grove of cryptomerias, a few steps along which will bring us to a flight of moss-grown stone stairs leading up the steep hillside to a terrace of masonry, upon which, half hidden in a grove of sacred trees, stands a shingle-roofed,

wooden Shinto shrine. Having climbed the steps, we pass beneath a second *Tori-i*, and, having deposited a few coppers in the offertory chest, placed for its maintenance in front of the little "*miya*," we stroll round to its further side. There, at the back, we may find yet another little *Tori-i*, and a path by which we can clamber for a short distance further up the hillside. But soon the track loses itself in the tangled brushwood and luxuriant growth of weeds apparently leading nowhere. So we retrace our steps, and, leaving the shrine behind, go carefully down the damp and slippery stone stairs and reach the main path and the sunlight once more. Further on we come across another *Tori-i*, this time, perhaps, rising from a jungle of tall bamboo grass, with here and there a tree of some sort, and many an azalea bush or trail of wisteria in full blossom. Again we leave the main track to pass beneath the *Tori-i*. We follow the narrow footpath, which leads us on and on through the jungle of grasses and flowering shrubs; here and there we notice a few strips of paper tied to a bush, or a straw rope, evidently placed in position by some devout hand. Perhaps the path grows steeper, and the trees and bushes denser, when again our path vanishes in the undergrowth, or possibly branches in several directions only to lead us nowhere. A second time we retrace our steps; perhaps we have passed some forgotten Shinto tomb or graveyard, which has given us no trace of its existence, owing to the thick masses of vegetation which have for years outgrown it. So we return to the main track again,

none the wiser for our exploration, though our minds may be full of conjectures as to the object of that particular *Tori-i*.

But, as every globe-trotter knows, the *Tori-i* is as common in the cities as in the country districts of Japan; it is also a familiar object to those who, never having had the good fortune to visit the country, are, notwithstanding, lovers of Japanese art, and know something of the salient features of Japanese landscape from the works of her artists and artisans. Perhaps no artists have better reproduced these salient features in a form intelligible to the uninitiated foreigner than Hokusai and Hiroshige. If any one wishes to recall the forms of the *Tori-i* distinctly to his mind, he has only to look through the *Fu-ji hak 'kei*, or perhaps, better still, the *Sumi-da gawa rio-gan ichi-ran*, or the *Fu-gaku san-jiu-rok 'kei*, and he will find his memory sufficiently and satisfactorily restored.

From these pictures it is evident that *Tori-i* are not all of the same form. These two forms are sometimes considered to belong respectively to the two religions of Japan: the simpler to the Shinto worship; the latter and more complex to Buddhism. If we accept Fergusson's statement that the *Toran* of India is the ancestor of the *Tori-i*, it appears probable that the more complex form is the older, and that the simpler is nothing more nor less than a rustic copy of a more highly developed original, which formed an integral portion of the architecture of a religious cult older than Buddhism.

TORI-I, NAGASAKI.

There are, indeed, some who tell us that the *Tori-i* is a form of Buddhist architecture which has in Japan been adapted to the Shinto cult. It is true that the two religious systems of Japan, since they have been able to exist peaceably side by side, appear, at a certain period, to have got somewhat mixed up with one another, yet on the whole, it seems safer to take the generally received opinion that *Tori-i* of both kinds are structures belonging to the Shinto worship.

The usual material for their construction is naturally wood, occasionally painted bright red; but stone and bronze are sometimes employed.

The *Tori-i* can hardly have been introduced into Japan much later than 250 B. C. For after this date both stone architecture and the Buddhist religion would have become influences which could not have failed to somewhat alter both its form and purpose along the course of its migration north-eastward.

Now, it is hardly fanciful to imagine that the early conquerors of Japan were either refugees from the mainland driven over seas by some displacement of the races of Central Asia, or else warriors, who, finding the tide of races driven eastward by the conquests of Western powers, turned their attention to the far Eastern islands.

If then, the Shinto religion was brought to Japan by the ancestors of the present Japanese on their first settlement in the country, and is not a purely indigenous growth, it is not altogether improbable that it originally came from India.

It would, I think, be difficult for any one who has followed me to this point to fail to have been struck by the curious resemblance between the names *Tori-i* and *Toran*. He may also have said with equal justice that our own word "door" is not unlike *Toran*.

The word *Tori-i* is written with two characters which signify "bird-dwelling," and the native account of its origin is quoted, and, it would seem accepted, by even so high an authority as Mr. Satow, who writes of it as follows:

"The *Tori-i* was originally a perch for the fowls offered up to the gods, not as food, but to give warning of day-break. It was erected on any side of the temple indifferently. In later times, not improbably after the introduction of Buddhism, its original meaning was forgotten; it was placed in front only, and supposed to be a gateway. Tablets with inscriptions (*gaku*) were placed on the *Tori-i* with this belief, and one of the first things done after the restoration of the Mikado in 1868, in the course of the purification of the Shinto Temples, was the removal of these tablets. The etymology of the word is evidently 'bird-rest.' The *Tori-i* gradually assumed the character of a general symbol of Shinto, and the number which might be erected to the honour of a deity became practically unlimited. The Buddhists made it of stone and bronze, and frequently of red-painted wood, and developed various forms."

It has been pointed out that nearly the whole of Japanese civilization came from abroad, so that it is hardly likely

that the Shinto religion and its accompanying architectural forms are purely indigenous growth. For the Japanese historians themselves record a migration of their ancestors from some foreign country at an early date. Is it not more likely that these early settlers brought their religion and its architecture with them, than that they created them subsequently? Such a proposition gives a much more venerable age to the Shinto cult.

Supposing, then, that the ancestors of the present Japanese did bring their religious cult with them to Japan, and the *Tori-i* along with it, Fergusson's theory appears to offer a probable solution of the question whence that cult and the *Tori-i* came. It may even throw a ray of light upon the early dwelling-place of a portion, at all events, of the present Japanese race.

THE GREAT TOKAIDO ROAD

SIR EDWARD J. REED

OUR long journey from the old capital (Kioto) to the new (Tokio) was resumed on Thursday, March 13, at 7 A. M. All the shops and places of business appeared to be open and in operation as we rattled through Nagoya and Miya, although the hour was so early. There were several very pretty gateways in Miya which I should have been glad to have sketched had time allowed, but a passing glance was all we could devote to them. The shrines of Atsuta, with their mystic sword, their towering trees, their crowded light pillars and simple ceremonies, were soon passed and left behind, and behind us likewise loomed up the great Honganji temple, and beyond, the mountains—mountain-shrines, shall we call them?—hung with curtain-screens like Atsuta, but in this case the screens were blue, and wrought of valley mist and morning light. Numerous temples, and still more numerous shrines much simpler than temples, were passed during the day, and at many of them, here as elsewhere, the stone basins in front of them for the washing of the hands received their water from spouting bronze dragons of considerable size and much artistic merit.

Soon after leaving Miya we were again upon the great

Tokaido road, which throughout the day, as on some former days, was a fine, smooth, well-kept road between the towns and the villages, but was much neglected where it passed through them—a point which would seem to require some attention on the part of both the central and local governments. The road traversed by bridges several large rivers, the beds of which were raised above the neighbouring land-level by as much as ten feet. After a short halt at the town of Narumi, where cotton spinning is carried on, and transit through another in which dyeing is successfully practised, we passed through the famous battle-field in which the great Shogun of three days, so to call him, Yoshimoto, engaged the redoubtable Nobunaga in the Sixteenth Century, and was defeated by him and killed. A monument to his (Yoshimoto's) memory was passed in a field on our right—a simple column of stone, surrounded by a railing of wood. Luncheon was taken at the town of Okazaki, the birthplace of Iyéyasu, at which are the great granite quarries from which the capital, Tokio, and many other places, are provided with that stone; the nearness of Okazaki to the bay of Owari and its branches greatly facilitating the supply of this stone to towns and cities near the coast. The remainder of the day's journey was completed at four o'clock in the apparently thriving town of Yoshida, which is situated on a branch of the great river Tenriu, which finds its way into the sea further eastward. This town does a considerable trade in timber, most of the roof-rafters for Tokio going hence.

Early on Friday, the 14th of March, after another night of rain we pursued our journey eastward in an atmosphere of delightful freshness, in a north-western breeze of considerable force, and in sunshine that made the morning perfect. We were soon skirting on our left ranges of wooded hills, rolling away to mountains in the distance. I was informed that on one of the finest and most sheer and lofty of these high wooded hills there was a temple. I had chosen a position in the procession of *jinriki-shas* well to the rear, so that I had before me the shifting picture of more than a dozen of these curious little carriages, with double that number of half-nude men trotting them along at a rate of six to seven miles an hour, their red and blue colours dancing with their movements, and little flags surmounted with branches of bright heather, or something like it, waving at the side of each carriage.

When we came to Siomizaka, there, on the high cluster of granite rocks, several hundred feet above us, and on a summit to which it would be difficult to lift even a living and breathing life-size goddess, was a large bronze statue of Kwannon, thirteen feet high, gazing over land and over the sea, which we know by the name to be within her view, though we could not see it, and apparently not a little proud of her elevation—proud in the very presence of the Sun-Goddess herself, who, indeed, did not disdain to adorn her brazen brow with a touch of her own bright light.

Leaving the goddess to her lofty meditations, we rolled on through a fine country, very wild, and wooded and moun-

tainous on our left, and very level, and cultivated and glistening with rice-swamps on our right. The road next led us up a succession of long hills, in ascending which I gladly availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded for a delightful morning walk. Presently we came out for a short time upon a comparatively open road, and a shrill voice exclaimed "Fujiyama!" and there indeed, somewhat away on our left (broad on our port bow, as a sailor would put it), was the superb mountain which we had not seen for five weeks, and which, as it now stood up, nearly ninety miles off, above the nearer and darker mountains—stood up, whiter with snow than if wrought with silver, purer than the very sky into which it towered, and more perfect in form than any mortal hands could model—was a shrine of splendour worthy of the true God, and a consecration to the land which is so fortunate as to form its pedestal. It was a native gentleman who saw it first; not a poet, not an artist, not a seer of any sort; but he was a man, and a Japanese, and he clapped his hands and shouted with delight, and with the joy of seeing once again the sacred mountain, and of turning the eyes of us strangers towards it.

While we gazed with wonder and almost with worship upon this "most awful Form," another voice shouted "The sea!" and there on our right lay before us, and low beneath us, and rolling far away over the horizon's arc, the living liquid splendour of the sea indeed. "Isn't it just like gauze!" shouted another of the party from a distance; and although one feels some reluctance to associate with

the ocean the name of so frail a thing as gauze, yet there was so soft and semi-transparent and delicate a look about the sea on this occasion, viewed from our height, that one felt the verisimilitude of the metaphor. I never before saw the sea so utterly beautiful. On this sun-bright morning, on which the breeze seemed saturate with the sun, and the sun blown through with breeze, both sun and breeze seemed to mix with the sea, until the whole surface foamed with life and light.

We now dipped down from the height, and after a short run entered the village of Arai, which is—or rather was, for the Tokaido has now taken another and newer route near this place, and the gate is removed—one of the gates of the Tokaido, giving upon an inlet of the sea over which the passengers have to be ferried. Our party at once embarked in several boats which were awaiting for us, and a strong stern breeze drove us quickly over the two or three miles of shallow water to the village of Mayezaka, in the province of Totomi. Here we re-entered our *jinriki-shas* and started for our luncheon-place, Hamamatsu.

Before reaching Hamamatsu we pass the broad river of Tenriu (Tenriugawa) by the longest bridge in Japan, nearly four thousand feet in length. This river is navigable in its main stream for one hundred and twenty miles from the sea, which but few rivers in Japan are, owing to the narrowness of the country, and the nearness of the mountains to the sea in very many cases.

The next day's journey lay chiefly over hills and river-

beds, with occasional transits over lovely valleys. A fine walk indeed we had through Swiss-like scenery, with occasional views over large extents of lowlands, now and then glimpses of the distant sea, and suddenly, after passing the first summit, such a full-fronted view of Fujiyama as might have well repaid a far more laborious climb. Later on, after passing across a valley and ascending a second hill, we came upon another and still more beautiful view of the sacred mountain, the highest in Japan, which rises 13,000 feet clear away from the sea. We could not, however, see the base from our position, but we saw what was perhaps better as an object of beauty. Below its snow-covered summit and sides, the lower and darker part of the mountain appeared of the self-same blue as the sky above, so that the mountain of snow seemed poised in Heaven—perhaps suspended there after the fashion in which one of our poets has imagined the world to be —

"Hung by gold chains about the feet of God."

Below Fuji were lower ranges of mountains, darkly contrasting with it; then, nearer, came low wooded hills; nearer still, the broad, rough, stony bed of the Oigawa, with swift streams chasing down it, and sand-storms driving over it; and nearer still a village, and tea-plantations, and the Tokaido sweeping down with its wild borderings of old and twisted trees. On all the sun shone brightly, and over all the gale blew swiftly, so that we had before us such a scene as artists might well paint and poets edit.

Dipping down to the village below, Kanaya, where other *jinriki-shas* awaited us, we started in them for Fusieda. Our way lay first across the Oigawa, and through the driving sand-storms which we had enjoyed as part of a picture, but which were anything but charming as atmospheres to be driven through. We were soon beyond them, however, and ere long comfortably engaged in ascertaining the merits of a Fusieda luncheon in a very good native inn or hotel. This matter sufficiently determined to the satisfaction of all, we were speedily *en route* again, and instead of skirting the hills to the southwards, as I expected, turned towards the hills in front. After passing through a village at their base, and racing down a valley between them, we ascended a winding or alternating roadway, which terminated at the entrance of a tunnel through the mountain. This tunnel, much resembling that of Pozzuoli, near Naples, and lighted, like it, with lamps at intervals, was about a third of a mile in length. It terminated in a beautiful valley, down which the road plunged, and up which—as up the steep roads of the morning, by the bye—several *kagos* were being borne, the travellers usually walking to spare the carrying *ninsokus*, as this class of labourers and *jinriki-sha* men are called. After a few miles of further travelling, we saw before us the roofs of a large town, and between them and us the bed of another large river, which I rightly took to be the Abégawa, the town or city beyond being the terminus of our day's run, Shidzuoka.

This town is the most notable of all in relation to the great Tokugawa family, which gave to Japan its Shoguns and Tycoons from the year 1603 down to 1868, when the system of government by a Shogun was brought to an end. The first of the Tokugawa Shoguns, Iyéyasu, finally took up his residence in Shidzuoka after his great victory over his rivals at Sekigahara, near Lake Biwa—a victory which determined the government and fate of Japan from the beginning of the Seventeenth Century onwards to our own day. Here at Shidzuoka, then known as Sumpu, Iyéyasu had long before built him a great castle, and resided in it. He now returned to it, and left it again only for two short intervals, to suppress rebellious attempts. Here he devoted himself mainly to literature, collecting and preserving so many old manuscripts, and otherwise so exerting himself that it is said to be largely due to him that much of the ancient Japanese literature is now in existence.

As the first, so the last of the Tokugawa Tycoons has made Shidzuoka his place of residence, for here now[1] resides the dethroned Tycoon, who lives in great privacy and simplicity. He sees but few people, frankly acknowledging that the reassertion of the Mikado's authority is just.

Leaving Shidzuoka early on the morning of the 16th of March, we pursued our course eastward, lunching at Kambara, and staying for the next night at Mishima. Our route lay for several hours with Fujiyama on our left and

[1] 1880.

the sea on our right, and as the day was one of rare fineness, and of very remarkable atmospheric clearness, we enjoyed scenery which is not to be surpassed in the world. For some hours the whole 13,000 feet of Fujiyama was without the faintest phantom of a cloud—an almost unprecedented fact, according to the local statements made to us—and when clouds formed they merely constituted a sort of experimental display, as if the governor of the district had carried his courtesy to the length of showing us how prettily clouds can be produced up there out of nothing; how much softer than any silk, and how much more transparent than any gauze, they can be woven when sunbeams interlace with vapours of snow; how slowly they can sail past the steadfast mountain front, and quicken their speed as they pass around and beyond it; with what consummate art they can veil any blemish on the mountain's beauty, and how, by deepening their own shade and darkening their own shadows, they can intensify by contrast even the cold, white, solid-seeming splendour of the mountain itself. As for the sea, as it lay lake-like but vast in the beautiful Suruga Bay, sparkling in a setting of coloured mountains, its solicitations to the eye were urgent and perpetual. A morning or two before it seemed to fairly foam with brightness; but on this occasion its brightness was more definite and intense, more like one might expect it to appear if its whole surface were surging with liquid diamonds. I have no power to describe the combined beauty of the mountain on the one hand and the sea on the other, on this

middle day of March; but to assist the reader in imaging it, I ought to repeat that for hours we had full before us the immense sweep of this huge tower of silver and blue, from the summit, high in heaven, clear down to the sparkling sea. O for the skill of some more than mortal artist with which to fix before the eye this glorious picture!—and indeed those many pictures of this hallowed mountain as it appeared from our ever-shifting points of view throughout the day.

Where a branch of Suruga Bay comes close up to the hills, the Tokaido passing along the strand between, stands the beautiful Buddhist (Zen-Shu) temple of Seikenji ("Clear View Temple")—beautiful for its position overlooking the bay and the mountains beyond; beautiful for its buildings, which are among the best that we have seen of the purely Japanese type; and beautiful for its garden at the back, formed from the mountain side, with a small natural torrent pouring down it, and with trees of great variety scattered in a highly picturesque manner over its rocky amphitheatre. In front of this temple is a plum-tree, planted by the hand of the great Iyéyasu nearly three hundred years ago. The residential buildings of the temple were in part rebuilt eleven years ago,[1] and have been occupied for a short time by the now reigning Mikado, who once stayed here on account of the salubrity of the place. We halted and visited this temple, the chief priest kindly showing us its treasures among which were letters of Iyéyasu and Hideyoshi.

[1] 1880

Most of the villages passed through on the day now under notice were on or near to the shore of Suruga Bay, along which the Tokaido sweeps, and the villagers were largely occupied in drying fish for manure. There was also carried on in favourable places, and on a large scale the method of obtaining salt from the sea, by throwing sea-water over prepared beds of salt, and allowing the sun's heat to evaporate the water and leave the salt. The largest river crossed was Fuji-kawa which runs down from the inland mountains past the western side of Fujiyama, entering the sea close to the base of that mountain. Its main channel is about seventy miles long. When we passed it was flowing with swiftness through one main channel of sufficient width to compel us to cross in ferry-boats in the absence of a bridge, but the bed of the river, which must be nearly two miles wide, was dry. Three times a year the whole of the broad bed is covered with the torrent. The Tokaido proper crosses this river by a bridge much higher up; but we took a short cut, and with it a very bad sandy road, so that I doubt if we gained anything in time.

It was five o'clock before we arrived at Mishima, having visited some pleasant gardens at Hara, after lunching at Kambara. Immediately after alighting from our *jinriki-shas*, in which we had been with brief intervals for nearly ten hours, we proceeded to visit the great Shinto temple of Mishima Gengin, at the invitation of the chief priest, Mayada, a temple so ancient as regards its foundation that no one knows when it was founded, and a chief priest so

pleasant that I do not wish to meet a pleasanter. This is the temple by which Japanese pledge themselves when they wish to make a very solemn and binding engagement. Two of the junior priests received us at the outer *Tori-i* and led us to the temple proper, where the chief priest awaited us with the temple band playing. Some of us went through the simply ceremony of washing the hands and putting a branch of the sacred tree into its place. We then examined the treasures of the temple, including a very ancient vase, said to belong to the period of the gods,—dating, that is, from before the reign of Jimmu-Tenno, the first Mikado, which commenced, according to the histories, six hundred and sixty years before Christ; an imperial order or warrant to the temple from the empress Gensho, written nearly twelve hundred years ago; likewise, numerous small articles which once belonged to Yoritomo and his mother (Twelfth Century), having been brought here from the palace of Kamakura; a very ancient flute, known as the flute of ivory; a sword which was used by the Daimio of Hizen in subduing the Christian Japanese; and collections of other swords and of robes of distinction which have from time to time, during many centuries, been presented to the temple, and many of which as the reader will suppose, were viewed with interest. The chief priest presented us with some of the "god's food" in the form of boxes of sweetmeats which had been offered to the god at the altar, and had remained there the usual time; and likewise with a written description of the temple, and some of the simple

temple remembrances such as pilgrims take away with them.

The next day our route lay over the Hakoné Mountains, the pass of which, although broad and in the main of moderate gradients, is in places so steep, and everywhere paved with such large rough stones, as to be almost impracticable for *jinriki-shas*. The usual course is therefore to resort to the *kago*, or light carriage borne on the shoulders of men.

We had a very suitable day for crossing these Hakoné Mountains, the atmosphere being clear and inclined to brightness, but with continuous screens of cloud to protect us from the fiercer heat and light of the sun's direct beams. We obtained as we ascended glorious views over the country we were leaving from Fujiyama westward over the fruitful Shidzuoka Ken, and southward over the fine bay of Suruga and the Idzu hills and vales. The road is pillared on either side throughout with ancient pine-trees, that make it like a vast continuous cathedral aisle, but one unlike all human architecture in its ascents and descents, in the twisted, contorted earth grasping character of its column-pedestals, and in the shifting lights and shadows that stream through its rustling roof. Occasionally we heard the melodious notes of the *uguisu*, a wood-bird much celebrated in the poetry of the country. It has a note like one of the best "phrases" of the nightingale, if the musical world will allow the expression; but its range is limited. It is, however, a pretty though a brief bit of nightingale melody, and is sufficient of itself to make answer to those who say

that bird-song has been omitted altogether from the delights of Japan.[1] The *uguisu* is said by the poets "to come warbling with the plum-blossom." And as one is here speaking of birds, it may not be amiss to add that throughout most of the country, and more still throughout the towns of Japan of which I have had experience, there has been a marked abundance of hawks and eagles on the wing—these being, in fact, with wild ducks and wild geese, the birds most usually seen here. We observed on this road the process of preparing the bark of the *koso* for paper manufacture. There were also—if I may be allowed to vary the subject of my remarks with something like the rapidity with which the objects of observation varied on the roadside—numerous small shrines at intervals, and occasionally a rough monumental tablet to the memory of some long-deceased person of eminence. It was touching to note that here, high up on this mountain road, the memory of persons who had been dead for centuries was kept green still by a living hand placing before the stone in a bit of bamboo cane, a branch of fresh spring verdure.

[1] Since writing the above I have been looking over the proof of a paper by my friend Capt. Hawes, of Tokio, descriptive of a tour made by him in the interior of Japan, in which I find a similar view stated. After describing the delicious perfume of the air as not unlike the fragrance of the meadow-sweet at home, he adds: "This combined with the clear note of the cuckoo, which sounded pleasantly through the woods, the warble of the nightingale, and the harsher song of the jay, which were heard all around, does certainly rather upset the theory of some writers, who assert that 'Japan is a country in which the birds do not sing and the flowers have no smell.'"

Our hard walk over the mountain was relieved by frequent stoppages for rest and the slight but welcome refreshment of a cup of Japanese tea. There were numerous tea-houses by the way, and at any of them this could be got; but having the honour of travelling with a cabinet minister of the country, and one of the most thoughtful and kindly of hosts, our necessities had all been anticipated by his officers, or by those of the Ken or county. A long way up the mountain we halted at a spot whence the view westward was thought to be the finest on the pass, and where consequently a little view house had been erected for his Majesty the emperor on his journey already mentioned. Our view of the great solitary king of mountains, Fuji, was already, by our change of position, getting seriously compromised by other mountains intervening, and he had donned a sort of helmet or crown of cloud; a little later he became like our own King Arthur, on the night of his final leave-taking from the queen, for the rolling vapour

> "Enwound him fold by fold, and made him grey,
> And greyer, till himself became as mist,"

and he was seen no more before the close of our journey to the capital.

Soon after the descent commenced we reached the dividing line between the Kens of Shidzuoka and Kanagawa, which was notified by notice-posts, and was further marked in the present instance by a change of police. After changing guard and commencing the descent towards Hakoné,

we came upon a fine view of the pretty little lake of that name, which has an area of three and a half square miles, and upon the bank of which stands the village.

In passing out of Hakoné we saw the sight of old Tokaido gate, and the remains of the gate buildings. In the days of the Tycoons this Tokaido high road was blocked by three defensible gates, which people were allowed through only with passports. These gates were known as *séki*, and appear to have been kept with great care down to the close of the Tycoon's government, as I have heard from those who travelled over the Tokaido in comparatively recent times of the difficulties experienced in getting quickly through the gates, and of the insistence of those in charge upon all passengers, even the sick and weak, alighting from their *kagos* to pass through.

The road beyond the old Hakoné gate, going eastwards (as we were), rises again occasionally, but to no very great extent—if my observation from a *yama-kago*, in a nearly horizontal position may be trusted—but there were long descents, with many very steep and winding places, to be made before our destination, Yumoto, was reached. The scenery was fine, and for the greater part wooded, with a torrent tumbling down the valley, and the hedges enlivened by violets and by a variegated bamboo plant with green and yellow in each stem and leaf.

From Fuji-sawa to Kanagawa the distance is over fifteen English miles: we travelled it in exactly two hours, or at the rate of over seven and a half miles an hour, although

this part of the journey included the most and worst of the hills, and the worst part of the road. On a smooth good road, such as the Tokaido often is beyond the Hakoné Mountains, and where there are but few towns upon it, the *jinriki-sha* men frequently ran us along at eight miles per hour. I may add that hearing, as I had often done, of the excellence of this great highway between what were formerly the capitals of the Mikado and the Tycoon, I was quite astonished at the state in which I saw it in most of the towns and villages through which it passed.

But whether the Tokaido be good or bad, our journey upon it was now over.

TOKIO

FREDERIC H. BALFOUR

WHETHER it is the largest city in the world I do not know—probably not; but it is larger than London,[1] which covers only sixty-four square miles, while Tokio covers a hundred. In fact, it is less a city, as we understand the word, than a huge, straggling, beautiful village, or rather, perhaps, a group of villages; for often you may find yourself in some green, rural spot, and imagine that you have reached the country, only to turn the corner, and lo! you are in a bustling street again. There is a story, for the truth of which I do not vouch, that an American once got into a *jinriki-sha*, and was pulled about for a week, trying to find Tokio. He gave it up at last, persuaded that there was no such place. Others, however, have been more successful. I was myself, and I have no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, Tokio is one of the most peculiar and most beautiful cities in the world. True, when you get out at Shinbashi Terminus, its beauty does not strike you. In front stretches the great main street—part of a thoroughfare three hundred miles long, known as the Tokaido—lined with shops of all sorts, trams, omnibuses, and *jinriki-shas* careering hither and thither,

[1] 1894.

this way and that; newspaper offices covered with posters; telegraph and telephone wires over your head; the chimneys of great factories smoking here and there; and life, business, and bustle all around. This is interesting, but it is not picturesque. Follow the street, however, for about three miles, and you will come to one of the great playgrounds of the metropolis, Ueno Park; and here, in addition to magnificent cryptomerias, lovely sylvan glades, gorgeous old temples to dead Shogun, and a big, though I am sorry to say exceedingly ugly, Buddha—the only ugly one I have ever seen—you will find a switchback railway, numberless restaurants and tea-houses, a beautiful Zoological Garden, a School of Art, a School of Music, a Public Library, a Museum, a Fine Art Exhibition, and many other resorts of pleasure and instruction. Or, if you bend your steps inland from the bay, you come upon the three great concentric moats, encircling the Imperial Palace, with their grand grassy slopes crowned with immemorial pine-trees growing in all sorts of contorted shapes; the remains of ancient *yashiki*, or Daimios' palaces; Shiba Park, with its precipitous hills, deep shady groves, and temples of peculiar sanctity; broad, high, undulating roads, which wind upward in the bright sunlight like the pathways in some theological allegory; palaces again, standing in ornamental grounds, and hidden by gigantic trees; the modern residences of Imperial Princes and members of the nobility, all handsomely-appointed mansions that would not discredit Park Lane; and then, here, there, and everywhere, abrupt

STREET IN TOKIO.

cliffs or bluffs, richly wooded, commanding extensive views, and topped by some pleasant suburban villa surrounded by an undulating lawn. A little further yet, and you find yourself in the country, in good earnest; strolling through lanes like the lanes of Devonshire; a yellow cornfield here, a stretch of blue-green rice-fields there, so much foliage that you can never get quite as good a view as you would like; the pleasant throbbing of a water-mill in your ears, and a general sensation of smiling, sunny peace. Let us suppose it is November. The foliage presents great masses of rich colouring—green, golden, crimson, and bronze; the hawk sails, noiseless and graceful, through the air; the feathery bamboo copse in which you stand waves almost imperceptibly in the breeze; the bees hum slumberously among the tea-plants; ever and anon the mellow tones of a temple-bell come booming from some neighbouring country shrine; the sky is as clear and as blue as a great sapphire, and the whole world seems to lie basking in a flood of golden heat.

Naturally it is only residents who see this side of Tokio. The "globe-trotter" lives in one of the hotels, and devotes his attention to what may be called the show-places of the town—the curio-shops, the University, the principal temples, and a few well-known restaurants. These are all interesting in their way, but the true charm of Tokio, to me, lies in its gardens and its rural districts. There is one garden that is worthy of special mention. Close to the entrance there is a big, unsightly Arsenal, the red-brick

chimney of which belches out volumes of thick black smoke. Within five seconds after you have passed through the gate you find yourself in what I can only describe as a stretch of wild Highland scenery—glens, groves, waterfalls, and all complete. The Korakuen is one of the glories of Tokio, and a favourite place for garden parties. The first time I went there was when the young Marquis Kuroda, formerly Prince of Fuknoka, gave a great entertainment to celebrate the completion of his political majority. Part of it is so arranged as to represent in miniature, the stretch of country between the capital and Kioto, including Fujiyama and Lake Biwa. The whole was laid out by an eminent Chinese refugee nearly three hundred years ago.

Now, of course, it is impossible to describe Tokio in a few score of lines, and, of course, I do not pretend to have done it. All I have tried to do is to give you a general idea of the place, an impressionist daub; not a pre-Raphaelite, highly finished picture. There are many streets that are narrow and squalid, and rather smelly; there are disagreeable sights, too; for the Japanese cleanliness of which we hear so much is, in my opinion, rather a legend; and the weather, at certain seasons of the year, is frankly detestable. But the charms of the place outweigh its drawbacks. I lived for over two years in a bungalow on the top of Bird-rest Hill, in the suburban ward of Azabu; and from the height of my hanging-garden I looked over a section of the city that spread beneath me, framed in by the thick foliage of Shiba Park on one side, and Mita Hill on

the other; the blue waters of the bay, flecked by scores of white-sailed fishing-boats, sparkling in the middle distance, and the mountains showing lavendar-grey beyond. To others, Tokio may be a dull, uninteresting place. To me, it is one of the very few places that I know of in the solar system worth living in.

THE TEMPLE OF ASAKUSA

JUDITH GAUTIER

ASAKUSA is dedicated to Kwannon, the Chinese and Japanese Madonna, the charming Goddess of Mercy, who descended into hell, and by the fervour of her compassion, delivered the condemned and showered upon them a rain of flowers.

Stone lanterns of a very peculiar form are placed in front of the monumental gate which gives access to the precincts of the temple. To go through this you pass under a gigantic round lantern, ornamented with Chinese characters, which hangs between two cylindrical lanterns. Under the gate, on the right and left, there rise the Two Kings, guardians of the gate.

Beyond the gate, you walk on through wide avenues, paved with stones and bordered with many rows of cedars hundreds of years old, under which are grouped booths bright with a medley of standards, ornamented with lanterns and banners and filled with all kinds of charming *bibelots* and beautifully dressed dolls : it is the most animated kind of a *kermess*, with its mountebanks, its theatres, its fortune-tellers, and all kinds of entertainments.

This perpetual festival that surrounds the temple does not seem very favourable to the encouragement of pious

ideas; however, as you advance, and, in the midst of the cedars, the imposing mass of the temple appears, of a deep red with enormous roofs turning up at the edges and when you see that tower with its five stages springing towards the sky with such an extraordinary and novel aspect, you are truly seized with a respectful emotion.

Before going into the temple, you are required to wash your hands and your mouth in a great stone trough, with the aid of a wooden dipper with a long handle that is floating on the water.

As soon as you have gone through the gate of the vestibule, you find yourself in a reposeful and mysterious shadow in the midst of a tumult of voices and the rustling of the wings of clouds of pigeons that inhabit the temple. You stop at the vestibule to make some purchases from the various kinds of merchants who are installed there; first, a package of tiny rings of perfumed paste to burn in honour of the gods; then, from the merchants who are squatting on their heels, little saucers of terra cotta filled with rice for the sacred pigeons. To the left, in a pen with lacquered walls, you see a pigmy horse, entirely white with pale eyes; it is an Albino horse consecrated to Kwannon. Upon his back is a symbolical piece of paper cut out nearly in the form of a cross and held on by strips of silk. They also sell you something to offer to the gentle Albino: some cooked peas in a terra cotta plate.

The interior of the temple consists of one single hall, tall and immense, with a forest of round columns painted

red, the capitals of which are lost in the shadows of the ceiling. In the background the altar appears in a warm reflection of gold and glimmering lights. Gigantic Buddhas of gilded wood with half closed eyes and faint smiles are vaguely perceived behind the great blind that hangs down before them—a trellis of iron worked like lace—and surrounded by banners, lanterns, lamps and magnificent bouquets of flowers of gilded metal.

Each one of the faithful throws his scented rings into a gigantic bronze incense-burner, whose open-worked cover is ornamented with the signs of the zodiac and terminated by a chimærical lion. Tiny threads of the blue smoke spring from the holes and mount as they quiver and unfold into diaphanous lilies which soon drop their leaves and make a pale fog high above in the mysterious shadow. This fog of perfumes renders still more confused those singular objects that hang about and scintillate from various heights: there are large round daïs with splendid fringes of silk, fantastic beasts embroidered upon banners upon which you perceive shining scales of gold, lanterns of all forms upon which are painted black dragons or large Chinese letters, streamers and waving strips of silk ornamented with braids and tassels, inscriptions and maxims painted or embroidered, and other unfamiliar objects.

From the base to the inaccessible heights, the walls are entirely covered with pictures of all kinds painted on satin, gauze and paper, carved in wood, marble, ivory, and

mother-of-pearl, or magnificently embroidered upon silk or velvet. They represent scenes in the lives of saints, celebrated legends, terrible descriptions of the sufferings in hell or simply the images of gods and goddesses, particularly Kwannon, the gentle protectress of the temple. There are some beautiful sabres with open-worked guards, or carved wooden sabres, or formed of coins strung together. With these pieces of copper they also form Chinese characters: the name Amida occurs the most frequently.

Bonzes wander about among the crowds, or remain on the ground before the chapels by the side of the relics. All have their heads entirely shaved and wear robes with sleeves of the most extraordinary size. They give to the faithful whatever pious information they desire, or conduct them to the saint whom they wish to honour. Sometimes, at a given signal, they all go to the high altar, and, ranging themselves around an old bonze in his sacerdotal robes, they chant prayers while accompanying themselves on several instruments that make a shrill music.

On every side the devotees are kneeling upon the pavement before their chosen altar; they mutter their prayers aloud, and every now and then clap their hands as if they were applauding. To the right of the central altar, the statue of a saint, who is greatly venerated as he has the power of curing all illness, attracts many people. This personage in red lacquered wood, and about the size of a little boy, is seated in an arm-chair. He represents

Bindzuru one of Buddha's first six disciples. Ah, he is not very beautiful, this Bindzuru: he has neither form nor features on account of the continual friction of the believers; for you must rub the ailing parts of the body against the statue in order to accomplish the miracle. He ought to cure the sick, this poor saint! He ought to be kindly treated, for he is himself quite ill: he looks like a chocolate man half sucked. A constant noise is heard above the murmur of the crowd; it is the shock of pieces of money that are falling without interruption in the alms-chest, a great square box about three metres long and one metre wide and standing under a bamboo trellis. And in the midst of all this noise, the pretty children run about upon the sonorous stones with gentle laughter, or perhaps stopping, as if in ecstasy, at the foot of a column, throw rice to the sacred pigeons.

Outside the temple there are still a thousand things to see. All the pleasures are collected in this enclosure: apart from the numerous chapels, it contains a circus, theatres, galleries for archery, and countless tea-houses where the young and elegant people of the city have delightful parties.

There is everything in the enclosure of Asakusa. Tokio has its Museum there. About forty pictures are arranged, to the left of the great temple in a gallery; they are called *I-ki-nine-gnio*, "the living dolls," and these wax dolls are so expressive that you might easily believe they were living pictures. All the scenes are represented that relate to

the miracles due to the inexhaustible kindness of Kwannon.

But there are still things that are worthy of being seen in the territory of Asakusa, among others, the gardens and the nurseries, taken care of by skilful horticulturists. All kinds of dwarf trees appear here, by what process obtained I do not know: cedars which are planted in porcelain jars, doll pines, tiny peach-trees, bamboos fine as knitting-needles; then carpets of delicate grass like green feathers, grassy plants that bristle with prickles and resemble wicked beasts, and a magnificent variety of rare flowers: rose-coloured, purple and white peonies as large as cabbages; chrysanthemums that open out as big as plates. And the fruit-trees, those marvels whose blossoming at Spring-tide is the delight of poets. All varieties of lemon, peach and cherry-trees, and above all the incomparable plum, whose beauty cannot be imagined, which blooms in the depths of winter under the snow and whose flowers are more deliciously scented than roses.

There is as yet no lift in the Five-storied Pagoda, and the way up is very steep by a zigzag stairway, where it is very dark; but you are well repaid for your trouble when you finally emerge in the open air on the last platform.

An ocean of grey roofs, which waves, waves to the very edge of the horizon, appears to you, broken by islands of verdure and great clear spaces; mirrors which confuse everything as if pieces of the sky had fallen upon the earth and lead on to infinite distances; these are the rivers, the

ponds and the canals. But the glance is suddenly attracted and fixed far away from all this by the extraordinary mountain, of which I can never say enough: the surprising, the marvellous, the unique Fujiyama! There appears over yonder towards the south-west a gigantic and solitary cone, very tall, very pale and rosy, with bluish shadows over it like wrinkles. The base is wreathed in mists, and it looks therefore as if it were suspended in the air and supported by the clouds.

BUDDHAS, ASAKUSA.

THE TEMPLE OF HATCHIMAN

AIMÉ HUMBERT

AT the present time we find at Kamakoura the Pantheon of the glories of Japan. It is composed of a majestic collection of sacred buildings which have always been spared by the fury of civil war. They are placed under the invocation of Hatchiman, one of the great national Kamis. Hatchiman belongs to the heroic period of the Empire of the Mikados. His mother was the Empress Zingou, who effected the conquest of the three kingdoms of Korea, and to whom divine honours are rendered. Each year, on the ninth day of the ninth month, a solemn procession to the tomb which is consecrated to her at Fousimi, in the country of Yamasiro, commemorates her glorious deeds. Zingou herself surnamed her son Fatsman, "the eight banners," in consequence of a sign which appeared in the heavens at the birth of the child. Thanks to the education which she gave him, she made him the bravest of her soldiers and the most skilful of her generals. When she had attained the age of one hundred years, she transmitted the sceptre and crown of the Mikados to her son, in the year 270 of our era. He was then seventy-one years old. Under the name of Woozin he reigned gloriously for forty-three years, and was raised,

after his death, to the rank of a protecting genius of the Empire. He is especially revered as the patron of soldiers. In the annual *fêtes* dedicated to him, Japan celebrates the memory of the heroes who have died for their country. The popular processions which take place on this occasion revive the ancient pomps of Kami worship. Even the horses formerly destined for sacrifice are among the *cortège*; but instead of being immolated, they are turned loose on the race-course.

Most of the great cities of Japan possess a Temple of Hatchiman. That of Kamakoura is distinguished above all the others by the trophies which it contains. Two vast buildings are required for the display of this national wealth. There, it is said, are preserved the spoils of the Korean and the Mongol invasions, also objects taken from the Portuguese Colonies, and the Christian communities of Japan at the epoch when the Portuguese were expelled, and the Japanese Christians were exterminated by order of the Shoguns.

No European has ever yet been permitted to view the trophies of Kamakoura.

While all European states like to display the treasures which they have respectively seized or won in their frontier and dynastic wars, Japan hides all monuments of its military glory from foreigners. They are kept in reserve, like a family treasure, in venerable sanctuaries, to which no profane feet ever find access.

On approaching the Temple of Hatchiman, we perceived that our arrival had been announced, and that

the bonzes were closing the shutters of their treasure-house.

The Temples of Hatchiman are approached by long lines of those great cedar-trees which form the avenues to all places of worship in Japan. As we advance along the avenue on the Kanagawa side, chapels multiply themselves along the road, and to the left, upon the sacred hills, we also come in sight of the oratories and commemorative stones which mark the stations of the processions; on the right the horizon is closed by the mountain, with its grottos, its streams, and its pine groves. After we have crossed the river by a fine wooden bridge, we find ourselves suddenly at the entrance of another alley, which leads from the sea-side, and occupies a large street. This is the principal avenue, intersected by three gigantic *Tori-i*, and it opens on the grand square in front of the chief staircase of the main building of the Temple. The precinct of the sacred place extends into the street, and is surrounded on three sides by a low wall of solid masonry, surmounted by a barrier of wood painted black and red. Two steps lead to the first level. There is nothing to be seen there but the houses of the bonzes, arranged like the side-scenes of a theatre, amid trees planted along the barrier-wall, with two great oval ponds occupying the centre of the square. They are connected with each other by a large canal crossed by two parallel bridges, each equally remarkable in its way. That on the right is of white granite, and it describes an almost perfect semicircle, so that when one sees it for the

first time one supposes that it is intended for some sort of geometrical exercise; but I suppose that it is in reality a bridge of honour reserved for the gods and the good genii who come to visit the Temple. The bridge on the left is quite flat, constructed of wood covered with red lacquer, with balusters and other ornaments in old polished copper. The pond crossed by the stone bridge is covered with magnificent white lotus flowers,—the pond crossed by the wooden bridge with red lotus flowers. Among the leaves of the flowers we saw numbers of fish, some red and others like mother of pearl, with glittering fins, swimming about in waters of crystal clearness. The black tortoise glides among the great water-plants and clings to their stems.

After having thoroughly enjoyed this most attractive spectacle, we go on towards the second enclosure. It is raised a few steps higher than the first, and, as it is protected by an additional sanctity, it is only to be approached through the gate of the divine guardians of the sanctuary. This building, which stands opposite the bridges, contains two monstrous idols, placed side by side in the centre of the edifice. They are sculptured in wood, and are covered from head to foot with a thick coating of vermilion. Their grinning faces and their enormous busts are spotted all over with innumerable pieces of chewed paper, which the native visitors throw at them when passing, without any more formality than would be used by a number of schoolboys out for a holiday. Nevertheless, it is considered a very serious act on the part of the pilgrims. It is the

means by which they make the prayer written on the sheet of chewed paper reach its address, and when they wish to recommend anything to the gods very strongly indeed, they bring as an offering a pair of straw slippers plaited with regard to the size of the feet of the Colossus, and hang them on the iron railings within which the statues are enclosed. Articles of this kind, suspended by thousands to the bars, remain there until they fall away in time, and it may be supposed that this curious ornamentation is anything but beautiful.

Here a lay brother of the bonzes approached us, and his interested views were easily enough detected by his bearing. We hastened to assure him that we required nothing from his good offices, except access to an enclosed building. With a shake of his head, so as to make us understand that we were asking for an impossibility, he simply set himself to follow us about with the mechanical precision of a subaltern. He was quite superfluous, but we did not allow his presence to interfere with our admiration. A high terrace, reached by a long stone staircase, surmounted the second enclosure. It is sustained by a Cyclopean wall, and in its turn supports the principal Temple as well as the habitations of the bonzes. The grey roofs of all these different buildings stand out against the sombre forest of cedars and pines. On the left are the buildings of the Treasury; one of them has a pyramidal roof surmounted by a turret of bronze most elegantly worked. At the foot of the great terrace is the Chapel of the Ablutions. On

our right stands a tall pagoda, constructed on the principle of the Chinese pagodas, but in a more sober and severe style. The first stage, of a quadrangular form, is supported by pillars; the second stage consists of a vast circular gallery, which, though extremely massive, seems to rest simply upon a pivot. A painted roof terminated by a tall spire of cast bronze, embellished with pendants of the same metal, completes the effect of this strange but exquisitely proportioned building.

All the doors of the building which I have enumerated are in good taste. The fine proportions, the rich brown colouring of the wood, which is almost the only material employed in their construction, is enhanced by a few touches of red and dragon green, and the effect of the whole is perfect;—add to the picture a frame of ancient trees and the extreme brilliancy of the sky, for the atmosphere of Japan is the most transparent in the world.

We went beyond the pagoda to visit a bell-tower, where we were shown a large bell beautifully engraved, and an oratory on each side containing three golden images, a large one in the centre and two small ones on either side. Each was surrounded by a nimbus.

We then went to see the Daïboudhs, which is the wonder of Kamakoura. This building is dedicated to the Daïboudhs, that is to say, to the great Buddha, and may be regarded as the most finished work of Japanese genius, from the double points of view of art and religious sentiment. The Temple of Hatchiman had already given us a

remarkable example of the use which native art makes of nature in producing that impression of religious majesty which in our northern climates is effected by Gothic architecture. The Temple of Daïboudhs differs considerably from the first which we had seen. Instead of the great dimensions, instead of the illimitable space which seemed to stretch from portal to portal down to the sea, a solitary and mysterious retreat prepares the mind for some supernatural revelation. The road leads far away from every habitation; in the direction of the mountain it winds about between hedges of tall shrubs. Finally, we see nothing before us but the high road, going up and up in the midst of foliage and flowers; then it turns in a totally different direction, and all of a sudden, at the end of the alley, we perceive a gigantic brazen Divinity, squatting with joined hands, and the head slightly bent forward in an attitude of contemplative ecstasy. The involuntary amazement produced by the aspect of this great image soon gives place to admiration. There is an irresistible charm in the attitude of the Daïboudhs, as well as in the harmony of its proportions. The noble simplicity of its garments and the calm purity of its features are in perfect accord with the sentiment of serenity inspired by its presence. A grove, consisting of some beautiful groups of trees, forms the enclosure of the sacred place, whose silence and solitude are never disturbed. The small cell of the attendant priest can hardly be discerned amongst the foliage. The altar, on which a little incense is burning at the feet of

the Divinity, is composed of a small brass table ornamented by two lotus vases of the same metal, and beautifully wrought. The steps of the altar are composed of large slabs forming regular lines. The blue of the sky, the deep shadow of the statue, the sombre colour of the brass, the brilliancy of the flowers, the varied verdure of the hedges and the groves, fill this solemn retreat with the richest effect of light and colour. The idol of the Daïboudhs, with the platform that supports it, is twenty yards high.

THE DAÏBOUDHS, KAMAKOURA.

THE SHIBA TEMPLE

CHRISTOPHER DRESSER

SHIBA lies in the north-east quarter of Tokio. It is reached by a pleasant short drive from the railway station. The impression which I now receive upon first beholding the magnificent temples and shrines standing before me as I step from our carriage is most delightful. Buildings, so rich in colour, so beautiful in detail, so striking in symbolism, I have never before seen or dreamt of. Had a Gibbons been employed on the wood-carvings, had the colourist of the Alhambra done his utmost to add to forms, which in themselves are almost perfect, a new charm through the addition of pigments, and were the whole of such details subordinated to fitting places in a vast architectural edifice by the architects of the Parthenon, no more worthy effect could be produced than that of the buildings on which my eyes now rest.

The Temple of Shiba, like most of the large temples dedicated to the service of Buddhism, consisted of seven buildings, one of which may be regarded as more strictly in itself *the* Temple, while another is in all cases a pagoda,—the pagoda bearing much the same relation to the Buddhist edifice that a spire does to a Christian church. Unfortunately the chief building of the seven has been lately (1882)

burnt by, it is believed, revolutionary incendiaries, and I am informed that this building was more beautiful than any now remaining; yet how any building could be more beautiful than those which have escaped, I am at a loss to understand.

We walk through the courtyard inspecting the long rows of stone lanterns, and viewing the exteriors of the various buildings on which we find birds, flowers, water, and clouds carved with a tenderness and boldness scarcely to be surpassed, and so coloured that each object retains its individual beauty, while the various parts combine to produce an effect almost perfect. The art treatment of the natural objects is semi-conventional, the carving is of the crispest, and the subjects are chosen with the view of symbolizing the power of the Buddhist's god over all created things.

Shiba is not only a Buddhist shrine, but like our Westminster Abbey, is a resting-place for the mighty dead. Here five of Japan's great Shoguns (also called Tycoons) were buried, and the Shogun (who was practically the temporal ruler of Japan) was of the Buddhist faith, while the Mikado (whom we have described as the spiritual ruler) was of the Shinto religion. Shoguns found their resting-place in tombs of great beauty, while over the ashes of the Mikados are heaped mere mounds of earth.

We are looking and wondering at all the loveliness outspread before us when a shaven-headed priest comes forward to conduct us into the largest of the edifices which now remain. Before entering it we have to put off our

shoes. This it was right that we should do, were it only because the balcony to which the steps before us lead, and the floor of the temple itself, are of polished black lacquer. The surface of these floors may be compared with that of the best *papier-maché* tray that Wolverhampton ever made.

There is little in the way of wall in connexion with either Japanese temples or houses; but of the structure of their buildings more will be said when we come to consider their architecture. However, the building before us is a large enclosed space, covered by a massive roof, supported on uprights, between which are what we may regard as movable shutters;—the columns and shutters forming the boundary of the building. The floor of the temple extends about six feet beyond the central enclosed part as a balcony, and it is this balcony which I have just mentioned as being bright black. The roof of the temple overhangs the balcony and protects it from the weather, while the constructive rafters and joists which support it are left fully exposed to view. Internally we have a ceiling of which the structural features are not visible. The ceiling is panelled out into small squares, and is decorated; red, blue, green, white and gold being applied to it in all their intensity.

It might be thought that such a system of colouring as this could only produce a coarse and vulgar effect; but this is not so, for the overhanging roof which approaches within about four feet of the railing of the surrounding balcony does not permit the entrance of any excessive amount of light; and

the light which ultimately reaches the ceiling is all reflected, and that from a black floor.

We are now taken by our shaven-headed priest to see the tombs of the Shoguns. In front of each tomb stands a square building or shrine, one of which by his orders is opened at both back and front, that we may look on the monument behind.

I am so much pleased with the one temple which I have been permitted to enter, and my art enthusiasm has been already so fully kindled, that my desire to see the interior of these sacred shrines becomes almost irresistible; but I am told that none but great officials can enter these sanctuaries, as each building contains the *sacred* name of the now deified Shogun whose remains are entombed behind. I believe that the holy father mistakes my enthusiastic admiration of the art of the edifice for religious enthusiasm, as he somewhat excitedly exclaims, "You are a great Shogun," and allows me to enter a building which few, if any, Europeans have up to this time been permitted to inspect.

These shrines are as beautiful as the larger temples which we have already seen, and their details are as perfectly wrought. But as I yet fail to comprehend the object of these buildings, for what the *sacred name* of a deceased Shogun may be, I do not understand. Ultimate inquiry led me to see that throughout Japan there is a strange confusion of Buddhism and Shintoism; for while Shintoism deifies heroes, Buddhism, in its purity, does nothing of the kind. Nevertheless, as the Mikado, while yet regarded as

THE SHIBA TEMPLE, TOKIO.

the God incarnate of the Shinto Church, offers in public on certain days of the year prayers for his people at certain Buddhist shrines, it is not to be wondered at that the leading sanctuaries of Japan should betray a blending so inconsistent.

Upon the death of a famous Japanese, be he daimio (baron), hero, benefactor, or Shogun, he is exalted to the rank of a god, when his name in the god world is allotted to him. This name, sacred and unpronounceable by mortal lips, is inscribed on a tablet of about two feet in length by four inches in breadth; and it is this god name which the shrines in front of the Shogun's tombs are intended to encase and preserve. Every precaution is taken to insure the safety of these tablets, as in the belief of the Japanese the gravest calamities might befall the nation if any should be lost or destroyed.

On this memorable day, which will always be a "red letter day" in my history, I learnt many facts of deep interest, and I have certainly beheld, enshrined in cryptomerias and other cone-bearing trees of vast proportions, an amount of architectural beauty such as I have never before seen.

IN YOKOHAMA

LAFCADIO HEARN

THE first charm of Japan is as intangible and volatile as a perfume. It began for me with my first *kuruma* ride out of the European quarter of Yokohama into the Japanese town; and so much as I can recall of it is hereafter set down.

It is with the delicious surprise of the first journey through Japanese streets—unable to make one's *kuruma* runner understand anything but gestures, frantic gestures to roll on anywhere, everywhere, since all is unspeakably pleasurable and new—that one first receives the real sensation of being in the Orient, in this Far East so much read of, so long dreamed of, yet, as the eyes bear witness, heretofore all unknown. There is a romance even in the first full consciousness of this rather commonplace fact; but for me this consciousness is transfigured inexpressibly by the divine beauty of the day. There is some charm unutterable in the morning air, cool with the coolness of Japanese spring and wind-waves from the snowy cone of Fuji; a charm perhaps due rather to softest lucidity than to any positive tone,—an atmospheric limpidity extraordinary, with only a suggestion of blue in it, through which the most distant objects appear focused with amazing sharp-

ness. The sun is only pleasantly warm; the *jinrika-sha*, or *kuruma*, is the most cosy little vehicle imaginable; and the street-vistas, as seen above the dancing white mushroom-shaped hat of my sandalled runner, have an allurement of which I fancy that I could never weary.

Elfish everything seems; for everything as well as everybody is small, and queer, and mysterious: the little houses under their blue roofs, the little shop-fronts hung with blue, and the smiling little people in their blue costumes. The illusion is only broken by the occasional passing of a tall foreigner, and by divers shop-signs bearing announcements in absurd attempts in English. Nevertheless such discords only serve to emphasize reality; they never materially lessen the fascination of the funny little streets.

'Tis at first a delightfully odd confusion only, as you look down one of them, through an interminable flutter of flags and swaying of dark blue drapery, all made beautiful and mysterious with Japanese or Chinese lettering. For there are no immediately discernible laws of construction or decoration: each building seems to have a fantastic prettiness of its own; nothing is exactly like anything else, and all is bewilderingly novel. But gradually, after an hour passed in the quarter, the eye begins to recognize in a vague way some general plan in the construction of these low, light, queerly-gabled wooden houses, mostly unpainted, with their first stories all open to the street, and thin strips of roofing sloping above each shop-front, like awnings, back to the miniature balconies of paper-screened second stories.

You begin to understand the common plan of the tiny shops, with their matted floors well raised above the street level, and the general perpendicular arrangement of sign-lettering, whether undulating on drapery, or glimmering on gilded and lacquered signboards. You observe that the same rich, dark blue which dominates in popular costume rules also in shop draperies, though there is a sprinkling of other tints,—bright blue and white and red (no greens or yellows). And then you note also that the dresses of the labourers are lettered with the same wonderful lettering as the shop draperies. No arabesques could produce such an effect. As modified for decorative purposes these ideographs have a speaking symmetry which no design without a meaning could possess. As they appear on the back of a workman's frock—pure white on dark blue—and large enough to be easily read at a great distance (indicating some guild or company of which the wearer is a member or employee), they give to the poor cheap garment a factitious appearance of splendour.

"*Tera e yuke!*"

I have been obliged to return to the European hotel,—not because of the noon-meal, as I really begrudge myself the time necessary to eat it, but because I cannot make Cha understand that I want to visit a Buddhist temple. Now Cha understands; my landlord has uttered the mystical words,—

"*Tera e yuke!*"

A few minutes of running along broad thoroughfares

lined with gardens and costly ugly European buildings; then passing the bridge of a canal stocked with unpainted sharp-prowed craft of extraordinary construction, we again plunge into narrow, low, bright, pretty streets,—into another part of the Japanese city. And Cha runs at the top of his speed between more rows of little ark-shaped houses, narrower above than below; between other unfamiliar lines of little open shops. And always over the shops little strips of blue-tiled roof slope back to the paper-screened chamber of upper floors; and from all the façades hang draperies dark-blue or white, or crimson,—foot-breadths of texture covered with beautiful Japanese lettering, white on blue, red on black, black on white. But all this flies by swiftly as a dream. Once more we cross a canal; we rush up a narrow street rising to meet a hill; and Cha, halting suddenly before an immense flight of broad stone steps, sets the shafts of his vehicle on the ground that I may dismount, and, pointing to the steps, exclaims,—

"*Tera!*"

I dismount, and ascend them, and, reaching a broad terrace, find myself face to face with a wonderful gate, topped by a tilted, peaked, many-cornered Chinese roof. It is all strangely carven, this gate. Dragons are intertwined in a frieze above its open doors; and the panels of the doors themselves are similarly sculptured; and there are gargoyles —grotesque lion heads—protruding from the eaves. And the whole is grey, stone-coloured; to me, nevertheless, the carvings do not seem to have the fixity of sculpture; all

the snakeries and dragonries appear to undulate with a swimming motion, elusively, in eddyings as of water.

I turn a moment to look back through the glorious light. Sea and sky mingle in the same beautiful pale clear blue. Below me the billowing of bluish roofs reaches to the verge of the unruffled bay on the right, and to the feet of the green wooded hills flanking the city on two sides. Beyond that semicircle of green hills rises a lofty range of serrated mountains, indigo silhouettes. And enormously high above the line of them towers an apparition indescribably lovely, —one solitary snowy cone, so filmily exquisite, so spiritually white, that but for its immemorially familiar outline, one would surely deem it a shape of cloud. Invisible its base remains, being the same delicious tint as the sky: only above the eternal snow-line its dreamy cone appears, seeming to hang, the ghost of a peak, between the luminous land and the luminous heaven,—the sacred and matchless mountain, Fujiyama.

"*Tera?*"

"Yes, Cha, *tera*."

But only for a brief while do I traverse Japanese streets. The houses separate, become scattered along the feet of the hills: the city thins away through little valleys and vanishes at last behind. And we follow a curving road, overlooking the sea. Green hills slope steeply down to the edge of the way on the right; on the left, far below, spreads a vast stretch of dun sand and salty pools to a line of surf so distant that it is discernible only as a moving white thread.

The tide is out; and thousands of cockle-gatherers are scattered over the sands, at such distances that their stooping figures, dotting the glimmering sea-bed, appear no larger than gnats. And some are coming along the road before us, returning from their search with well-filled baskets,—girls with faces almost as rosy as the faces of English girls.

As the *jinriki-sha* rattles on, the hills dominating the road grow higher. All at once Cha halts again before the steepest and loftiest flight of temple steps I have yet seen.

I climb and climb, halting perforce betimes, to ease the violent aching of my quadriceps muscles; reach the top completely out of breath; and find myself between two lions of stone; one showing his fangs, the other with jaws closed. Before me stands the temple, at the farther end of a small bare plateau surrounded on three sides by low cliffs,—a small temple, looking very old and grey. From a rocky height to the left of the building, a little cataract rumbles down into a pool, ringed in by a palisade. The voice of the water drowns all other sounds. A sharp wind is blowing from the ocean: the place is chill even in the sun, and bleak, and desolate, as if no prayer had been uttered in it for a hundred years.

Cha taps and calls, while I take off my shoes upon the worn wooden steps of the temple; and after a minute of waiting, we hear a muffled step approaching and a hollow cough behind the paper screens. They slide open; and an old white-robed priest appears, and motions me, with a low

bow, to enter. He has a kindly face; and his smile of welcome seems to me one of the most exquisite I have ever been greeted with. Then he coughs again, so badly that I think if I ever come here another time, I shall ask for him in vain.

I go in, feeling that soft, cushioned matting beneath my feet with which the floors of all Japanese buildings are covered. I pass the indispensable bell and lacquered reading-desk; and before me I see other screens only, stretching from floor to ceiling. The old man, still coughing, slides back one of these upon the right, and waves me into the dimness of an inner sanctuary, haunted by faint odours of incense. A colossal bronze lamp, with snarling gilded dragons coiled about its columnar stem, is the first object I discern; and, in passing it, my shoulder sets ringing a festoon of little bells suspended from the lotus-shaped summit of it. Then I reach the altar, gropingly, unable yet to distinguish forms clearly. But the priest, sliding back screen after screen, pours in light upon the gilded brasses and the inscriptions; and I look for the image of the Deity, or presiding Spirit between the altar-groups of convoluted candelabra. And I see—only a mirror, a round, pale disk of polished metal and my own face therein, and behind this mockery of me a phantom of the far sea.

Only a mirror! Symbolizing what? Illusion? or that the Universe exists for us solely as the reflection of our own souls? or the old Chinese teaching that we must seek the

A JINRIKI-SHA.

Buddha only in our own hearts? Perhaps some day I shall be able to find out all these things.

"Hotel, Cha, hotel!" I cry out again, for the way is long, and the sun sinking,—sinking in the softest imaginable glow of topazine light. I have not seen Shaka (so the Japanese have transformed the name Sakya-Muni); I have not looked upon the face of the Buddha. Perhaps I may be able to find his image to-morrow, somewhere in this wilderness of wooden streets, or upon the summit of some yet unvisited hill.

The sun is gone; the topaz-light is gone; and Cha stops to light his lantern of paper; and we hurry on again, between two long lines of painted paper lanterns suspended before the shops: so closely set, so level those lines are, that they seem two interminable strings of pearls of fire. And suddenly a sound—solemn, profound, mighty—peals to my ears over the roofs of the town, the voice of the *tsurigane*, the great temple-bell of Nungiyama.

FUJI-SAN

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

YOU would not wonder, residing here, that everybody in Japan talks about Fuji, and thinks about her; paints her on fans, and limns her with gold on lacquer; carves her on temple-gates and house-fronts, and draws her for curtains of shops and signboards of inns, rest-houses and public institutions. Living in Tokio or Yokohama, or anywhere along this Tokaido—the Southern road of Japan—you would soon perceive how the great volcano dominates every landscape, asserts perpetually her sovereignty over all other hills and mountains, and becomes in reality as well as imagination, an indispensable element in the national scenery.

Fuji-San, even among her loftiest sisters, is a giantess, nearer, by the best calculation, to 13,000 than 12,000 feet of elevation. The legend is that she rose in a single night, at about the date of Alexander the Great; and it is not impossible. In 806 A. D., a temple was established on the mountain to the honour of the beautiful Goddess Konohana-saku-ya Hime, though there is also a special deity of the eminence styled "O-ana-mochi-no-Mikoto," which means "Possessor of the Great Hole or Crater."

As late as the Fourteenth Century Fuji was constantly

smoking, and fire is spoken of with the eruptions, the last of which took place in December, 1707, and continued for nearly forty days. The Ho-Yei-san, or hump in the south face, was probably then formed. In this, her final outbreak, Fuji covered Tokio itself, sixty miles away, with six inches of ash, and sent rivers of lava far and wide. Since then she has slept, and only one little spot underneath the Kwan-nom-Gatake, on the lip of the crater, where steam exhales, and the red pumice-cracks are hot, shows that the heart of this huge volcano yet glows, and that she is capable of destroying again her own beauty and the forests and rich regions of fertility which clothe her knees and feet.

It is a circuit of 120 miles to go all round the base of Fuji-San. If you could cut a tunnel through her from Yoshiwara to Kawaguchi, it would be forty miles long. Generally speaking, the lower portion of the mountain is cultivated to a height of 1,500 feet, and it is a whole province which thus climbs round her. From the border of the farms there begins a rough and wild, but flowery moorland, which stretches round the hill to an elevation of 4,000 feet, where there the thick forest belt commences. This girdles the volcano up to 7,000 feet on the Subashiri side and 8,000 on the Murayama fall, but is lower to the eastward. Above the forest extends a narrow zone of thicket and bush, chiefly dwarfed larch, juniper, and a *vaccinium ;* after which comes the bare, burnt, and terribly majestic peak itself, where the only living thing is a little yellow lichen which

grow in the fissures of the lava blocks, for no eagle or hawk ventures so high, and the boldest or most bewildered butterfly will not be seen above the bushes half-way down.

The best—indeed, the only—time for the ascent of the mountain is between July 15th and September 5th. During this brief season, the snow will be melted from the cone, the huts upon the path will be opened for pilgrims, and there will be only the danger of getting caught by a typhoon, or reaching the summit to find it swathed day after day in clouds and no view obtainable. Our party of three started for the ascent on August 25th, taking that one of the many roads by which Fuji is approached that goes by Subashiri. Such an expedition may be divided into a series of stages. You have first to approach the foot of the mountain by train or otherwise, then to ride through the long slope of cultivated region. Then, abandoning horse or vehicles, to traverse on foot the sharper slopes of the forest belt. At the confines of this you will reach the first station, called *Sho* or *Go;* for Japanese fancy has likened the mountain to a heap of dry rice and the stations are named by rice measures. From the first station to the ninth, whatever road you take, all will be hard, hot, continuous climbing. You must go by narrow, bad paths, such as a goat might make, in loose volcanic dust, gritty pumice, or over the sharp edges of lava dykes, which cut boots and sandals to shreds.

Taking train from Tokio to Gotemba, a station at the mountain's foot, we engaged "two men *rikisha*" to Suba-

shiri; rolling along a rough but pretty country road, lined with pine and bamboo, and rice-fields where the early crop was already in ear. Silk is a great product of the region, and piles of cocoons lay in the sunshine, while the winding reel everywhere buzzed inside the cottages. From time to time Fuji would reveal portions of her mighty outline, but she was mainly shrouded till we reached Subashiri, and put up at a native inn called *Yone-Yana*. It is the custom with pilgrims to present the flags of their sect which they bring to the innkeepers, who suspend them on strings, the consequence being that the little town fluttered with pennons of all colours from end to end of the long street, terminating and overhanging which you saw Fuji-San—gigantic, beautiful, terrible—clearly and cloudlessly shown from head to foot, promising us a good reward for our climb of the morrow. In the inn at night all the talk is about the volcano, the state of the path, the chances of fine weather, and so forth. We order three horses and six *ninsoku*, or "leg-men," to carry the indispensable blankets and provisions. They are to be ready at four o'clock in the morning, and we turn in early to get as much sleep as possible.

At daybreak the horses are brought, and the six coolies, two by two, bind upon their backs the *futons* and the food. We start, a long procession, through a broad avenue in the forest, riding for five miles, under a lovely dawn, the sun shining gloriously on the forehead of Fuji, who seems further off and more immensely lofty the nearer we approach. The woodland is full of wild strawberries and flowers; in-

cluding tiger-lilies, clematis, Canterbury bells, and the blue *hotari-no hana*, or fire-fly blossom. At 6:30 A. M., we reach Uma-Gayeshi, or "turn-the-horses-back"; and hence to the mountain top there is nothing for it but to walk every step of the long, steep, and difficult path. Two of the men with the lightest loads lead the way along the narrow path, in a wood so thick that we shall not see Fuji again till we have passed through it. It takes us every now and then through the gates and precincts of little Shinto temples, where the priests offer us tea or mountain water. In one of them, at Ko-mitake, we are invited to ring the brass gong in order that the Deity may make our limbs strong for the task before us. And this is solemnly done by all hands, the *ninsoku* slapping their brown thighs piously after sounding the bell.

Presently the forest clears away; we are in sunlight again, well upon the lower slopes of Fuji; but the opening is due to an awful phenomenon. In the early part of the year an avalanche had descended down the valley which we are climbing. In a single night Fuji will often collect millions of tons of snow upon her cone, and then will let it slip next day, as a lady puts off her *bonnet de nuit*. One of these great snow slides has rolled down our valley and crushed perfectly flat every shrub and sapling and tree on a track half a mile wide right through the forest. The stoutest pines and beeches, the sturdiest larches and oaks, are broken short off at the root and pressed close to the earth, just as when a heavy roller goes over long grass.

One look at this is enough to explain why it is not prudent to ascend Fuji when the snow lies upon her sides.

Up those sides we must now steadily trudge by a path which begins unpromisingly enough, and grows constantly ruder and harder. It is not so bad among the dwarf alder bushes, where grows the curious and very rare *glabra*, called by the Japanese *O Niku*, the root of which is sovereign for wounds and bruises. But it is quite bad enough long before we reach Shi-go-me, at 9:30 A. M., where we are to breakfast. This is Station No. 4, a rude hut built of black and red lava blocks, and standing at an elevation of 8,420 feet. You will see how we have been ascending. The stage on horseback from Subashiri lifted us 2,000 feet; to the temple with the bell we made another 2,000 feet of altitude; and now, at Shi-go-me, we are 2,000 feet higher still. A vast stratum of clouds hides at present the lower world; but it breaks away in places to let us see and admire a lovely lake shaped like the new moon, and called Mikazuki, shining in the hills near Yoshida. It is already welcome enough to halt and shake the sharp ashes from our boots, while we drink Liebig essence in hot water and eat tinned meats with an appetite sharpened by the already keen air. But we have a great height yet to climb to No. 6 Station, where we shall lunch, and the path henceforward is of two kinds—both abominable. Either you zigzag to and fro in the loose black and red ashes, too steep and slippery to climb directly; or you pick your way over the rugged slag and clinkers of a lava dyke, which is like as-

cending a shattered flight of steps or climbing the face of a furnace bank. Every fifteen minutes one or other of the strong mountaineers accompanying us cries out, "*O yasumi!*" and we all sink gladly on the nearest block, breathing quick and hard, the air being now so rarefied that it seems impossible to get enough into the lungs.

After each rest, of a minute or two, we plod on towards the little black lava hut marked by fluttering red and white flags, which is our next goal; and truly very far off, and very high up, and very hard to reach each in turn seems to be. Yet one by one, keeping steadily at work, we attain to stations "four and a half," "five," "five and a half" (Gogo, go, Shaku), and then at last to No. 6 (Roku-go-Me), where we stand 10,000 feet above the sea. A halt is called in the little hut for "tiffin" and pipes, and we are joined by a party of pilgrims dressed all in white, with huge white soup-plate hats, who, like ourselves, are glad enough of a little rest and a whiff or two of the *kiseru*. Presently we start again up this tremendous cone, which seems to soar higher and higher in the blue the harder we toil to conquer it. Nevertheless, early in the afternoon we do reach Station No. 8, where we shall pass the night, more than 11,000 feet above sea level. Not only is the air very rarefied, but also very cold. There lies a large patch of snow in a hollow of the cone close by, and the water freezes where it drips from the kitchen. All vegetation has vanished, even the polygonum, and we are glad to unpack our blankets and lie under them round the *hibachi*, while such

FUJI SAN.

a meal as the mountain hut can furnish is being prepared. It consists of little else than small salted fish fried upon rice, but we supplement it with tinned provisions, and wash it down with weak whiskey and water. To realize the sleep which ensues after pipes and Japanese chat you must have been yourself climbing from daybreak till four in the afternoon.

The shortest time in which the ascent has been made is six hours and a half. We, taking it more easily, made no attempt to beat the record, and stopped frequently to botanize, geologize, etc. The rarefaction of the air gave our Japanese companion, Takaji San, a slight headache, which soon passed as the circulation became accustomed to the atmosphere; but Captain Ingles and I, being I suppose, both in excellent health and strength, experienced no inconvenience worth mentioning.

At half-past four next morning, while I was dreaming under my thick coverings, a hand touched me and a voice said softly: "Danna Sama, hi no de!" "Master, here is the sun!" The *shoji* at my feet were thrown open. I looked out, almost as you might from the moon, over a prodigious abyss of space, beyond which the eastern rim of all the world seemed to be on fire with flaming light. A belt of splendid rose and gold illumined all the horizon, darting long spears of glory into the dark sky overhead, gilding the tops of a thousand hills, scattered over the purple plains below, and casting on the unbroken background of clouds beyond an enormous shadow of Fuji. The spec-

tacle was of unparalleled splendour, recalling Lord Tennyson's line —

> "And, in the East,
> God made himself an awful Rose of Dawn."

Moment by moment it grew more wonderful in loveliness of colour and brilliant birth of day; and then, suddenly, just when the sun rolled into sight—an orb of gleaming gold, flooding the world beneath with almost insufferable radiance—a vast mass of dense white clouds swept before the north wind over the view, completely blotting out the sun, the belt of rose and gold, the lighted mountains and plains, and the lower regions of Fuji-San. It was day again, but misty, white, and doubtful; and when we started to climb the last two stages of the cone the flags of the stations were invisible, and we could not know whether we should find the summit clear, or wrapped in enveloping clouds.

All was to be fortunate, however, on this happy day; and after a hard clambering of the remaining 2,000 feet we planted our staffs victoriously on the level ground of the crater's lip and gazed north, south, east and west through clear and cloudless atmosphere over a prodigious prospect, whose diameter could not be less than 300 miles. It was one of the few days when O-ana-mochi, the Lord of the Great Hole, was wholly propitious! Behind the long row of little black huts standing on the edge of the mountain, gaped that awful, deadly Cup of the Volcano—an immense pit half a mile wide and six or seven hundred feet deep, its

sides black, yellow, red, white and grey, with the varying hues of the lava and scoriæ. In one spot where a perpetual shadow lay, from the ridge-peaks of Ken-ga-mine and the Shaka-no-wari-ishi, or "Cleft Rock of Buddha," gleamed a large patch of unmelted snow, and there was dust-covered snow at the bottom of the crater. We skirted part of the crater, passed by the dangerous path which is styled "Oya-shirazu, Ko-shirazu," "The place where you must forget parents and children to take care of yourself;" we saw the issue of the Kim-mei-sai or "Golden famous water," and of the Gim-mei-sai, or "Silver famous water"; and came back to breakfast at our hut silent with the delight and glory, the beauty and terror of the scene. Enormous flocks of fleecy clouds and cloudlets wandered in the lower air, many thousand feet beneath, but nowhere concealed the lakes, peaks, rivers, towns, villages, valleys, seacoasts, islands, and distant provinces spreading out all round. Imagine the prospect obtainable at 13,000 feet of elevation through the silvery air of Japan on a summer's morning with not a cloud, except shifting, thin, and transitory ones, to veil the view! At the temple with the bell we were duly stamped—shirts, sticks, and clothing—with the sacred mark of the mountain, and having made the hearts of our faithful and patient *ninsoku* glad with extra pay, turned our backs on the great extinct volcano, whose crest, glowing again in the morning sunlight, had no longer any secrets for Captain Ingles, or Takaji San, or myself.

THE TEMPLES OF NIKKO

PIERRE LOTI

"He who has not beheld Nikko, has no right to make use of the word *splendour*."—*Japanese Proverb.*

IN the heart of the large island of Nippon and in a mountainous and wooded region, fifty leagues from Yokohama, is hidden that marvel of marvels—the necropolis of the Japanese Emperors.

There, on the declivity of the Holy Mountain of Nikko, under cover of a dense forest and in the midst of cascades whose roar among the shadows of the cedars never ceases, is a series of enchanting temples, made of bronze and lacquer with roofs of gold which look as if a magic ring must have called them into existence among the ferns and mosses, in the green dampness, over-arched by dark branches and surrounded by the wildness and grandeur of Nature.

Within these temples there is an inconceivable magnificence, a fairy-like splendour. Nobody is about, except a few guardian bonzes who chant hymns, and several white-robed priestesses, who perform the sacred dances whilst waving their fans. Every now and then in the deep and echoing forest are heard the slow vibrations of an enormous bronze gong, or the dull, heavy blows on a monstrous

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prayer-drum. At other times there are certain sounds which really seem to be a part of the silence and solitude, the chirp of the grasshoppers, the cry of the falcons in the air, the cry of the monkeys in the branches and the monotonous fall of the cascades.

All this dazzling gold in the mystery of the forest makes these sepulchres unique. This is the Mecca of Japan; this is the heart, as yet inviolate, of this country which is now gradually sinking in the great Occidental current, but which has had a magnificent Past. Those were strange mystics and very rare artists who, three or four hundred years ago, realized all this magnificence in the depths of the woods and for their dead.

We stop before the first temple. It stands a little off to itself in a kind of glade. You approach it by a garden with raised terraces; a garden with grottos, fountains, and dwarf-trees with violet, yellow, or reddish foliage.

The vast temple is entirely red, and blood-red; an enormous black and gold roof, turned up at the corners, seems to crush it with its weight. From it comes a kind of religious music, soft and slow, interrupted from time to time by a heavy and horrible blow.

It is wide open, open so that its entire façade with columns is visible; but the interior is hidden by an immense white *velum*. The *velum* is of silk, only ornamented in its entire white length by three or four large black heraldic roses, which are very simple, but I cannot describe their exquisite distinction, and behind this first and half-lifted

hanging, the light bamboo blinds are let down to the ground.

We walk up several granite steps, and, to permit my entrance, my guide pushes aside a corner of the Veil: the sanctuary appears.

Within everything is in black lacquer and gold lacquer, with the gold predominating. Above the complicated cornice and golden frieze there springs a ceiling in compartments, in worked lacquer of black and gold. Behind the colonnade at the back, the remote part, where, doubtless, the gods are kept, is hidden by long curtains of black and gold brocade, hanging in stiff folds from the ceiling to the floor. On the floor and upon white mats large golden vases are standing filled with great bunches of golden lotuses as tall as trees. And finally from the ceiling, like the bodies of large dead serpents or monstrous boas, hang a quantity of astonishing caterpillars of silk, as large as a human arm, blue, yellow, orange, brownish-red, and black, or strangely variegated like the throats of certain birds of those islands.

Some bonzes are singing in one corner, seated in a circle around a prayer-drum, large enough to hold them all.

And we go out by the back door, which leads into the most curious garden in the world: it is a square filled with shadows shut in by the forest cedars and high walls, which are red like the sanctuary; in the centre rises a very large bronze obelisk flanked with four little ones, and crowned with a pyramid of golden leaves and golden bells;—you

would say that in this country bronze and gold cost nothing; they are used in such profusion, everywhere, just as we use the mean materials of stone and plaster. All along this blood-red wall which forms the back of the temple, in order to animate this melancholy garden, at about the height of a man there is a level row of little wooden gods, of all forms and colours, which are gazing at the obelisk, some blue, others yellow, others green; some have the shape of a man, others of an elephant: a company of dwarfs, extraordinarily comical, but which produce no merriment.

In order to reach the other temples, we again walk through the damp and shadowy woods along the avenues of cedars which ascend and descend and intersect in various ways, and really constitute the streets of this city of the dead.

We walk on pathways of fine sand strewn with these little brown needles which drop from the cedars. Always in terraces, they are bordered with balustrades and pillars of granite covered with the most delicious moss; you would say all the hand-rails have been garnished with a beautiful green velvet, and at each side of the sanded pathway invariably flow little fresh and limpid brooks which join their crystal notes to those of the distant torrents and cascades.

At a height of 100, or 200 metres, we arrive at the entrance of something which seems to indicate magnificence: above us on the mountain in the medley of branches, the

walls taper upward while roofs of lacquer and bronze with their population of monsters are perched everywhere, shining with gold.

Before this entrance there is a kind of open square, a narrow glade where a little sunlight falls. And here in its luminous rays two bonzes in ceremonial costume pass across the dark background: one, in a long robe of violet silk, with a surplice of orange silk; the other in a robe of pearl-grey with a sky-blue surplice; both wear a high and rigid head-dress of black lacquer, which is seldom worn now. (These were the only human beings whom we met on the way, during our pilgrimage.) They are probably going to perform some religious office, and, passing before the sumptuous entrance, they make profound bows.

This temple before which we are now standing, is that of the deified soul of the Emperor Iyéyasu (Sixteenth Century), and, perhaps, the most marvellous of all the buildings of Nikko.

You ascend by a series of doors and enclosures which become more and more beautiful as you get higher and nearer the sanctuary, where the soul of this dead Emperor dwells.

At the door of the Palace of the Splendour of the Orient we stop to take off our shoes according to custom. Gold is everywhere, resplendent gold.

An indescribable ornamentation has been chosen for this threshold; on the enormous posts are a kind of wavy clouds, or ocean-billows, in the centre of which here and

there appear the tentacles of medusæ, the ends of paws, the claws of crabs,—the ends of long caterpillars, flat and scaly; all kinds of horrible fragments, imitated in colossal size with a striking fidelity, and making you think that the beasts to which they belong must be hidden there within the walls ready to enfold you and tear your flesh. This splendour has mysteriously hostile undercurrents; we feel that it has many a surprise and menace. Above our heads the lintels are, however, ornamented with large, exquisite flowers in bronze, or gold: roses, peonies, wistaria, and spring branches of full-blown cherry-blossoms; but, still higher, horrible faces with fixed death's-head grimaces lean towards us; terrible things of all shapes hang by their golden wings from the golden beams of the roof; we perceive in the air rows of mouths split open with atrocious laughter, rows of eyes half-closed in an unquiet sleep.

An old priest, aroused by the noise of our footsteps on the gravel in the silence of the court, appears before us on the bronze threshold. In order to examine the permit which I present to him, he puts a pair of round spectacles on his nose, which make him look like an owl.

My papers are in order. A bow, and he steps aside to let me enter.

It is gloomy inside this palace, with that mysterious semi-twilight which the Spirits delight in. The impressions felt on entering are grandeur and repose.

The walls are of gold and the vault is of gold, supported on columns of gold. A vague, trembling light illuminating

as if from beneath enters through the very much grated and very low windows; the dark undetermined depths are full of the gleamings of precious things.

Yellow gold, red gold, green gold; gold that is vital, or tarnished; gold that is brilliant, or lustreless; here and there on the friezes and on the exquisite capitals of the columns, a little vermilion, a little emerald green; very little, nothing but a thin thread of colour, just enough to relieve the wing of a bird, and the petal of a lotus, a peony, or a rose. Despite so much richness nothing is overcharged; such taste has been displayed in the arrangement of the thousands of diverse forms and such harmony in the extremely complicated designs that the effect of the whole is simple and reposeful.

Neither human figures nor idols have a part in this sanctuary of Shintoism. Nothing stands upon the altars but large vases of gold filled with natural flowers in sheaves, or gigantic flowers of gold.

No idols, but a multitude of beasts flying or crawling, familiar or chimærical, pursue each other upon the walls, and fly away from the friezes and arches, in all attitudes of fury and struggle of terror and flight. Here, a flight of swans hurries away in swift flight the whole length of the golden cornice; in other places are butterflies with tortoises; large and hideous insects among the flowers, or many death-combats between fantastic beasts of the sea, medusæ with big eyes, and imaginary fishes. On the ceilings innumerable dragons bristle and coil. The windows, cut out in mul-

tiple trefoils, in a form never before seen, and which give little light, seem only a pretext for displaying all kinds of marvellous piercings : trellises of gold entwined with golden leaves among which golden birds are sporting; all of this seems accumulated at pleasure and permits the least possible light to enter into the deep golden shadows of the temple. The only really simple objects are the columns of a fine golden lacquer ending with capitals of a very sober design, forming a slight calix of the lotus, like those of certain ancient Egyptian palaces.

We could spend days in admiring separately each panel, each pillar, each minute detail ; the least little piece of the vault, or the walls would be a treasure for a museum. And so many rare and extravagant objects have succeeded in making the whole a composition of large quiet lines ; many living forms, many distorted bodies, many ruffled wings, stiff claws, open mouths, and squinting eyes have succeeded in producing a calm, an absolute calm by force of an inexplicable harmony, twilight and silence.

I believe, moreover, that here is the quintessence of Japanese Art, of which the specimens brought to our collections of Europe cannot give the true impression. And we are struck by feeling that this Art, so foreign to us, proceeds from an origin so different; nothing here is derived, ever so remotely, from what we call antiquities—Greek, Latin, or Arabian—which always influence, even if we are not aware of it, our native ideas regarding ornamental form. Here the least design, the smallest line,—everything is as

profoundly strange as if had come from a neighbouring planet which had never held communication with our side of the world.

The entire back of the temple, where it is almost night, is occupied by great doors of black lacquer and gold lacquer, with bolts of carved gold, shutting in a very sacred place which they refuse to show me. They tell me, moreover, that there is nothing in these closets; but that they are the places where the deified souls of the heroes love to dwell; the priests only open them on certain occasions to place in them poems in their honour, or prayers wisely written on rice-paper.

The two lateral wings on each side of the large golden sanctuary are entirely of *marquetry*, in prodigious designs composed of the most precious mosaics left in their natural colour. The representations are animals and plants: on the walls light leaves in relief, bamboo, grasses of extreme delicacy, gold convolvulus falling in clusters of flowers, birds of resplendent plumage, peacocks and pheasants with spread tails. There is no painting here, no gold-work; the whole effect is sombre, the general tone that of dead wood; but each leaf of each branch is composed of a different piece; and also each feather of each bird is shaded in such a way as almost to produce the effect of changing colours on the throats and wings.

And at last, at last, behind all this magnificence, the most sacred place which they show me last, the most strange of all strange places, is the little mortuary court

which surrounds the tomb. It is hollowed out of a mountain between whose rocky walls water is dripping: the lichens and moss have made a damp carpet here and the tall surrounding cedars throw their dark shadows over it. There is an enclosure of bronze, shut by a bronze door which is inscribed across its centre with an inscription in gold,—not in the Japanese language, but in Sanscrit to give more mystery; a massive, lugubrious, inexorable door, extraordinary beyond all expression and which is the ideal door for a sepulchre. In the centre of this enclosure is a kind of round turret also in bronze having the form of a pagoda-bell, of a kneeling beast, of I don't know what unknown and disturbing thing and surmounted by a great astonishing heraldic flower: here, under this singular object rests the body of the little yellow *bonhomme*, once the Emperor Iyéyasu, for whom all this pomp has been displayed.

A little breeze agitates the branches of the cedars this morning and there falls a shower of these little dry brown needles, a little brown rain on the greyish lichens, on the green velvet moss and upon the sinister bronze objects. The voice of the cascades is heard in the distance like perpetual sacred music. An impression of nothingness and supreme peace reigns in this final court to which so much splendour leads.

In another quarter of the forest the temple of the deified soul of Iyemitsu is of an almost equal magnificence. It is approached by a similar series of steps of little carved and gilded light-towers, doors of bronze and enclosures of

lacquer; but the plan of the whole is a little less regular, because the mountain is more broken.

A solemn hour on the Holy Mountain is at night-fall, when they close the temples. It is even more lugubrious at this autumnal season, when the twilight brings sad thoughts. With heavy rumblings which linger long in the sonorous forest, the great panels of lacquer and bronze are rolled on their grooves and shut in the magnificent buildings which have been open all day although visited by nobody. A cold and damp shiver passes through the black forest. For fear of fire which might consume these marvels, not a single light is allowed in this village of Spirits, where certainly darkness falls sooner and remains longer than anywhere else; no lamp has ever shone upon these treasures, which, for many centuries have thus slept in darkness in the very heart of Japan; and the cascades increase their music while the silence of night enshrouds the forest so rich in enchantment.

THE SHOGUN'S BRIDGE, NIKKO.

THE ISÉ SHRINES

ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP

THESE temples of Isé, the Gekû and the Naikû, called by the Japanese by a name which literally means "the two great divine palaces," rank first among Shinto shrines in point of sanctity, and are to Shintoists, even in the irreligious present, something of what Mecca is to Mussulmans, and the Holy Places of Jerusalem to Greeks and Latins. Tens of thousands of pilgrims still resort to them annually, and though the pilgrimage season is chiefly in the spring months, there is no time of year in which there is an absolute cessation of visitors.

The two groups of shrines are distant about three and a half miles from each other. It is sufficient to describe the Gekû shrine, which is exactly copied from the Naikû. Both stand in the midst of ancient cryptomeria, each stately tree in Shinto fancy worthy to be a god, but it is the camphor groves, the finest in Japan, covering the extensive and broken grounds with their dark magnificence, which so impress a stranger with their unique grandeur as to make him forget the bareness and meanness of the shrines which they overshadow.

The grand entrance is reached from Yamada by crossing a handsome bridge, which leads to a wide space enclosed by banks faced with stone. On the right is a building occupied by the temple-attendants, where fragments of the wood used in building the shrines, packets of the rice offered to the gods and sundry other charms are offered for sale. Close to this there is a massive *Tori-i*, the entrance to the temple-grounds, which are of great extent, and contain hills, ravines, groves and streams. Very broad and finely-gravelled roads, with granite margins and standard lamps at intervals, intersect them, and their *Tori-i*, stone bridges, stone staircases, and stone-faced embankments, are all on a grand scale and in perfect repair. On the left hand, within the entrance, there are some plain buildings, one of which is occupied by several temple-attendants in white silk vestments, whose business it is to sell the *o-harai* to all comers. Heavy curtains with the Mikado's crest upon them are draped over the entrances to this and the building at the gate, and may be taken as indicating that Shinto is under "State" patronage.

Passing through stately groves by a stately road and under a second massive *Tori-i*, the visitor reaches the famous Gekû shrine, and even in spite of Mr. Satow's realistic description, is stricken with a feeling of disappointment, for he is suddenly brought up by a great oblong enclosure of neatly planed wood, the upright posts, which are just over nine feet high, being planted at distances of six feet, the intervals being completely filled up with closely-fitting and

very heavy planking laid horizontally. The only ornaments are bamboo receptacles on each post, containing sprigs of *Cleyera Japonica*, changed occasionally. This monotonous-looking enclosure rests on a raised platform of broken stone, supported on a rough stone-faced embankment about three feet high. One corner of this is formed by a large, irregularly shaped dark stone, worn perfectly smooth from being constantly rubbed by the hands of persons who believe that by rubbing the stone first, and then any painful part of the body, the pain will be cured. The front of this extraordinary enclosure is 247 feet long, the rear 235 feet, one side 339 feet and the other 335 feet. It has five entrances, the principal one eighteen feet wide, facing the road, being formed by a *Tori-i*. At a distance of twenty-four feet from three of these entrances are high wooden screens, and a similar screen, at a distance of seventy-six feet, hides the main entrance, much in the same way that the great brick screens in Canton conceal the gateways of the private dwellings of the mandarins. Within the entrance *Tori-i* there is a wooden gateway with a thatched roof, but a curtain with the Mikado's crest conceals all view of the interior court. In front of this gateway the pilgrims make their obeisances and throw down their *rin* upon a white cloth. The other entrances are closed with solid gates. There is no admission except for the specially privileged, but a good view into the enclosure is gained by climbing a bank upon its west side.

Within the thatched gateway there is a pebbled court, on

the right of which is a long narrow shed, one of three buildings set apart for the entertainment of the envoys sent by the Mikado after the annual harvest festival. In a straight line from the second gateway a flagged pavement, passing under a *Tori-i* at a distance of ninety-nine feet, reaches another thatched gateway, through which there is a third court, formed by palisades the height of a man, placed close together. Another thatched gateway gives entrance to the last enclosure, an area nearly square, being 134 feet by 131, surrounded by a very stout palisade. Within this stands the *shôden*, or shrine of the gods, and on the right and left two treasuries. The impression produced by the whole resembles that made upon the minds of those who have made the deepest researches into Shinto—there is nothing, and all things, even the stately avenues of the Gekû, lead to *nothing*.

In the north-west corner of the area is a plain building containing the *gohei* wands, with dependent pieces of paper, usually worshipped as gods, but at Isé only believed to have the power of attracting the spirits of the gods to the spot, which was their original meaning. In the north-east corner, within a special enclosure, there is another plain building, in which the water and food offered to the gods of the Gekû are set out. The daily offerings to the principal deity consist of sixteen saucers of rice, four saucers of salt, four cups of water, and such fish, birds and vegetables as may be contributed by the surrounding villages, and the three secondary deities receive one-half each. The chief

deity of the Gekû is "The Goddess of Food," and of the Naikû, the great "Sun Goddess."

Having followed Shinto to its centre at Isé, the bare wooden building, which is the kernel of the Gekû enclosure and the Shinto "Holy of Holies," assumes a very special interest, but here, again, there is nothing but disappointment, for the *shôden* only contains four boxes of unpainted wood, furnished with light handles, resting on low stands, and covered with what is said to be white silk. In each box is a mirror wrapped in a brocade bag, which is never renewed, only re-covered. Over one mirror is placed a cage of unpainted wood, which is covered with a curtain of coarse silk, which conceals both cage and box. The three other boxes stand outside this cage, but are also covered, and the coverings are all that can be seen when the shrines are opened on festival days. It is in these mirrors that the spirits of the gods are supposed to dwell. Much ingenious rubbish has been devised to account for the presence of a looking-glass in every Shinto temple; but the fact is, that the original Isé mirror, of which all the rest are copies, merely represents the great Sun Goddess, the supposed ancestress of the Mikado, and, together with the sword, which constitute the Japanese regalia, found a resting-place at Isé, after many wanderings, in the year 4 B. C.

The Gekû was founded in the year 478 A. D., and it has been customary from time immemorial to rebuild a temple, alternately on either site, once in twenty years.

The Isé shrines were unknown to Europeans till 1872, when the Government very liberally gave Mr. Satow and a small party of foreigners the opportunity of visiting them. They are now open to passport holders under certain restrictions, and are singularly interesting to those who have made either an original or second-hand study of Shinto.

THE DAI-BUTSU OF NARA

SIR EDWARD REED

WE had decided to devote the whole day to Nara, returning the following day, but nevertheless there was no time to lose; therefore breakfast over, we started on our tour of the temples, guided by experienced officers, and attended by a pleasant set of Japanese companions and interpreters. Besides a few European coats upon some of our conductors, there was nothing to break in upon the aspect which this part of the old city had worn for more than a thousand years.

On leaving the grounds of our temporary residence, we stepped at once into the shadow of that huge structure the great gate of the Temple of Dai-butsu—an immense and imposing pile, containing two colossal carved gate-keepers or kings, of very forbidding aspect and attitude, but who were less hideous than others of the kind. This great gateway was on our left; on our right, at a distance of three to four hundred yards, was another gateway to the great temple, the broad road between the two gateways having wide grassy spaces on either side, from which spring many ancient and lofty old trees. The space between the two gates is therefore a broad and beautiful promenade for the greater part of the year. Our first visit was to the

famous temple of the great Buddha. As usual in approaches to Japanese temples, there are several shops near to the temple itself. In the centre of the large open space between the lesser gateway and the temple is an immense and very old bronze lantern, large enough for a man to stand in. This lantern was presented to the temple by the renowned hero and statesman Yoritomo, who died in the year 1199, and is seven hundred years old. It is in daily use still. This temple was originally founded and the immense image made by the Mikado Shomu, the forty-sixth of the present line of emperors, and the third of Nara who died 748 A. D. This temple was destroyed seven hundred years ago in the terrible civil wars of the Twelfth Century, and again seriously injured, so that the head of the god had to be recast in the Seventeenth Century. The great gateway, however, with most of the other buildings of this great temple, has escaped such injuries, and although constructed of wood have stood as they now stand for more than eleven centuries.

The interest of this place centres, of course, in the great god of bronze and gold, who (subject to the mischances just mentioned) has been the wonder of Japan for so many ages past. It has been positively stated by some that a considerable amount of gold entered into his composition, but those on the spot seem to be uncertain as to whether the gold employed in making him was mixed with the bronze of which he is cast, or applied superficially to him.

The dimensions of this god are truly colossal. His

height from the base of the sacred lotus-flower on which he sits to the top of his head is sixty-three and a half feet, and above this rises a halo fourteen feet wide, above which again rises for several feet the flame-like glory which arches in the whole figure. The face proper is sixteen feet long, its width nine and a half feet. The eyes are three feet nine inches long, the eyebrows five and a half feet, the ears eight and a half feet. The chest is twenty feet in depth. Its middle finger is five feet long. Around the head, shoulders, and sides of the god, in front of the halo, are sixteen sitting figures, said to be eight feet long. The leaves of the immense lotus on which he sits are each ten feet long and six feet wide, and there are fifty-six of them. The casting[1] must have been wonderfully well executed, although the fineness of the leaf-edges and other parts which we were able to examine, and the elaborate engraving which can be traced upon the lotus-leaves in the uninjured parts, leave no doubt that the founder's art was elaborately supplemented by the file and graver. The countenance of the god is less mild and calm of expression than is usual in images of Buddha. The right hand is opened and raised upwards, the left rests on the lap.

The surroundings of this enormous image are interesting, some of them very beautiful. On his right hand is a very large image of Kokuzo, and on his left one of the goddess

[1] This idol was first cast in the year 743. It was twice destroyed during the time of wars in its neighbourhood, and the idol which at present exists was erected about seven hundred years ago.

Kwannon, who here seems to occupy a more pronounced and immediate association with Buddha than usual.

Our return trip was a delightful one. Up at seven in the morning, we were soon sunning ourselves in the delicious brightness and warmth, with a pretty and curious garden before us, and old temples, old woods, and old hills all around us, and a sky above us far older than all of them, and yet wrought of material as unsubstantial and evanescent as a dream.

Passing once more the grim gate-keepers, away we rolled, merrily through the merry morning, past the old temples and pagodas; among the staring people; between the huge lanterns of the portal, and on to the westward-spreading plain over which eleven hundred years ago the imperial sacred city shone. On our right lay large mounds, the tombs of emperors and empresses, each of whom has been a god for ages past. Over their tombs spread clumps of pine-trees, and beneath the pines stand their shrines, to which a people reverent, and with a cause, of their ancestral gods resort to breathe forth their simple prayers. About a mile and a half from the present boundary, we reached a village, at which the road turned right and left, and it was to this point that the ancient capital extended.

KIOTO

PIERRE LOTI

WHAT a great city, this Kioto, occupying with its parks, its palaces, its pagodas, almost the territory of Paris. Built entirely on a plain, but surrounded by high mountains as though to appear more mysterious.

We hurry on through a labyrinth of small streets of little wooden houses which are low and discoloured. It has the appearance of a deserted city. This is truly Japanese, and nothing is inharmonious. I alone am odd, since people turn back to look at me.

It takes half an hour's frantic hurrying to get to the Hôtel Yaâmi, the address of which I had given to my *djin*. This is apparently a real hotel, quite new, which a Japanese has set up in the English style, for the accommodation of amiable travellers from the West. It is absolutely necessary that we should go there to obtain something to eat, as the Japanese *cuisine* serves us at best as a form of amusement. It is charmingly situated, fifty miles up in the mountains overlooking the city, amongst gardens and woods. We made the ascent by means of an extremely dainty ascent, up slopes which are sanded and bordered by rock-work and flowers, all of this too pretty, too much studied, too much

after the design on a Chinese vase, but yet very dainty, very neat.

A first light repast, served entirely in the English style, accompanied with tea and bread and butter, and then I call for two *djin* whom I engage at a fixed wage of seventy-five cents each *per diem;* for this sum they will run around for me from morning until night without so much as getting out of breath or heaving a sigh, dragging me along with them.

This travelling by way of *djins* is a never to be forgotten *souvenir* of the days in Kioto where we are compelled to hurry to see and do so many things.

Hurried along at a gait twice as fast as a horse at the trot, we jump from one rut into another, push through the crowds, cross little creaking bridges, and find ourselves travelling along through deserted gardens. We even mount and descend steps; so that at each step, bump, bump, bump we are shaken in our seats, breaking the shock with our hands. Finally, at night, we find ourselves dazed, and we see things defiling before us in a hurried kaleidoscopic way, the changing scene of which would tire the eyes.

How eccentric, changeable, bizarre is this Kioto! The streets still noisy, encumbered with *djins*, with strollers, vendors of gaudy posters, of eccentric oriflammes which float in the breeze.

At one time, we are hurrying amidst noises and cries; at another, it is amidst the silence of abandoned things, amidst the *débris* of a great, dead past. We are in the midst of a

ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF CHION-IN, KIOTO.

glittering show of stuffs and porcelains; then again we approach great temples, and only the vendors of idols open up their booths filled with unimaginable figures; or again, we are surprised by suddenly entering a forest of bamboos whose tops are of great height, close together, frail and gives one the impression of having become an insignificant insect such as crawls through the fine grass of our fields in June.

And what an immense religious caphamaum, and what a gigantic sanctuary of adoration, is this Kioto of the ancient Emperors! Three thousand temples where rest innumerable riches, consecrated to all kinds of gods, goddesses, or beasts. Palaces empty and silent, where we traverse shoeless, a series of rooms all in lacquer and gold, decorated in a manner strangely rare and beautiful. Sacred groves containing centenarian trees, the avenues of which are bordered with a legion of monsters in granite, marble, or bronze.

To see this whole deployed before us from a height, in the gay morning sunshine, at nine o'clock, we ascend a tower, such as did Madame Malborough of days of old;—it is the Yasaka tower;—it reminds one of those pagodas with multiple stories, such as one sees on the backs of those bronze elephants in which the Chinese burn incense. The ground floor is arranged as a temple; large golden Buddhas lost in ancientness and dust, lanterns and sacred vases containing bouquets of lotus.

On the top story, a *Buddha Cabinet* in a corner. I open it, to look at the god who inhabits it; he appears very

aged and decayed, squatting down in his lotus, with a mysterious smile under a layer of dust. From this topmost gallery, we see, as though hovering over it, the immense city, spread out like an ant-hill on the level plain, with its fence of tall mountains, whose forests of pine and bamboo are of a lovely green tint.

At the first glance, one would almost imagine it to be a European city; millions of small roofs with sombre grey tiles, which remind us of our Northern cities; here and there straight thoroughfares, making clear lines in the midst of this blackish mass.

In spite of oneself, one looks for churches and belfrys; but no, nothing of this kind; on the contrary, a strange and far-away note is given by these high monumental roofs, too large, too strangely shaped, which surge up in the midst of small low houses, and which are either palaces or pagodas. Not a sound reaches me from the old religious capital; at such a height one would say it were entirely dead.

A beautiful soft sun lights it up, and floats over it like a veil, like the light mist of autumn mornings.

The temple of Kiyomizu,—one of the most beautiful and most venerated. It is, according to custom, perched somewhat up in the mountains, surrounded by the beautiful verdure of the woods. The roads by which we ascend are pretty well deserted. The approaches are occupied especially by porcelain vendors, their varied stock glistening with varnish and gilt. No one is in the booths, no one is

outside to inspect them. These streets are only frequented on certain days of pilgrimage or holidays; to-day it resembles a large exposition devoid of visitors.

As we approach, always ascending, the vendors of porcelains give place to vendors of idols, a stranger kind of ware. Thousands of figures of gods and monsters, sinister, mocking, or grotesque; some are enormous and others very old, having escaped from old demolished temples, and which are very costly; there are especially an innumerable quantity in clay and in plaster, standing on the pavement at a cent apiece, or even less, altogether humorous and comical, for the use of little children. Where does the god begin and the plaything end? Do the Japanese themselves know?

The steps follow one another really too rapidly, and I descend to the ground, in spite of my *djin* assuring me that it does not matter, that this street can be quite easily ascended on wheels. At last, here is a real stairway in granite, monumental, at the top of which stands the first monstrous portal of the temple.

At first we enter into large courts and terraces from which the view extends over the holy city; ancient trees spread their branches over a pell-mell mass of tombs, monsters, religious kiosks, and garlanded tea-booths. Little secondary temples, filled with idols, are planted at hazard, here and there. And the two large ones appear at the other end, crowding everything else with their enormous roofs.

A miraculous water, which people come from long distances to drink, comes limpid and fresh from the moun-

tain, vomited into a basin by a chimæra in bronze, bristling, clawing, enraged, doubles up on itself as though ready to make a spring.

In these large temples at the further end, one is seized on entering by an unexpected sentiment of horror of things religious: the gods appear recoiling, which is increased by the profoundness of the obscurity. A number of barriers prevents the profanation of the region which they inhabit and in which burn lamps with their light subdued.

They are seen seated on benches, in chairs on thrones of gold. Buddhas, Amidas, Kwannons, Bentens, a pell-mell of symbols and emblems, including the mirrors of the Shinto cult which are representative of truth; all this gives the idea of a horrible chaos of Japanese theogony. Before them are heaped up unheard of riches; gigantic perfume-burners of antique design; marvellous lamp-holders; sacred vases from which protrude sheaves of lotus in silver or gold. From the arch of the temple hang a profusion of embroidered banners, lanterns, enormous chandeliers of copper and bronze, crowded together as almost to touch, this in an extravagant confusion. But time has shed over these things a slightly grey tint, like that of a badger, which is softening, to harmonize them all. The massive columns with bases of bronze are worn away to the height of a human body by the contact of past generations who came to their prayers; the whole breathes of a far-away spirit of past epochs.

Groups of men and women defile past the idols in bare feet, with an inattentive and light air; they however recite

prayers, clapping their hands so as to attract the attention of the spirits; they then seat themselves under the tents of the vendors of tea, to smoke and to laugh.

The second temple is in appearance like the first; the same heaping up of precious objects; only it has the peculiarity of being constructed as a projection, suspended over a precipice; these are prodigious piles which for centuries have sustained it in the air (*i. e.*, in position). On entering, one does not realize it, but on arriving at the end, at the veranda at the back part, one leans over with surprise to plunge the eyes into an abyss of verdure which one overhangs; forests of bamboos, of a delicious freshness and seen from overhead in a fading foreshortening. One is here as though on the balcony of some gigantic aërian dwelling.

From below, arise sounds of most merry plashing of water and bursts of laughter. There are five miraculous sources, having the power of rendering young married women mothers, and a group of women are installed beneath the shade drinking the same. This wood composed entirely of Japanese bamboos is singularly beautiful. Seen as it is from above, it appears like a series of immense plumes regular and parallel, tinted with the same five shaded green colour which becomes clearer towards the tops; and the whole is so light, that at each breath of air they wave and tremble. And these women down below in this well of verdure, appear like little Japanese fairies with their gowns of startling colours fantastically com-

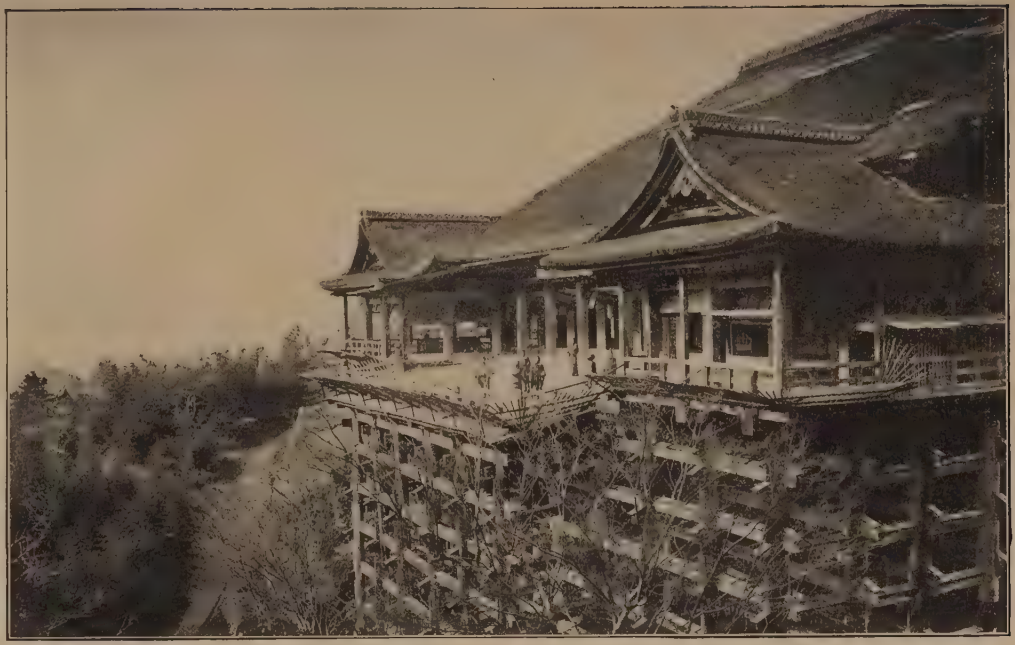
bined, with their high head-dress traversed by pins and flowers. These new things are refreshing to gaze upon after all those terrible gods which one sees under the lights of lamps, and which one sees continually before one, behind one, aligned in those obscure sanctuaries.

At the Hôtel Yaâmi, the meals are arranged after a manner truly Britannic: small pieces of bread; underdone roast meats and boiled potatoes.

In this hotel I experienced a truly agreeable moment. It is after the mid-day dinner when I sit alone on the veranda from which one overlooks the city, smoking a cigarette in a sort of half-doze of the spirit. On the first level is the garden, with its labyrinths in miniature, its very small rock-work, its miniature lake, its dwarfed trees, some of which have leaves, other flowers only, just like the scenery on porcelain. Over and above these pretty things, in the Japanese fashion, there is deployed in the distance the city with its thousands of black roofs, its palaces, its temples, and its belt of bluish mountains.

There is always the light white mist of autumn floating in the air, and the warm sun, lighting up everything with its pure light. And the country is entirely filled with the everlasting music of the grasshoppers.

Mr. Yaâmi, I beg you to order my *djin* at once and let us away to the palace of Taïko-Sama!



TEMPLE OF KIYOMIZU, KIOTO.

THE MIKADO'S PALACE

PIERRE LOTI

AN enclosure of high walls. My *djin* stop in front of a first gateway in the ancient severe and religious style: massive columns with bases of bronze; a narrow frieze sculptured with strange ornaments; and a heavy and enormous roof.

Then I walked into the vast deserted court-yards planted with venerable trees, to the branches of which they have given props, like crutches for old men. The immense buildings of the palace first appeared to me in a kind of disorder where you can discern no plan of unity. Everywhere you see these high, monumental, and heavy roofs, whose corners turn up in Chinese curves and bristle with black ornaments.

Not seeing any one, I walked on at random, entering into the silence of an incomprehensible Past, in the dead splendour of a civilization, whose architecture, design, and æsthetic taste were to me strange and unknown.

A bonze guard who saw me, advanced, and, making a bow, asked me for my name and passport.

It was satisfactory: he will take me himself to see the entire palace on condition that I will take off my shoes and remove my hat. He even brings me velvet sandals which

are offered to visitors. Thanks, I prefer to walk with bare feet like him, and we begin our silent walk through an interminable series of halls all lacquered in gold, and decorated with a rare and exquisite strangeness.

On the floor there is that eternal white matting that one finds just as simple, as well kept and as neat in the homes of the emperors and in the temples, as among the middle classes and the poor. No furniture; for this is unknown in Japan, or slightly known at most; the palace is entirely empty. All the surprising magnificence is upon the walls and ceilings. The precious golden lacquer is displayed uniformly on all sides, and upon this background, Byzantine in effect, all the celebrated artists of the great Japanese century have painted inimitable objects. Each hall has been decorated by a different and illustrious painter, whose name the bonze cited to me with respect. In one there are all the known flowers; in another, all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field; or perhaps hunting-scenes and combats, where you see warriors dressed in armour and terrifying helmets, on horseback pursuing monsters and chimæras. The most peculiar one, assuredly, is decorated entirely with fans: fans of all forms and of all colours, open, shut, and half open, thrown with extreme grace upon the fine golden lacquer. The ceilings, also of golden lacquer are in compartments, painted with the same care and the same art. What is, perhaps, the most marvellous of all, is that series of high pierced friezes that extends around all the ceilings; you think of generations of patient

workmen who have worn themselves out in chiselling such delicate, almost transparent things, in such thicknesses of wood: sometimes there are rose-bushes, sometimes entanglements of wistaria, or sheaves of rice; elsewhere flights of storks that seem to cleave the air with great velocity, forming with their thousands of claws, extended necks, and feathers, a medley so beautifully combined that it is alive and scurrying away; nothing lags behind, nor falls into confusion.

In this palace, which is windowless, it is dusky; a half-darkness favourable to enchantments. The greater number of these halls receive a shimmering light from the outside verandas, composed only of lacquered columns, to which they are entirely open on one side; it is the subdued light of deep sheds, or of markets. The more mysterious interior apartments open on the first by other similar columns, and receive from it a still more attenuated light; they can be shut at will by bamboo curtains of an extreme delicacy, whose tissue imitates in its transparency the form of a wave, and which are raised to the ceiling by enormous tassels of red silk. Communication is had by species of doorways, the forms of which are unusual and unthought-of: sometimes they are perfect circles and sometimes they are more complicated figures, such as hexagons or stars. And all these secondary openings have frameworks of black lacquer which stand out with an elegant distinction upon the general background of the gold, and which bear upon the corners ornaments of bronze

marvellously chiselled by the metal-workers of the past.

The centuries also have embellished this palace, veiling a little the glitter of the objects by blending all these harmonies of gold in a kind of very gentle shadow; in its silence and solitude one might call it the enchanted dwelling of some *Sleeping Beauty*, of a princess of an unknown world, or of a planet that could not be our own.

We pass before some little interior gardens, which are, according to the Japanese custom, miniature reductions of very wild places,—unlooked-for contrasts in the centre of this golden palace. There also time has passed, throwing its emerald upon the little rocks, the tiny lakes, and the small abysses; exhausting the little mountains, and giving an appearance of reality to all that is minute and artificial. The trees, dwarfed by I do not know what Japanese process, have not grown larger; but they have taken on an air of extreme old age. The *cycas* have acquired many branches, because of their hundreds of years; one would call the little palms of multiple trunks, antidiluvian plants; or rather massive black candelabra, whose every arm carries at its extremity a fresh bouquet of green plumes.

What also surprises us is the special apartment chosen by this Taïko-Sama, who was both a great conqueror and a great emperor. It is very small and very simple, and looks upon the tiniest, and the most artificial of the little gardens.

The Reception Hall, which they showed me last of all, is the largest and the most magnificent. It is about fifty

metres long, and, naturally, all in golden lacquer, with a high and marvellous frieze. No furniture; nothing but the stages of lacquer upon which the handsome lords on arriving placed their arms. At the back, behind a colonnade, the platform, where Taïko-Sama held his audiences at the period of our Henri IV. Then it is that one dreams of these receptions, of these entrances of brilliant noblemen, whose helmets are surmounted by horns, snouts and grotesque figures; and all the unheard-of ceremonial of this court. One may dream of all this, but he will not clearly see it revive. Not only is the period too remote, but it is too far away in grade among the races of the earth; it is too far outside of our conceptions and the notions that we have inherited regarding these things. It is the same in the old temples of this country; we look at them without understanding; the symbols escape us. Between Japan and ourselves the difference of origin has made a deep abyss.

"We shall cross another hall," the bonze said to me, "and then a series of passages that will lead us to the temple of the palace."

In this last hall there are some people, which is a surprise, as all the former ones were empty; but silence dwells there just the same. The men squatting all around the walls seem very busy writing; they are priests copying prayers with tiny pencils on rice-paper to sell to the people. Here, upon the golden background of the walls, all the paintings represent royal tigers, a little larger than their natural size, in all attitudes of fury, of watching, of the hunt,

of prowling, or of sleep. Above these motionless bonzes they lift their great heads, so expressive and wicked, showing their sharp teeth.

My guide bowed on entering. As I am among the most polite people in the world, I feel obliged to bow also. Then the reverence that was accorded to me passes all along the hall, and we go through.

Passages obstructed with manuscripts and bales of prayers are passed, and we are in the temple. It is, as I expected, of great magnificence. Walls, ceilings, columns, all is in golden lacquer, the high frieze representing leaves and bunches of enormous peonies, very full blown and sculptured with so much skill that they seem ready to drop their leaves at the least breath to fall in a golden shower upon the floor. Behind a colonnade, in the darkest place, are the idols and emblems, in the midst of all the rich collection of sacred vases, incense-burners, and torch-bearers.

Just now it is the hour of Buddhist service. In one of the courts, a gong, with the deep tones of a double-bass, begins to ring with extreme deliberation. Some bonzes in robes of black gauze with green surplices make a ritualistic entrance, the passes of which are very complicated, and then they go and kneel in the centre of the sanctuary. There are very few of the faithful; scarcely two or three groups, which seem lost in this great temple. There are some women lying on the matting, having brought their little smoking-boxes and their little pipes; they are talking in very low voices and smothering the desire to laugh.

THE MIKADO'S PALACE, KIOTO.

However, the gong begins to sound more rapidly and the priests to make low bows to their gods. It sounds still faster, and the bonzes quicken their bows, while the priests prostrate themselves upon their faces.

Then, in the mystic regions something happens that reminds me very much of the elevation of the host in the Roman cult. Outside the gong, as if exasperated, sounds with rapid strokes, uninterruptedly and frantically.

I believe that I have seen everything now in this palace; but I still do not understand the disposition of the halls, the plan of the whole. If alone, I should soon become lost in it, as if in a labyrinth.

Happily, my guide comes to take me out, after having put my shoes on me himself. Across new halls of silence, passing by an old and gigantic tree, which has miraculous properties, it seems, having for several centuries protected this palace from fire, he conducted me through the same gate by which I had entered and where my *djin* are waiting for me.

THE INLAND SEA

AIMÉ HUMBERT

THE Inland Sea of Japan is bounded by the southern coasts of Nippon, and the northern coasts of Kiu-shiu and Shi-koku. It is, however, more like a canal than a real Mediterranean Sea, being a communication established at the height of the thirty-fourth degree of north latitude, between the Chinese Sea, or more strictly, of the Strait of Korea on the western coast of Japan, and the great ocean which washes the southern and eastern shores of the same archipelago. The whole of the Japanese Mediterranean is sometimes known as the Sea of Souwo.

The Japanese Mediterranean, like the European sea so called, is divided into several basins. They are five in number, and are named from the most important of the provinces which overlook them, so that the Inland Sea bears five different names throughout its longitudinal course from west to east.

In the midst of the natural wealth which surrounds them, the large, industrious, and intelligent population of the country parts of Japan have for their entire possessions only a humble shed, a few working implements, some pieces of cotton cloth, a few mats, a cloak of straw, a little store of tea, oil, rice, and salt; for furniture, nothing but two or

three cooking utensils; in a word, only the strict necessaries of existence. The uniformity of the rustic dwellings is broken by temples, but they are to be distinguished at a distance only by the vast dimensions of their roofs, and by the imposing effect of the ancient trees which are almost always to be found in their vicinity.

On entering the basin of Hiogo, we came in sight of a town of some importance, on the coast of Shi-koku; it is called Imabari. A vast sandy beach, which is rarely to be found in Japan, stretched back to a kind of suburb, in which we could discern a busy concourse of people, apparently carrying on a market business. Above the strand were fertile plains, whose undulating lines were lost in the mist at the foot of a chain of mountains bathed in sunshine. The principal peaks of this chain—Kori-yama, Yafatzowsen, and Siro Yama—are from 1,000 to 1,600 yards in height.

We anchored in a bay of the island of Souyousima, at the southern point of the province of Bitsiou, and at the entrance of the basin of Arima. We were surrounded by mountains, at whose feet twinkled many lights shining in from houses. The stillness was unbroken save by the distant barking of dogs. Next morning, April 24, very early, we were ploughing the peaceful waters of the Arimanado. This basin is completely closed on the east by a single island, which divides it from the Idsouminada by a length of thirty miles. It is in the form of a triangle, whose apex, turned towards the north, faces the province of Arima, on the island of Nippon. This is the beautiful island of

Awaji, which was the dwelling-place of the gods and the cradle of the national mythology of the Japanese. The lowlands at the southern extremity are covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and the soil rises gently into cultivated or wooded hills until they touch the boundaries of a chain of mountains from 300 to 700 yards in height.

The greater number of the steamers which cross the Japanese Mediterranean from west to east, pass from the basin of Arima into that of Idsoumi, where they generally touch at the important commercial town of Hiogo; and from thence they enter the great ocean by the Strait of Linschoten. That passage of Naruto which leads directly from the basin of Arima into the great ocean is shorter than the former; it is, however, much less frequented, because it is considered a dangerous channel for high-decked vessels.

We saw the coasts drawing nearer and nearer to us, as we descended, towards the south-west corner of this triangular piece of land. At the same time a promontory of the island of Shi-koku rose above the horizon on our right, and seemed to stretch continuously onward in the direction of Awaji. Very soon we found ourselves in a passage from whence we could distinctly see the beautiful vegetation of the coast of Shi-koku and the coast of Awadsi. At length we saw the gates of the Strait; on the left, rocks surmounted by pines, forming the front of the island of Awaji; on the right, a solitary rock, or islet, also bearing a few pines, forming the front of the island of Shi-koku. Between them the sea, like a bar of breakers, though the

weather was calm: afar, the undulating ocean, without a speck of foam; the tossing of the waves in the passage being solely the result of the violence of the current. All around us, on the waves and at the foot of the rocks, were thousands of sea-birds, screaming, fluttering, and diving for the prey which the sea, stirred to its depths by the current, was perpetually tossing up to them. Several fishing-boats were out, not on the canal—that would have been impossible—but behind the rocks, in the creeks of the little solitary islet and of Shi-koku.

Below Awaji, the united waters of the two straits of Naruto and Linschoten form the canal of Kino, which washes the shores of the province of Awa, on Shi-koku, and of the province of Kisou on Nippon. We sailed for some time yet in sight of the latter; then the land disappeared from our eyes, and we soon perceived, by the wide rolling motion of the waves, that we were on the outer sea, in the immense domain of the great ocean.

I occupied myself, during the whole evening, in recalling the recollections of my journey; and I could find nothing out of Switzerland to compare with the effect of the beautiful Japanese scenery. Since then, several Japanese, travelling in Switzerland, have told me that no other country awakened so vividly the remembrance of their own. Still more frequently I transported myself in fancy to one or other of the archipelagoes of the Souwanda, earnestly desiring the advent of that hour when the breath of liberty will give them, in the Far East, the importance which formerly

belonged, in Europe, to the Archipelago of our Mediterranean.

They cannot be blended into a general impression. Nothing is less uniform than the scenery of the shores of the Inland Sea. It is a series of pictures which vary infinitely, according to the greater or less proximity of the coasts, or to the aspect of the islands on the horizon. There are grand marine scenes, where the lines of the sea blend with sandy beaches sleeping under the golden rays of the sun; while in the distance, the misty mountains form a dim background. There are little landscapes, very clear, trim, and modest: a village at the back of a peaceful bay, surrounded by green fields, over which towers a forest of pines; just as one may see by a lake in the Jura on a fine morning in June.

Sometimes, when the basins contracted, and the islands in front seemed to shut us in, I remembered the Rhine above Boppart. The Japanese scenery is, however, more calm and bright than the romantic landscapes to which I allude. The abrupt slopes, the great masses of shade, the shifting lines, are replaced by horizontal levels; by a beach, a port, and terraces; in the distance are rounded islands. sloping hills, conical mountains. These pictures have their charms: the imagination, no less than the eye, rests in the contemplation of them; but it would seek in vain that melancholy attraction which, according to the notions of European taste, seems inseparable from the enjoyment.

On the night of April 24, after having doubled the

southern point of the great island of Nippon, *i. e.*, the promontory of Idsoumo, situated at the southern extremity of the principality of Kisou, we sailed, during the whole day on the 25th, with the current which the Japanese call Kouro-Siwo, which runs from south-west to north-east, at the rate of from thirty-five to forty miles a day. It is a current of hot-water, whose maximum temperature is thirty degrees Centigrade.

The weather was fine, and the sea a shining emerald-green. I passed many hours on the poop, in stillness and vague contemplation. For the first time I enjoyed the pleasure of sailing. The silence which reigned on board added to the majestic effect of the ship, laden up to the summit of her masts with her triple wings of white. It was as though the fires had been extinguished, and the noise of the engines hushed, that we might present ourselves more respectfully at the gates of the residence of the Tycoons. But when night fell, the fires were lighted again, in case of accident; for the land-winds frequently cause much trouble to the ships in the Gulf of Yedo. On the 26th, at daybreak, we came within sight of six small mountainous islands, which looked like signals set up at the entrance of this vast arm of the sea.

The sun rose, and presented, amid the salt sea mists of the horizon, that image of a scarlet globe which forms the national arms of Japan. His earliest rays lighted up Cape Idsou, on the mainland of Nippon, whilst in the East we beheld the smoke of the two craters of the island of Oho-

sima. At the head of a bay in the promontory of Idsou is situated the town of Simoda, the first, but the least important of the commercial places to which we come when sailing up the Gulf of Yedo. The Americans obtained an authorization to found an establishment there in 1854. Some time afterwards the harbour of Simoda was destroyed by an earthquake, and no mention was made of that place in the treaties of 1858.

A number of fishing-boats are to be seen on the coast, and several thousand three-masted vessels are going to the mainland of Nippon and the surrounding islands. The scene is full of life and sparkling with brilliant and harmonious colour; the wide sky is a splendid azure; the pale green sea has no longer the sombre hues of the great deeps, but shines with the limpid brightness which characterizes it upon the rocky coasts of Japan. The isles are decked in the brilliant foliage of the spring; the harsh brown of the rocks is streaked with shades of ochre; and the white sails of the native barques, the snow-crests of Myakésima, and the smoke from the craters of Ohosima, complete the beautiful marine scene.

Having reached the "Bay of the Mississippi," we made out, for the first time, the summit of Fusiyama, the "Matchless Mountain," an extinct volcano nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is fifty nautical miles from the coast, on the west of the bay, and except for the chain of the Akoni hills at the base, completely isolated. The effect of this immense solitary pyramid, covered with

eternal snow, surpasses description. It lends inexpressible solemnity to the scenery of the Bay of Yedo, already more sombre than that of the gulf, by reason of the closer proximity of the shores, the somewhat sandy hue of the sea-water, and the immense quantity of cedars, pines, and other dark-foliaged trees which crown the crests of all the hills along the coast.

At length we double Point Treaty, a picturesque promontory where the convention between Commodore Perry and the Commissioners of the Tycoon was signed; and all of a sudden, behind this promontory, we see the quays and the city of Yokohama stretching along a marshy beach, bounded on the south and west by a ring of wooded hills. A score of ships of war and merchant vessels, English, Dutch, French, and American, are lying out in the roads, almost opposite the "foreign quarter," which may be easily recognized by its white houses and its consular flags. Native junks are lying at anchor at some distance from the jetties of the port and the storehouses of the Custom House. We pass by these slowly, and steam at half speed in front of the Japanese city, in which all the houses, except a certain number of shops, are built of wood, and seem to have only one story above the ground floor.

When we had come opposite to the Benten quarter, situated at the extremity of the beach of Yokohama, and at the mouth of a wide river, our corvette anchored, near the Dutch Legation, which was at that time (1874), the only European residence in that part of Yokohama.

IMPRESSIONS OF KOBÉ

ANDRÉ BELLESSORT

WE were at Kobé, and our *djins* took us to the Cascades, one of the most popular promenades in the city. They set us down in front of a tea-house where two courteous Japanese, whose easy ways showed that they were used to Europeans, hastened to meet us with a smile upon their lips, and saluting us with a "Good-morning!" invited us to refresh ourselves and exhibited no ill-humour when we refused. The sky had clouded over. We followed the windings of a path that crept up under the red maples and dark pines. As we ascended, I listened to catch the fall of running water. One could hardly be hindered from hearing it, since there were no other cascades except a brook that rippled over sloping rocks. But our most able contrivers of picturesque spots could not have done anything more with this silent little gorge. Here everything contributed to delight the stroller and distract his steps. Two wooden restaurants with their galleries faced the little cascade and the second was reached only by passing through the first. The low tables, covered with matting and red material served at will as seats and platforms. Grated niches, in which gods puffed out their cheeks like infants gorged with milk, sanctified the land-

KOBE.

scape. Their white streamers fluttered among the verdure, and their half twilight was starred with pale glowing wicks. The path did not run blindly along. Its windings, for every one of which there was a reason, brought into view in succession an old twisted trunk, extravagant roots, a space of sky framed by green branchings, and the course of the ravine between two clumps of trees. At the most pleasing spots, curiosity and souvenir shops displayed their assortment of canes, pen-holders, goblets, paper-weights and photographs. Five thousand leagues from Europe, I found the little Chamounix tradesmen and their trashy shell boxes. Are then the Japanese the Swiss of the Far East? And among so many officers and engineers sent to our schools, may they not have sent colporters and inn-keepers to our watering-places and warm springs in order to learn there how at the same time to exploit the tourist and engineer Nature?

On this desert road in this dead season, we met only one Japanese family, composed of two old people and a young woman whose child was trying its first steps. The grandmother whose eyebrows were shaved off and teeth blackened, and the grandfather, whose leanness, angular and shrivelled face and neck afflicted with a nascent goitre, offered a vague resemblance to the marabou-stork, were squatting in the middle of the road holding out their arms to the motley mite that tottered towards them protected by his mother's extended sleeves like two great drooping wings. The young woman, rosy and chubby, made the hill that

winter had abandoned echo with that laughter of triumphant joy with which maternal lips wake the echoes in the four quarters of the globe.

Just as the exotic flavour of this picture gave its ancient legend only a slight tinge of novelty, so Nature in Japan did not appear to me as an unpublished work of the Creator. She is pretty, hospitable, and happy in her mountains bathed in a subtle light that gives value to the distances. When necessary, she knows how to enhance her coquetry, with a Savoyard negligence. Sometimes her hair falls over her eyes, but she smiles through it. Perhaps I should reproach her with some monotony in the unforeseen, some preparation in her surprises. She has too often been told that she is adorable; she has been fêted too much; she has been too often taught the value of the odd little things of fancy that she produces, and of which ordinarily she does not show herself so careful. And it is in ransom of so much grace that, particularly when we want to celebrate her, we forget her maternal sweetness in order to retain nothing but her artistic virtuosity.

What did I think of the Japanese towns and their inhabitants? Invisible interviewer, listen to me: the towns are frightful and their inhabitants mock at our æsthetics. The luminous beauty of the roadsteads, their amphitheatre of hills dotted with *châlets* and temples, the truncated pyramid of Mount Fuji which lifts high into the sky its distant and sacred snow, those perspectives which winter scarcely discolours and does not wither render only more unbearable

the jumble of smutty huts that is presented to our sight by a Japanese town.

I shall long remember my entry into Kobé. The streets of the European concession, deserted and dewy in the cold dawn had the tranquil physiognomy of provincial streets. The consulate flags floated over this Western sub-prefecture. Little by little, from the native quarter, a noise reached us and increased,—a noise of wooden shoes hammering the hardened ground. This town, in which we were commencing our wanderings and which extended farther than the eye could see, produced the effect of an agglomeration of rather miserable villages bordering uneven and rutty roads. The very low houses, generally latticed and set upon the ground, resembled human habitations less than poultry-yards and rabbit-hutches. Their roofs of planks or tiles have superimposed projections, and each is surrounded or prolonged by tiny dependencies that look like hen-houses, so that, to form an idea of a Japanese street, a rising street seen from above or below, it would be almost sufficient to imagine a bad road on each side of which packing cases of all sizes had been allowed to roll over one another. Most of the shops are kept by women. But care in the display hardly corresponds to the importance of the merchandise. The most vulgar trifle is prominently presented, while the art objects and rich stuffs hide themselves and flee from the light of day.

Around us, *kurumayas*, clothed in blue drawers and an open blouse on which big geometrical designs are traced

in white, some wearing a Russian cap and others Annamite hats, seated between the shafts of their cart chillily wrap themselves in the red covering with which they swathe the traveller's feet. I should have taken them for *moujiks* but for being shod with straw sandals and their head-shields recalling to mind the tropical sun. Men passed by perched on their *getas*, almost all wearing the *kimono*. They had the yellow tint and simian faces. Their teeth, half gumless and irregular, furnished complicated and threatening mouths. The Cingalese jaw, pre-eminent as it is, does not attain this terrible relief. This type of man does not sensibly differ from that of the Tagals and Annamites. But, my eyes being already accustomed to the delicate conformation of the Malay race, I was not struck with their small size.

At first, the women, who were very numerous, disconcerted the ideas I had formed of them. Their costume approached that of the men. They walked with a springy little trot, with bent body, stretched neck, legs turned in and loins arched by a sort of cushion where the girdle is tied. Covered with *haori*, one might think they were travelling with their litter on their back. Slightly round-shouldered and knock-kneed, these young hags wear heads of hair smeared with a brilliant varnish, stuck through or bristling with tortoise-shell pins which make them look like casques of black lacquer. Their eyes, weighed down by puffy lids are pressed towards the temples. Their nose and mouth are often pressed in between their rounded and ruddy

cheeks. Their infants, baled upon their backs, look over their shoulders or turn their little jolting heads back towards the sky. All of them, men and women, struck by the fresh morning air, shrugged their shoulders and sheltered their arms in the width of their ample sleeves which hung wide open. It was a city inhabited by a nation of penguins.

In the afternoon, our guides took us to see a Shintoist temple. You arrive there under alleys of porticos or fixed bars, the transverse bar of which curves slightly like a ship's prow, and amid rows of wooden, stone, or bronze lanterns set on tall stands. The abode of the Japanese gods, of an Arcadian simplicity, consists of two almost square pavilions, erected one behind the other and connected by a foot bridge. Their roofs, made of little laths which, strongly pressed together imitate thatch, rest an enormous weight on their polished column. The altar, devoid of painting or gilding, exposes to the eyes of the faithful no other emblems of the divinity than a clouded mirror and some bamboo stalks from which zigzags of paper lacework fall symmetrically. Before the altar, a bell suspended from the edge of the roof with swinging rope warns the god that he is wanted on earth. Women come, ring, bow their heads, clap their hands, mumble a short prayer and go away. The outside air and birds penetrate these sacred *kiosks* from every side, and the surrounding gardens are dotted with lanterns and large tabernacles. Several shells set on granite columns and four cannons

fixed at the four corners of the first pavilion, trophies of the last war, assume an aspect of inoffensive old rubbish in this rustic decoration. And under a little wooden penthouse among the lanterns, a bronze cow lying down with heavy udders, notwithstanding its relation with the Egyptian divinities, had nothing imposing nor hieratic in it, but simply looked like a good peaceable cow that was not in the least symbolic.

Porticos, lanterns, pavilions, sanctuaries, everything presented to us the image of a religion without either mystery or terror, passion or voluptuousness, but one rudimentary, rural, impregnated with ingenuous naturalism, capable of contenting the warriors of ancient days as well as labourers and lovers. I suspect, however, that beneath the simplicity of the external worship there are esoteric secrets, so that those sticks ornamented with streamers and that mirror did not pique my curiosity more than some attributes of somnambulism did.

The crowd spread around the temple and found its customary diversions there. Acrobats were beating the tambourine in front of a booth. Shops that sold cakes and candies, and the little bazaars "at fixed prices" deafened the customers with the noise of bells and clappers; and modern inventions, even science, recruited circles of gravely astonished loungers. I saw some with phonographic trumpets at their ears but their faces remained as imperturbable and their eyes as sad as if they had not heard anything. One charlatan had on exhibition on his table a skull, two

skeletons, anatomical casts, the intestines of which showed tumors painted in green, three stomachs containing tapeworms, and in the midst of this horrifying display a pile of pamphlets and a pyramid of little pill-boxes. He talked with dizzying volubility and with his stick alternately struck a stomach or a cast and pointed at the body of one of his numerous auditors. The good people nodded their heads, but it seemed to me that they were more impressed with the eloquence of the speaker than convinced of the advantages of his drugs. A few steps farther on, mountebanks with robes and sleeves turned up were juggling with sabres, those beautiful sabres that were the honour and ferocity of Japan, and which these knaves had tamed to the point of interrupting their jugglery to swallow them in the most natural way imaginable.

And I said to myself: "Is this the eccentric land which has been the joy of lovers of oddity and whose porcelain has told us such fabulous stories? It was dinned into my ears that nothing happened, here as elsewhere, and everything I see warns me of my delusion. The men are ugly, the women ridiculously garbed, but their way of amusing themselves does not differ from ours in the least."

So, more simple perhaps in my disenchantment than others in their amiable craze, I committed innocent sacrilege towards Japan!

MIYANOSHITA

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

ABOUT fifty miles away from Yokohama, along the sea-shore, and then by a sharp turn into the highlands which are grouped around Fuji-San, lies embosomed the lovely and salubrious Japanese health resort, whence I am writing this. Fifteen hundred feet above the Pacific and the hot plains, we have escaped hither, for a time, shunning the now somewhat sultry weather of the capital and its ubiquitous mosquitoes, which are more bloodthirsty and importunate in Tokio than anywhere. The *Ka*, bred in the rice-fields and ditches of Nippon, is truly a most relentless and insatiable little pest, against which natives and foreigners equally defend themselves with *kaya* or nets of green muslin, made either large enough to cover a European four-poster, or small enough to place over a sleeping baby. At this season of the year you may indeed see hundreds of tiny brown Japanese infants sleeping, stark naked, beneath what looks like a green meat-safe, where the flies and mosquitoes cannot get at them. Not only the babies, moreover, but their fathers, mothers, "sisters, cousins, and aunts," and the Japanese world in general, largely discard clothing as the July heats come on; and, in the country especially, one sees at this time more of

the people—in a very literal sense—than during the cooler weather. One result is to disclose the really splendid illustrations with which a great many of the men are adorned by the tattooer. The *jinriki-sha* pullers in particular are oftentimes gorgeously pictorial from nape to heel, and you may study for an hour the volutes, arabesques, flowers, gods, dragons, and poetical inscriptions on the back of your coolie as you bowl along, without exhausting the wealth of design and colouring upon the saffron surface of his skin.

The journey hither from Yokohama leads by railway through interminable rice-fields lying between the hills and the sea, all the spare patches now "green as grass" with the sprouting roots of the *ine*. Last year Inaré, the deity of the rice plant gave Japan a bad harvest, and the poor are greatly suffering in consequence. But this year all looks well for a bumper crop, and the purple and silver of the iris and lily-clumps—everywhere at present blossoming—fringe verdant squares of exuberant promised plenty, where the great dragon-flies buzz, and the frogs croak all day long. A run of two hours brings you past Kamakura, the region of the old glories of the warlike house—which ruled Japan from 1192 A. D., to the middle of the Fifteenth Century—past Enoshima, the ever beautiful "Isle of Dragons," to Kodzu, where you take a tramcar, and bump through the town of Odawara to Yumoto village, whence the ascent to Miyanoshita commences. The ladies and the luggage ride up the three miles of hilly road in *kuruma* drawn by two men, *no-nim-biki*. The gentlemen, glad of a little

rural walk after the hot streets of Tokio, breast the ascent on foot. We reach Miyanoshita just as the lights begin to twinkle in the windows of the two hotels which receive the innumerable visitors to this green and pleasant glen. A hot spring, slightly mineral, has created Miyanoshita, affording perpetual and pleasant bathing; and the air, whether it breathes from the sea below or from the thickly-wooded hills above, is always fresh and pleasant.

To inhale that air, and to bathe in the soft waters heated for you in the subterranean furnances, are the main business of life in this hill village. The only industry of the place, apart from guides, tea-houses, and waiting *musumës*, is the manufacture of all kinds of small articles from the wood of the various timber trees growing on the hills around. Some of these are of incredible ingenuity in construction and neatness of finish, making the most elaborate work of Tunbridge Wells utterly commonplace. Many of the woods employed, such as the camphor, the ivy, the *kaki*, *kari* and *sendan*, are of great beauty, and there seems to be almost nothing that a Japan turner cannot produce from them. He sells you, for a few *sen*, a box of ivy-wood delicately grained and polished, containing a dozen lovely little saucers of the same material; or a lunch-box which folds into next to nothing until you want it, and then expands into a complete and handsome table service. Sellers of photographs are also numerous, and softly importunate, for the Japanese have become very skilful with the camera. When you have purchased all the photographs and wooden

nicknacks which you desire, the next thing is to organize excursions into the wild and beautiful wilderness of mountains everywhere surrounding you. These must be performed either on foot or on chairs lashed on bamboo poles, and carried upon the shoulders of four of the sturdy hill men of the district. The paths are very steep and narrow, and the foothold very often merely the loose stones of a mountain stream. Yet the sturdy *ninsoku* trudge along, up hill and down dale, in their sandals of rope, apparently insensible to fatigue, or sufficiently refreshed from time to time by a cup of pale tea and a sugar biscuit, and willingly accepting fifty *sen*, or about eighteen pence, for a tremendous day's work. With a thin blue calico coat, a blue handkerchief tied around the close-cropped head, and their small brass tobacco pipes stuck in their girdles, they chatter gaily as they trot along under the bamboo poles, shifting these every now and then from shoulder to shoulder with a little harmonious murmur of "Go-issho," which means "at the same honourable time," *i. e.*, "all together, boys." Arrived at the tea-house, they patiently pick from their legs the leeches which have fastened there in the wet and narrow forest paths, wipe the profuse perspiration from their brown necks, smoke a pipe or two, and slowly sip a cup of the "honourable hot tea," and are then ready to trudge on again for another *ri* under their heavy burdens.

Charming and instructive beyond description are some of the expeditions which may thus be undertaken from Miyanoshita as a centre, the hills containing all sorts of

natural wonders, as well as being of wonderful beauty in regard of scenery. We made two out of many favourite explorations yesterday and the day before; on the first occasion to the mountain lake of Hakoné, on the second to no less formidably-named a spot than "the Great Hell"—O Jigoku. The general character of the country being the same, I will make one description serve for the impressions of the two journeys.

The Hakoné Mountains are for the most part intensely green in aspect, "darkly, deeply, beautifully green"—of a green to make an artist despair, it is so magnificently monotonous, and beyond imitation by the palette. This results principally from the long bamboo grass everywhere growing over the highland country, which, though it rises to the height of eight or ten feet, presents the appearance of an unbroken verdant mantle of herbage rolling in light waves before the wind. The trees—chiefly beech, fir of various kinds, and oak—grow at one time sparsely, at another in extensive groves, from the jungle of the dwarf bamboo; intermixed with which are a few inconspicuous wild flowers—white andromedas and spiræs, yellow lilies, wild hydrangea, dog roses, and the Canterbury bell. Little or no animal life is to be seen; the cover seems too dense for four-footed creatures, but on the less-wooded mountains the fox and badger exist, and there are deer, wild boar, and monkeys of a single species, to be found not far off. A lark—almost exactly identical with the English species—sings the familiar carol as we pass, and

an oriole, which flutes very sweetly, is seen and heard; but the general silence of the mountains is remarkable and almost unbroken, except by the noise of streams everywhere descending. Some of these smoke in the cool hillside air, and discolour the stones with sulphurous or mineral deposits, notably at Ko-ji-go-ku, near to Ashi-no-yu, where some of us enjoyed the luxury of hot sulphur baths, and found them immensely refreshing in the middle of a long walk. The central spot, however, for witnessing this kind of phenomenon is at the "Great Hell" itself, near to the pass of O Tomi Toge, from which a glorious view is obtained of the ever wonderful Fuji-San. There was nothing to indicate that we were approaching a spot to justify the name given to this place, except the sudden appearance of many large dead trees, which had been killed by the fatal breath emanating from the *solfataras* near. The hillside at large spreads on either hand as fair and green as before, with waving bamboo grass and silvery flowers of the *deutzia*, and white bells of the Japan anemone. The earliest intimation was by the nostrils, which become abruptly aware of odours distinctly infernal; and on reaching a solitary farmhouse you come in sight of a torrent, running over black and speckled rocks, on a bed yellow as the rind of an orange. The ladies must now leave their chairs and toil by a steep ascent round a shoulder of the valley, from which issues this Japanese Styx; and by a perilous and broken path, winding now through the thickets, now along the brink of a crumbling

precipice, we come suddenly in sight of a gully, destitute of every shred of vegetation, and hideous with all the Cocytian colours associated with flame and smoke, death and desolation, ruin and ravage. It is a corner of the world abandoned to despair—a mountain hearth on fire—which one beholds; a nook of nature whence everything lovely and living has been banished to give vent to the secret forces of the under world. The earth all around is poisoned and parti-coloured with livid blotches and gangrenes; the rocks are crusted with a leprous tetter; pimples and ulcers of purple and black and yellow break out from the level spaces. Some of these are alive with an evil activity, and hiss and fume and bubble, emitting jets of fat yellow and green smoke, with now and then a crackling noise when the crust sinks in, to open by and by at another black and yellow gash in the diseased ground. It is not safe even to stand near the melancholy amphitheatre where reek these caldrons of Acheron. To pass along the black edge of the stream itself and into this ghastly corry would be rash in the extreme, for no one knows where the surface may not yield, and suddenly plunge the foot or limb into a bath of boiling sulphur. A lady of our acquaintance was severely burned here some time ago, and a Russian officer lost his life in the treacherous morass of flame.

I am requested by an amiable and charming young lady of our party to inscribe upon her bamboo staff the Japanese name of the place—which she will certainly never visit

again—together with some suitable record. Sitting out of reach of the winds from Hades, under a great cryptomeria, blasted by its neighbourhood, I carve on the Japanese alpenstock a verse which she means to preserve :—

"Staff, which to O Jigoku went,
Good news to Sinners tell;
Demons may climb to Paradise,
Now angels walk to Hell."

And yet, just over the ridge, spreads a scene as beautiful as that just quitted is forbidding. On the slopes of the O Tomi Pass box-trees and the milky-blossomed *asemi*, with the pines and bamboos, the azaleas and lilies, make the mountain fair and glad again ; and Fuji-San is seen towering up in perfect beauty at the end of a vast valley. The snow is almost gone from the Lady of Mountains. Just here and there are visible, if I might quote my own new poem, the "Light of the World" :—

"Dark hollows where sad winter hides away
From summer, with the snow still in her lap."

By another path the matchless mount may be seen looking down upon the deep waters of Hakoné—a great lake of unknown depth, and perpetual coldness, lying two thousand feet above the sea. Hakoné Lake has for its Japanese name *Yoshi-no-Midzu-Umi*, or the "water of the reeds," and is a very beautiful highland sea, the abode, it is said, of supernatural beings, till a Buddhist priest penetrated these

recesses and gave to the world knowledge and possession of lovely and cool Hakoné. We drink to the pious memory of Mangwan Shónin as we sit in the upper gallery of the tea-house looking over the rolling blue wavelets of the lake. Close by Japanese woodmen are cutting fir-trees into thin boards, to make *ori*, the boxes in which sweetmeats and cakes are presented. We return in drenching rain, but well rewarded for this and for all our exertions by the splendid scenery and the countless objects of interest on the road. Perhaps it would not have rained if we had remembered to put some stones in the lap of the great rock image of Jizo, whom we passed in accomplishing the ascent. He is the god of travellers and the protector of children, and the correct thing is to pay him the little attention alluded to. As we wend homewards through the picturesque village of Kiga, we stop to look again at the wonderful fish in the gardens of a tea-house near at hand. Swimming about in a pool under a little waterfall there are exhibited some hundreds of variegated carp—the Japanese *Koi*—which are of every imaginable brilliancy of colour—purple, russet, citron, saffron, orange, rose-red, gold and silver. They are tamer than any pigeons, and come voraciously to the bank to be fed, scrambling for slices of bean-cake, and putting their gold and brown noses high out of the water in their struggles to secure the morsel. When a piece of cake falls on the dry rock, near the water, they try to throw themselves on shore, and even use their fins for legs in their eagerness to obtain the prize. The fish

in the opening story of the *Arabian Nights*, who were coloured blue, yellow, white, and red, and who talked in the frying-pan, could not have been more marvellous in hue, and certainly not more intelligent.

IN THE JAPANESE MOUNTAINS

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

JAPAN is a land of mountains, and the Japanese passionately admire, and vastly delight in the beautiful highlands which diversify their Empire. Twelve-thirteenths of its surface are indeed totally withdrawn from cultivation, either by the broken character of the country, or the prevalence on the uplands and ranges of dense undergrowth of bamboo-grass and wild thicket, which nothing can clear away. Except in small patches, therefore, where circumstances are favourable to an energetic agriculture, the Japanese regard and employ their mountains chiefly as delights to the eye and pleasant refuges from the sultry weather which is now bathing the plains in a burning, oppressive atmosphere. The sea coasts at this season are as hot as the inland plains, or hotter, and there is thus an almost universal exodus of people from the cities, towns, and villages to the innumerable places of retreat perched amid the green and lovely hills of Nippon. The fashion among the middle and lower classes of the people is to go as pilgrims. Dressed in white *haori*, white drawers, and white leggings—that colour betokening penitence for past sins, and a resolution, more or less earnest, to turn over a new leaf of the book of life—the citizen starts forth with a

coloured flag, a staff, a small satchel, and a straw hat, marked with the symbol of his sect, for some favoured spot, high among the hills, where he can unite a little devotion with a great deal of pure, cool air, delightful scenery, and constant bathing. He needs not to carry, and he does not carry, any luggage. His bare feet want no newly-washed *tabi*. At every *yadoya* he will be supplied with a clean *kimono* for his bath and dinner, with *futons* to sleep upon, and with the simple food, supplemented by the eternal *gozen* (the tub of boiled rice), which is all he needs, for an extremely small sum per diem. Europeans are naturally, and not improperly, overcharged at such resorts, since they prove ofttimes difficult guests; but we—a party of six—have lately paid a bill at the native inn of this place for four days' board and lodging, together with washing and plenty of fresh milk, which did but amount to eleven yen, or about thirty-four shillings. With such cheap and pleasant arrangements everywhere existing, the Japanese people move about their beautiful land in great numbers during the summer and early autumn, mostly on foot. They are in truth a nation of pedestrians, at least as regards the lower classes, and shuffle along with their wooden clogs or grass sandals over an astonishing deal of ground. Many railway lines run along the coasts or through the lowlands, carrying passengers easily and quickly, if not with very great comfort, in the crowded third-class carriages, to the foot of many a splendid range of mountains. Then it is but to mount with a stout step to some village nestled

three or four thousand feet above the rice-fields, where heat and mosquitoes are left behind, and the boundless verdure of the rolling hills, rich with a hundred flowers, restores mind and body.

Above all, your Japanese loves those spots in the mountains where a hot spring issues from the rocks and can be utilized for baths more or less medicinal. Ikao, whither we have lately repaired, is a good specimen of such a place. From a lovely glen in the cleft of a ridge there issues here a thin but strong stream of warm water, so impregnated with sulphites of iron and soda that it colours all its channel a bright golden-yellow, as it bubbles and smokes downward to lose itself in the larger torrents. Such a gift from the subterranean world—and such gifts abound—almost always creates in Japan a town or village for its due enjoyment. Ikao climbs up the mountain along side its precious rillet of the "O Yu" in a street of stone stairs more precipitous and picturesque than any in Malta; and all the inns and most of the houses lead a private trickle of the hot spring through bamboo pipes into a bath-house, where, three or four times a day, visitors or residents sit up to their necks in the soft embrace of the liquid heated for them in the underground furnaces of our Planet. There is much simplicity and very little concealment about the system of these Japanese spas. The business of the place is to bathe, and, with or without garments, everybody is always bathing, as always the golden water is bubbling down from the dark rocks which are overshadowed with all kinds of

strange trees, and clad with ferns, squills, wild clematis, and the Canterbury bell, called here "*chochin no hana*," the lantern-flower.

Our party of six, including the two Japanese ladies, mounted to Ikao by a long string of *jinriki-shas*, each drawn by two men. The ascent occupies four hours, and the *kurumayas* stop twice or thrice to refresh. Sharply the little vehicles wheel around at the front of the *chaya*; the *musumēs* raise a chorus of *irrashais*; the travellers dismount and sip tea or barley-water; the *riki-sha*-men wring the perspiration from their headcloths and coats, wash down their tattooed bodies with cold water, rinse out their mouths, eat a bowl of rice soaked with hot tea, and are ready again for a long spell of uphill work. In the heart of the hills *kurumas* cannot pass, and you must tramp afoot to the many lovely spots of interest, or ride in the *kago*, a contrivance of luxurious ease for the native, but of swiftly-increasing torture to the foreigner. It is like the lid of a big basket suspended on a stout bamboo, and you must sit on your feet, or cross them against the slings of the *kago*—either position speedily resolving itself for the inexperienced into something between paralysis and the rack. For the most part, therefore, during the many and delightful excursions made from Ikao as a centre our *kagos* followed us empty, for even our fair Japanese companions proved excellent pedestrians, and tripped and glittered through the winding woods and over the wild moorlands, clad every day in some new and bright *kimono*, which made them look like butterflies or birds.

Thus, taking each day our ample tiffin to enjoy in some lovely sylvan recess, some ancient temple, or by the music and coolness of some lovely cascade, we visited Benten-no-taki, the waterfall of the Goddess of Mercy; Kompira Yama, the Hill of the Gods, whence half Japan seemed to stretch out, green and tranquil, at our happy feet; Mizu-sawa, where we lunched at the foot of the altar of Buddha, under carvings of scarlet and gold, and diapered ceilings, and tall black waving cryptomerias, in a spot so solemn and beautiful that the gods might have joined our repast; Yumoto, the Glen of the Spring, greener and more gloriously decked with ferns and wild flowers than any Devonshire or Scottish coombe or corrie; and, best and most beautiful of all, Haruna, the "Village of the God," hard to be reached, but worth all the fatigue of a long and steep tramp.

One of the very fairest spots I have seen on this earth lies midway between Ikao and Haruna. It is a wooded ridge, commanding on either side a view of vast expanse and supreme beauty. To the left, opens the verdant Haruna vale, the narrow path winding down into a wilderness of dark majestic forests, flowery hill-sides, fantastic rocks, and foaming torrents; to the right, a lovely lake sleeps in the green basin which was once a crater, surrounded by hills of wild and wonderful shapes, and moorlands painted with stretches of white, and red, and yellow blossoms, and patches of black, and purple, and saffron soil. The profusion of lilies growing on these level spaces was truly astonishing. We

plunged through the bamboo-grass and reeds, gathering indiscriminately the blood-red tiger lily, the white lily, the crown imperial, the golden lily—peculiar to Japan—and now and again superb sticks of the *Lilium auratum*, the great cream-coloured bloom, spangled with gold, and silver, and purple, the fragrance of which is as delicious as its grace of shape and hue is perfect. Our ladies came down the last of the hills homeward bearing not merely bouquets, but sheaves of the floral plunder. It was like a procession from a picture of Cimabue, Giotto, or Fra Angelico; and I think if their descended angels had to choose an earthly dress, the bright and graceful *kimono* and *obi* of O Fuku San and O Yoshi San would have surely appeared as near to the charm of a Celestial toilette as earthly fabrics and fashions can well go! And, after such a long, hard tramp over the mountains, who can exaggerate the delights of the Japanese bath? It is the first thing we all think of, and say, *O Yu ni iketai*—"I wish to go into the honourable hot water!" Discarding all garments but the loose, comfortable *kimono*, and even forgetting to inquire if dinner be ready, we troop down to the bathing-house. There a row of little chambers contain each an oblong tank, level with the sloping floor, into which, through bamboo pipes, the hot mineral stream jets. Its temperature is about 110 degrees, but you may modify this with buckets of cold water, placed at hand. The soft caress of the subterranean lymph seems in a moment to dissipate all bodily fatigue. Up to your chin in the subtly-medicated tide, you meditate

placidly on the adventures of the day, the varied pictures of the hills, the moorland gilded with the yellow lilies, the chatter of the walk, half English, half Japanese. It is useless to dress in the hot little *furo-do*. Every pore of the body is open, and towels are of no avail. Wrapped again in the *kimono*, you emerge into the open air, without the smallest fear of catching cold, and wonder no longer that the whole place exists solely for the joy of dabbling perpetually in the delicious volcanic rivulet.

The drawback of these delectable Japanese mountains is their lack of animal life. Hardly a bird or beast will be seen or heard, and nature appears depopulated. Upon all the long walk to and from Haruna I did but see, apart from the crows and high-flying birds, one brown snake and one lark. One hears occasionally the *uguisu*, called by flattery the "Japan nightingale"—known to science as the *Cettria cantans*—but its notes, though sweet, are not sustained. There are bears, foxes, badgers, and even deer in the Haruna jungles, and in by-gone days there were plenty of monkeys, but none are seen now. Possibly the dense clothing of the hills, which are swathed from base to summit in tussock grass and dwarf bamboo, forbids the prevalence of small life. On the other hand, butterflies are numerous and splendid, a great black species, large as a bat, with bronze and green reflections, an amber and gold variety, a saffron and red, a green and gold swallow-tail, an abundance of brimstones, peacocks, purple Emperors, and red Admirals. But, as a rule, these fair vistas are desolate

of that wild life which adds so much to the charm of other Highlands.

From Ikao we descended the mountain slopes in a long line of *jinriki-shas*, the men stripping to the hot work, and disclosing wonderful patterns of blue and red tattooing upon their brown, perspiring bodies. All along the foot of these hills lies the region of silk. Every field is full of dwarf mulberry-trees, and every cottage hums with the silk winding wheel, while piles of white cocoons are spread out in the sun to dry. Next to the rice the silk crop of Japan is of chief importance, and it was curious to reflect how the fine threads which the country mother was winding, her baby at her breast, and her pipe in her mouth, would glisten and "*frou frou*" in Paris or London, or New York—the robe of some proud beauty who never heard of Ikao or Idzuka. On the road I saw the loveliest lily ever beheld—large blossoms of the purest rose-colour, with white and crimson spangles on each petal. The lotus was also flowering in many places, being cultivated for food, its blossom very stately in size and shape, and of pure white or pink. At Idzuka the train receives us, and carries us round the range as far as Yokogawa, whence we ascend the mountains again to Karuizawa, nearly 4,000 feet above the hot and steaming plains. This station, very popular in the summer with foreigners and Japanese alike, sits high in the clouds upon a curious table-land, surrounded by picturesque hills. One crag, called the Cathedral Rock, really resembles very closely the Cathedral of Durham, and near it rises Asama

Yama, with steep red sides and smoking apex—a still active volcano, and one which everybody ascends. The signs of its activity are everywhere; all the ground is covered with pumice and ash, and if a cutting be made you can see how, at intervals measured by centuries, the "Hill of the Morning Fires" has covered all the region with black death and desolation, over which Nature and Time have slowly spread a growing mantle of life and verdure, to be again and again obliterated by an eruption. A delightful excursion made here on foot was to Kosei, the glen in the hills where a thin sulphuretted stream issues from the dark crags. There was a bathing-house and little *yadoya* there, but too remote to be prosperous, and the *aruji*, the proprietor, offered us the whole establishment at a low price. The hill-sides were covered with wild raspberries of a delicate flavour, and blue and white with the campanula and clematis. We came down again to the railway, and so to Tokio, in heavy rain, and by a bad and broken road.

ENA-SAN AND MISAKATOGE

NOEL BUXTON

I NEED hardly remark that Japan is a volcanic country, with a backbone of mountains rising, in the case of the famous Fuji, to over 12,000 feet. There are no glaciers, but snow falls on the western side so as to smother whole villages, and lies even in summer sometimes as low as 7,000 feet. Several volcanoes are active, and hot mineral springs are frequent, often attracting crowds of sufferers by their medicinal properties. High up alpine plants abound, and lower down are masses of lily and iris. The forests below are of cypress, maple, and various firs, while mulberries are grown for silk in the valleys. There are deer and bears, badgers and eagles in the forests, and trout in the streams. Population spreads even to the very inaccessible parts, and the highest peaks can be climbed without getting very far from native society. Things are much as they have been for many centuries past; and among country people the traveller may find strange customs and beliefs, such as the idea that foxes and badgers can "possess" human beings, and be driven out by exorcism.

It was the 8th of May when, with the Rev. Walter Weston, F. R. G. S., Mr. H. O'Rorke, and a Japanese

servant, I left the railway station of Kioto, the ancient capital.

A few hours brought us to Gifu, a town which suffered terribly in the earthquake of 1891, most of the houses being destroyed. Immediately on leaving the railway, we had to dispute with the police as to whether our passports provided for travel in the particular province we wished to visit. Suffice it to say that at last the police are pacified, *jinriki-shas* and coolies engaged, and we speed along the Nakasendo, the great mountain road from Tokio to the west. We pass through a forest of scattered pines, with grass below full of short pink azaleas growing as thick as blue bells or primroses in an English wood. Like level clouds of sunset colour they lie in broad stretches beneath the dark green. At night, we reach the village of Ota, and here I must not omit a few words on that invaluable institution, the *yadoya*, or village inn. Its wide-eaved veranda abuts on the village street, from which the rooms within are visible. Leaving our shoes at the entrance, we mount the raised or matted floor, and meet the host and hostess, who prostrate themselves on all fours, touching the ground with their foreheads between each remark. The host entreats, "Honourably deign to accept the use of my dirty apartments," and then ushers us into a scrupulously clean guest room, looking on to the back garden, a paradise of miniature landscapes. The room is innocent of the smallest attempt at furniture, but the advent of a foreigner and his luggage soon litters it with confusion.

It is the privilege of the first arrived traveller to take first turn at the hot bath, without which no evening would be complete. It is a wooden vessel some three feet square, with a stove underneath, placed at the back of the house next the yard or garden, and surrounded by paper screens. The village idlers will probably be gathered to view the stranger in his bath; and even if the screen should be unbroken, he will soon be aroused from fancied security by a shuffling outside the screens, then by the appearance of a finger through the paper, and finally of an eye applied to the hole. He will soon realize the notions of the country and cease to be annoyed.

After the bath comes the hostess, bringing dainty bowls of soup, fish, eggs and rice, with chopsticks in a hand-painted envelope. These are supplemented with advantage by viands brought with us, and (not least important), a knife and spoon. After dinner the leading villagers will probably drop in for a chat with the hairy barbarians, and music (of a kind) may be had for the asking. When bed-time comes, quilts are piled on the floor, another rolled up makes a pillow, and nothing is lacking to make a comfortable night.

After some hours of alpine scenery, with snow-clad peaks and châlet-like houses, whose roofs were weighted with heavy stones to secure them against wind and snow, we reached our goal, the village of Nakatsugawa, from which it appeared that a certain peak could be climbed, never trodden yet by European foot.

The garden of our inn, about eight yards square, afforded a landscape containing trees and shrubs, miniature hills, and streams, a waterfall, a lake with fish, a water-wheel, and rustic paths. Looking on to this charming prospect with a veranda between, was the room allotted to us. Beauty and interest are never failing in these country hostelries.

The ascent of Ena-san, at whose base lies Nakatsugawa, had not yet been made by Europeans, and was now undertaken by my companion at the request of Professor Chamberlain, with a view to the next edition of "Murray's Guide-book." Hence my good fortune in sharing the honours.

After a wet day, during which we picked up information about the mountain, next morning saw us on the move at six o'clock. Leaving the village and crossing the rice-fields that surround it, we found a cloudless sky to greet us, and such a faultless day as so often in Japan rewards the traveller for his patience during a wet one. Near the mountain's foot we passed the *Enajinsha*, or shrine of the mountain Ena-san. Here live the guardian priests, but the season for pilgrims was not yet, and no help is given to climbers till the summer, when the snow is melted and the mountain is formerly thrown open. So we were lucky to pick up a coolie who had been up Ena-san, and could help to carry our things. These were heavy, for we were prepared to camp out. Soon the ridge became so steep that we ascended 1,100 feet in half an hour, and were 4,000

feet above the sea. A break in the trees affords a view of steep well-wooded slopes falling down to a noisy torrent, while in front rose the main mass of the peak, with streaks of snow in the gullies or showing through the dark trees near the summit, and over the shoulder appeared far away the snow-clad cone of a giant mountain. The nearer charms of large white azaleas, growing under the trees, with dwarf bamboo around them, the roaring of torrents and the soft cooing of doves combined with the distant view to produce a charm not soon forgotten; at this distance of time we need not remember the painful labours of the ascent, during which the charm undoubtedly *was* forgotten.

At 5,500 feet we reached snow, and were soon plunging up to the knees, with many a deeper fall, for we were walking on a level with the branches of the pine-trees, whose lower stems were buried, and the snow was getting soft with spring sunshine. At last the summit, 7,350 feet high, was reached, and we found a glorious reward for the six hours' climb. The great ranges and mountains stood round us to the north from west to east, still wearing their snowy robes unspoilt by summer heat. There were Haku-san, Yarigatake (the spear peak), the smoking Asamayama, the Shiranesan range, and others to the due east, over which peeped the flattened cone of Fuji herself, sixty miles away. To the south was a softer expanse of lower wooded hills, among which could be traced two of the greatest rivers in Japan, forcing their way through narrow gorges, here di-

vided only by a single range, but destined to reach the Pacific eighty miles apart. They looked like silver threads below, so high above were we.

Most enchanting was the prospect, and it was long before we could bring our attention to the nearer attractions of a pilgrim's shrine, in which the ways and thoughts of men display a more interesting, if less beautiful, field of study. It is a wooden structure, with small images covered by an open roof. In front of the images is a table or altar, on which lie several coins, and some knives offered by criminals who have used them in a way which needs expiation. Pilgrimages and offerings are the favourite form in which the penitent seeks forgiveness and purity. The coins had been lying there all the winter, so be it said to the credit of the priests, who might have appropriated them months ago.

Strange superstitions linger in these distant spots. On many mountains these shrines are held specially sacred, and Ontakegan is the scene of weird incantations, exorcisms of evil spirits and ceremonies which are practically "consulting the oracle," when the medium, having thrown himself into a trance, obtains answer from the spirit of the mountain to any question which the pilgrims wish to propound. Possession by foxes is a common belief in many parts, or (in places where there are no foxes) possession by badgers, as in the island of Shikoku, where the badger walks by moonlight on his hind legs, distends his stomach, and drums upon it with his fore feet, producing such celes-

tial music that those who meet him fall enchanted under his spells.

Again the view demanded our attention, and what with the needs of the inner man, three hours had all too quickly passed when we tore ourselves from the spot, not insensible of the fact that, though known to numbers of Japanese pilgrims, to us first among Europeans had fallen the delight of this, perhaps the finest, panorama to be seen in Japan.

It was dark when we reached flat ground again, and most welcome was the hospitality of an ancient farmhouse, where beast and man enjoyed the same roof. Here that excellent beverage, *tamagozake*, a warm concoction of eggs and rice wine revived us for the rest of the way. Eggs form the staple of the native food which a foreigner can rely on, a fact which we soon keenly realized, for next morning, when we left Nakatsugawa, and made the customary offering of "tea money," our bill, for the keep of four men during less than three days, included an item for one hundred and forty eggs!

I must pass all too rapidly over the day during which we crossed the range into the next valley, by the Misakatoge pass, of which nothing was known by Europeans, and very little could be learnt from the Japanese. Suffice it to say that the view of a deep valley between wooded mountains, with a dashing river shining green along its wide bed of white stones, seen through a dazzling foreground of pink and white azalea, was one which for beauty, I have never seen surpassed.

Near the village of Sonohara we came on a small shrine, whose majestic surroundings seemed more worthy of Nikko or Nara. An immense cryptomeria stood on either side of it, and one of these, at five feet from the ground, measured twenty-six feet in girth. One incident must also be told. At a little hamlet, where peach, cherry, and pear were still in blossom, the people, usually so excited at seeing a foreigner, seemed quite unconcerned. We sent our native servant to ask one of them what they thought we were, and he reported this reply: "They are from a distant part of Japan, where the people grow to gigantic size;" and one old woman, on hearing that we were foreigners, remarked: "That is impossible. There are no dwellers outside the land of great Japan." This must not be taken as an example of native education, but as showing that Japan is not yet *entirely* Europeanized.

It was not till after one o'clock at night that we knocked at the outer shutters (for there are no doors) of an inn by the river-bank. The household were fast asleep; but it does not take long to put on what is *really* rational dress, and in a few moments master and servants were welcoming us as if they had been longing for our arrival. "Deign to let me wash your honourable feet," "Please allow us to make hot food for you," "How kind of you to honour our miserable house!" were phrases showered upon us with many smiles, and every possible attention. This politeness, so impossible to a European when rudely awakened at dead of night, is the more remarkable, as the Japanese believe

the spirit to leave the body during sleep and wander afar in the shape of a small black ball, and that, if the body is suddenly roused, the soul may be too late to join it, and death will result.

Our two days' hard walking were now to be rewarded by a surfeit of delightful ease. Shooting the rapids of fast rivers is a pleasant diversion from mountain-climbing. It is less laborious and more exciting, and as it is combined, on the Tenriugawa River, with splendid scenery, the descent of that river is an expedition to be made if possible. For the first half of the ninety mile journey (which takes altogether ten hours) the long flat-bottomed boat speeds swiftly down a constant succession of races and rapids, its bottom being flat and thin, and so built as to bend without breaking if it touches a rock. Each time we approach a rapid, the oarsmen, of whom there are four, standing up with long oars, strike the gunwale of the boat. The sound re-echoes from the cliffs on each side of the narrow gorge, and is supposed to call both gods and men to attention. Soon the current's speed increases; we plunge headlong into a seething cauldron of boiling water; right in front is a cliff, from which we apparently cannot escape; the boatmen paddle fast and deftly; a single false motion and we are lost; the waves dash over the gunwale; but in much less time than these words have taken we are gliding along a smooth current and almost into the next rapid.

In the intervals of calm water, there is all too little time to scan the glorious cliffs that rise from the river for hun-

dreds of feet almost straight to the skies, and are nevertheless rich with luxuriant verdure. They, in themselves, would amply repay us for our journey. Pine and maple almost hide the precipitous rock, here in sunlight and there in deepest shade, while right over the river hang festoons of pale blue wistaria, sometimes smothering whole trees.

Not least among the day's marvels was the astounding skill of our native cook, who with no further appliance than a small brass frame, a few pieces of charcoal, and a frying-pan, cooked various choice dishes till forbidden to cook any more.

After six or seven hours through this deep and narrow cleft in the mountain mass, the cliffs begin insensibly to slope, and on the shelving shores the signs of human life appeared. Here and there a boat was being pulled, sailed or punted, or all three at once, against the strong current. We came down the ninety miles in ten hours, but it takes them ten days and more to get back up the river. Who but the most plucky and patient of men would use such torrents for navigation?

As we neared the sea, twilight fell; and it was dark when we reached the great railway bridge which spans the river near its mouth, and found ourselves once more in the busy world.

A LARGE CRATER

PROF. JOHN MILNE

THE crater I wish to describe is called Asosan. It is situated in Kiushiu. The width of this crater is about fifteen miles, and in the bottom of it are living about 20,000 people.

From Kumamoto, I travelled directly eastward along a road which upon the native maps appears to lead from one side of the island to the other. Straight before us we could see Asosan giving off heavy clouds of steam; between us and this there was a long range of rugged hills parallel with the coast which we had just left behind us; these looked reddish and bare, but when we came actually upon them, I found that their colour was due to a covering of brown grass. The road on which we travelled was, for a Japanese road, very wide; on each side of it there were two lines of trees, the lines nearest to the road were wax-trees, and those behind them were cryptomerias. As the wax-trees had lost their leaves, they looked very bare and ragged, but in summer time, when they are in full foliage, they must form an avenue which I think would far surpass anything I ever saw in an English park. Roads bordered with lines of tall trees are a feature in Japan, and some of those which continue for twenty or thirty miles in almost

unbroken lines, form sights which when once seen will always be remembered.

After eleven and a half miles up this road, we reached the village of Odzu, where we took up quarters for the night. Early next morning we started out upon frozen roads to climb the hills before us. The ascent was gentle. Right and left were broad stretches of uncultivated grassy ground. Away upon our left, we could see a high mountain called Kuratake, which, from its general shape and a rugged-looking hollow which had been breached upon the side towards which we were looking, seemed to represent the remains of an old volcano. Looking back, we could see the plain across which we had come on the previous afternoon; at the edge of it, where it reached down to the sea, we could just make out the position of Kumamoto; whilst beyond that, at the other side of the bay on which Kumamoto is situated, there rises a rugged mass of mountains, the highest peak of which was the volcano Unsen. This volcano is the one which, amongst all Japanese volcanoes, has probably been the most destructive. In 1793, during an eruption which extended over many days, a large portion of it literally blew up. The earthquakes that accompanied this outburst—the rushing in of the sea, and the falling boulders and fiery rain of red-hot cinders—laid waste the surrounding country, and took away the lives of fifty thousand of its inhabitants.

After a little more climbing, we reached the top of the ridge called Futaiyaino-toge; and here, before us, was a

sight as striking as it was unexpected, because the ascent from the sea up to this point had been so gentle, being indeed only about 1,750 feet. We had naturally expected that on reaching the summit we should have before us a descent equally easy, but instead of that, we found ourselves standing on the edge of what was nothing more or less than a deep pit, which was nearly circular. The greater portion of the sides of this pit were perpendicular cliffs of rocks, which here and there, near their upper parts, showed the irregular, broken stratification, so characteristic of the sides of many craters. In places at the foot of these cliffs, a sloping talus had been formed; whilst in other places the cliff-like forms had been so far denuded that the sides of the pit formed irregular, but exceedingly steep, slopes. Looking at this pit from the commanding position in which we stood, I estimated its width at seven miles; and it was not until we descended, and tried to walk across, and found how little was the progress which we made, that we recognized how far we had underrated its true dimensions. In the middle of the pit, and running far up above its sides, there is a large, irregular block of mountains, the central peak of which is always giving off large clouds of steam. This peak was Mount Aso, the goal of our journey. From the rim upon which we stood, by a zig-zag pathway, we quickly made the descent to the crater plain below us. The depth at this point was about 600 feet.

At the foot of these mountains, the priests have their

permanent *rendez-vous;* and, on the summit, small temples and shrines, where during fixed seasons they reside, and receive the crowds of pilgrims to the deities of the mountain. The number of pilgrims who ascend the famous Fujiyama every year must be many thousands, and the fees the priests receive thereby, from the toll-gates on the upward paths that they have established, are very numerous, and must form a considerable revenue. If you visit some of these mountains at any other time than the appointed season, you may be refused permission to ascend. I myself was refused in this way at Iwakisan, one of the most beautiful volcanoes in northern Nippon. On another mountain, Chokaisan, I was subjected to a most curious treatment. I commenced ascending this mountain, and after scrambling over blocks of lava, and up long fields of snow, I reached the top, faint and weary at 1:30 P. M. My first impulse was to eat and drink, but in this I was prevented by four priests, who insisted that before satisfying either my hunger or my thirst I ought to pay my devotions at a small shrine which they had built. Being too tired and feeble to resist, I allowed them to lead me into the shrine where I dropped on my knees before the idol between the two priests, who, after putting on their robes of office, commenced to invoke the deity, and beat small drums. After this, they opened a small door in front of me, and showed me my reflection in a metal looking-glass, where I suppose I was expected to see the lines which sin had graven on my face. Next, one of them handed me a large, clean, metal bowl. Instinct

told me that an opportunity was coming to satisfy my thirst; so I took it reverentially in my two hands, and the priest immediately filled the bowl up with Japanese wine (*saké*), which I learnt afterwards had been dedicated to the gods. Never did nectar taste so good. After the first half-pint, the priest invited me to more wine, and, feeling faint, the offer was readily accepted. Again the offer came, but this was too much; modesty overcame me, and putting down twenty cents as an offering to the gods, I withdrew to my sandwiches. This was a Japanese sacrament, and I must say that I found it very good.

From the foot of the crater to Bojo, I calculated the distance to be about five miles; and, as this point was about half-way across this portion of the pit, the total width would here be about ten miles. From a map of the crater, which our host, who kept a small shop in Bojo, made for me, the diameter in some directions must be fourteen or fifteen miles. This I confirmed by sketching in the position of the crater upon a map prepared by the government. Looking on the map, inside the space I marked out as being the boundaries of the crater, I counted about eighty villages. Fifty of the villages, our host said, were a moderate size. If these contained, say, on an average 300 people, then living in the crater there must be from fifteen to twenty thousand people.

The following account was given to me of the last eruption of Asosan:—"During the winter of 1873, sounds were heard and white and black smoke was ob-

served proceeding from the top of Asosan. On the 27th February in the following year, whilst the wind was blowing from the south, the ground began to quake and ashes were thrown out. What the thickness of the beds of ashes in the rice-fields was we cannot tell, but near to us they attained a thickness of one inch. The ashes covered everything, and the leaves of the pine-trees and the wheat were turned quite red. At six o'clock in the morning of the 13th the ground again began to shake, and noises were heard on an average one hundred times an hour. On the 14th, at six o'clock, there were two or three very heavy shakes and on the 23d these became still more violent. These shakings were so strong that neither old nor young could sleep. They continued on the 24th, but on this day the eruption ceased. The material which was thrown out was of a grey colour, but afterwards it became red. The greatest quantity of ashes fell at Kurogawagumi and Higashi-kurogawa. At the commencement of the eruption, which was on the 1st of December, 1873, the volcano threw out stones one and two feet in diameter; and four men who were working at some sulphur deposits on the top of the mountain were immediately killed. Many hot springs burst out, and so much sulphurous matter was thrown into the River Shirokawo, which flows from this crater to Kumamoto that all the fish were poisoned. Even up till the 3d of March, 1874, shocks were felt, and material was thrown out which covered the ground for a distance of eighteen miles. During the day,

it was at times as dark as night. Previously, in 1806, there had been another serious eruption. The fame of this mountain spread even to China, and in a Chinese book I found the following:—Smoke rises up to the sky from Mount Aso in Nippon. People say that in this mountain there is a precious stone of a blue colour and shaped like an egg, which shines at night. They worship this and call it Antikokusan. The shining smoke on the top of this mountain has three colours which can be seen from a distance of three miles; these three colours are blue, yellow and red."

On the morning after reaching Bojo, we started off to ascend the central peak of Asosan. After a climb of about 200 feet, we turned round to look at the crater we were leaving. At our feet was a cultivated plain dotted over with clumps of trees and villages, beyond which there was a line of fir-trees and cryptomeria. These formed a belt round the foot of the amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs which intercepted any further view. Before us, but on the left, there was a rugged peak called Nekodake, a portion of which looked very like a ruined crater. To the right and to the left of us was a wide expanse of sloping ground covered with brown grass. When we were 400 feet above Bojo, we came to patches of snow. As we neared the top, we crossed one or two old lava streams and beds of ashes. At a height of about 2,000 feet above our starting point, or about 3,600 feet above the sea, we were on a level with the upper crater of Asosan, a huge

black pit which was giving off vast clouds of steam. All the rocks which I saw up to this point were andesites, similar to those which form the ring-wall of the outer crater. Here we found one or two men who were engaged in collecting sulphur. Upon our right, there was a rounded hill called Dobindake, which rose almost 500 feet above the level of the crater. The extreme height, therefore, of Asosan above the sea-level is perhaps a little over 5,000 feet. From this position, we had a good view of the big crater which surrounded us, as the slope on its outside is generally so gentle that it looked like a huge pit with perpendicular sides which had been dug out of the top part of a piece of ground in shape like an inverted saucer. On the northern side, the cliffs which bound this pit are almost everywhere perpendicular; but on the south side, which was the side towards which we descended, they were more worn away to form rugged hills. The cliff-like character, with its horizontally-stratified structure, could, however, be in many places distinctly traced.

Now how does the crater of Asosan compare with other craters in the world? Amongst those which are active, it appears to be the largest which has hitherto been discovered, and even if we include those which are extinct, it appears to take the foremost place. Amongst the large craters mentioned by Scrope, it would seem that Asosan, considering its size and activity, is without a rival. If we go further, leave the earth and compare Asosan with craters on the Moon, although it cannot stand before a pit like

that exhibited by Copernicus, which is said to have a diameter of fifty-six miles, it nevertheless may be regarded as an example of healthy competition.

As an active volcano, however, it still holds its place; and if Africa boasts of the largest waterfall, and India of the highest mountains, in one of the prominent classes of natural phenomena Japan also will be able to take an equally prominent position. Not only may the Japanese boast of possessing one of the most beautiful of volcanoes, which mountain is the far-famed Fuji, but they may boast of one of the most remarkable of craters.

ENOSHIMA

LAFCADIO HEARN

THE road slopes before us as we go, sinks down between cliffs steep as the walls of a cañon, and curves. Suddenly we emerge from the cliffs, and reach the sea. It is blue like the unclouded sky,—a soft dreamy blue.

And our path turns sharply to the right, and winds along cliff-summits overlooking a broad beach of dun-coloured sand; and the sea-wind blows deliciously with a sweet saline scent, urging the lungs to fill themselves to the very utmost; and far away before me, I perceive a beautiful high green mass, an island foliage-covered, rising out of the water about a quarter of a mile from the main-land,—Enoshima, the holy island, sacred to the goddess of the sea, the goddess of beauty. I can already distinguish a tiny town, grey-sprinkling its steep slope. Evidently it can be reached to-day on foot, for the tide is out, and has left bare a long broad reach of sand, extending to it, from the opposite village which we are approaching, like a causeway.

At Katase, the little settlement facing the island, we must leave our *jinriki-sha* and walk; the dunes between the villages and the beach are too deep to pull the vehicle over. Scores of other *jinriki-sha* are waiting here in the

little narrow street for pilgrims who have preceded me. But to-day, I am told, I am the only European who visits the shrine of Benten.

Our two men lead the way over the dunes, and we soon descend upon damp, firm sand.

As we near the island the architectural details of the little town define delightfully through the faint sea-haze,—curved bluish sweeps of fantastic roofs, angles of airy balconies, high-peaked curious gables, all above a fluttering of queerly shaped banners covered with mysterious lettering. We pass the sand-flats; and the ever-open Portal of the Sea-City, the City of the Dragon-goddess, is before us, a beautiful *Tori-i*. All of bronze it is, with *shimenawa* of bronze above it, and a brazen tablet inscribed with characters declaring: "*This is the Palace of the Goddess of Enoshima.*" About the bases of the ponderous pillars are strange designs in *relievo*, eddyings of waves with tortoises struggling in the flow. This is really the gate of the city, facing the shrine of Benten by the land approach; but it is only the third *Tori-i* of the imposing series through Katase: we did not see the others, having come by way of the coast.

And lo! we are in Enoshima. High before us slopes the single street, a street of broad steps, a street shadowy, full of multi-coloured flags and dark blue drapery dashed with white fantasticalities, which are words, fluttered by the sea-wind. It is lined with taverns and miniature shops. At every one I must pause to look; and to dare to look at

anything in Japan is to want to buy it. So I buy, and buy, and buy.

For verily 'tis a City of Mother-of-Pearl, this Enoshima. In every shop, behind the lettered draperies there are miracles of shell-work for sale at absurdly small prices. The glazed cases laid flat upon the matted platforms, the shelved cabinets set against the walls, are all opalescent with nacreous things,—extraordinary surprises, incredible ingenuities; strings of mother-of-pearl fish, strings of mother-of-pearl birds, all shimmering with rainbow colours. There are little kittens of mother-of-pearl, and little foxes of mother-of-pearl, and little puppies of mother-of-pearl, and girls' hair-combs, and cigarette-holders, and pipes too beautiful to use. There are little tortoises, not larger than a shilling, made of shells, that, when you touch them, however lightly, begin to move head, legs, and tail, all at the same time, alternately withdrawing or protruding their limbs so much like real tortoises as to give one a shock of surprise. There are storks and birds, and beetles and butterflies, and crabs and lobsters, made so cunningly of shells, that only touch convinces you they are not alive. There are bees of shell, poised on flowers of the same material,—poised on wire in such a way that they seem to buzz if moved only with the tip of a feather. There is shell-work jewelry indescribable, things that Japanese girls love, enchantments in mother-of-pearl, hair-pins carven in a hundred forms, brooches, necklaces. And there are photographs of Enoshima.

This curious street ends at another *Tori-i*, a wooden

Tori-i, with a steeper flight of stone steps ascending to it. At the foot of the steps are votive stone lamps and a little well, and a stone tank at which all pilgrims wash their hands and rinse their mouths before approaching the temples of the gods. And hanging beside the tank are bright blue towels, with large white Chinese characters upon them. I ask Akira what these characters signify :—

Ho-Keng is the sound of the characters in the Chinese; but in Japanese the same characters are pronounced Kenjitate—*matsuru*, and signify that those towels are most humbly offered to Benten. They are what you call votive offerings. And there are many kinds of votive offerings made to famous shrines. Some people give towels, some give pictures, some give vases; some offer lanterns of paper, or bronze, or stone. It is common to promise such offerings when making petitions to the gods; and it is usual to promise a *Tori-i*. The *Tori-i* may be small or great, according to the wealth of him who gives it; the very rich pilgrim may offer to the gods a *Tori-i* of metal, such as that below, which is the Gate of Enoshima.

Now we are going to visit the Dragon cavern, not so called, Akira says, because the Dragon of Benten ever dwelt therein, but because the shape of the cavern is the shape of a dragon. The path descends towards the opposite side of the island, and suddenly breaks into a flight of steps cut out of the pale hard rock,—exceedingly steep and worn, and slippery, and perilous,—overlooking the sea. A vision of low pale rocks, and surf bursting among them,

and a *Toro*, or votive stone lamp, in the centre of them,—all seen as in a bird's eye view, over the verge of an awful precipice. I see also deep round holes in one of the rocks. There used to be a tea-house below; and the wooden pillars supporting it were fitted into those holes.

I descend with caution; the Japanese seldom slip in their straw sandals, but I can only proceed with the aid of the guide. At almost every step I slip. Surely these steps could never have been thus worn away by the straw sandals of pilgrims who came to see only stones and serpents!

At last we reach a plank gallery carried along the face of the cliff above the rocks and pools, and following it round a projection of the cliff enter the sacred cave. The light dims as we advance; and the sea-waves, running after us into the gloom, make a stupefying roar, multiplied by the extraordinary echo. Looking back, I see the mouth of the cavern like a prodigious sharply angled rent in blackness, showing a fragment of azure sky.

We reach a shrine with no deity in it, pay a fee; and lamps being lighted and given to each of us, we proceed to explore a series of underground passages. So black they are that even with the light of three lamps, I can at first see nothing. In a while, however, I can distinguish stone figures in relief,—chiseled on slabs like those I saw in the Buddhist graveyard. These are placed at regular intervals along the rock walls. The guide approaches his light to the face of each one, and utters a name, "Daikoku-Sama," "Fudo-Sama," "Kwannon-Sama." Sometimes in lieu of

a statue there is an empty shrine only, with a money-box before it; and these void shrines have the names of Shinto gods, "Daijingu," "Hachiman," "Inari-Sama." All the statues are black, or seem black in the yellow lamplight, and sparkle as if frosted. I feel as if I were in some mortuary pit, some subterranean burial-place of dead gods. Interminable the corridor appears; yet there is at last an end,—an end with a shrine in it,—where the rocky ceiling descends so low that to reach the shrine one must go down on hands and knees. And there is nothing in the shrine. This is the Tail of the Dragon.

We do not return to the light at once, but enter into other lateral black corridors—the Wings of the Dragon. More sable effigies of dispossessed gods; more empty shrines; more stone faces covered with saltpetre; and more money-boxes possible only to reach by stooping, where more offerings should be made. And there is no Benten, either of wood or stone.

I am glad to return to the light. Here our guide strips naked, and suddenly leaps head foremost into a black, deep, swirling current between rocks. Five minutes later he reappears, and clambering out lays at my feet a living, squirming sea-snail and an enormous shrimp. Then he resumes his robe, and we reascend the mountain.

"And this," the reader may say,—"this is all that you went forth to see: a *Tori-i*, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?"

It is true. And nevertheless I know that I am be-

witched. There is a charm indefinable about the place,—a sort of charm which comes with a little ghostly thrill never to be forgotten.

Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet, sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient, mystic, mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy, as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations.

And other memories ineffaceable: the first sight of the sea-girt City of Pearl through a fairy veil of haze; the windy approach to the lovely island over the velvety soundless brown stretch of sand; the weird majesty of the giant gate of bronze; the queer, high-sloping, fantastic, quaintly-gabled street, flinging down sharp shadows of aerial balconies; the flutter of coloured draperies in the sea-wind, and of flags with their riddles of lettering; the pearly glimmering of the astonishing shapes.

And impressions of the enormous day,—the day of the Land of the Gods,—a loftier day than ever our summers know; and the glory of the view from those green, sacred, silent heights between sea and sun; and the remembrance of the sky, a sky spiritual as holiness, a sky with clouds ghost-pure and white as the light itself,—seeming, indeed,

not clouds but dreams, or souls of Bodhisattvas about to melt forever into some blue Nirvana.

And the romance of Benten, too,—the Deity of Beauty, the Divinity of Love, the Goddess of Eloquence. Rightly is she named Goddess of the Sea. For is not the Sea most ancient and most excellent of Speakers,—the eternal Poet, chanter of that mystic hymn whose rhythm shakes the world, whose mighty syllables no man may learn?

COSTUME OF THE GENTLEMEN OF JAPAN

ARTHUR DIOSY

THE dress of the Japanese civilian *Shi-zoku*,[1] as worn out of doors in all occupations which do not render the adoption of European garments necessary or advisable, is simple in cut, sombre in colour, neat to a degree, and in excellent taste. The wide-sleeved silken gown, or *kimono*, of some quiet, dark colour, in very narrow vertical stripes divided by black lines, showing at the breast where the left side is crossed over the right, the edge of an undergarment of precisely similar cut, perhaps the edges of two such under-gowns, the one worn next to the body, the *ju-ban* (colloquially, *ji-ban*), usually of plain silk, these edges of under-robes showing in a manner that recalls the superimposed waistcoats of a past generation in Europe. Over the *kimono*, the wide *hakama*, commonly translated by "trousers," but really a divided skirt, of sober-coloured silk—probably of some bluish-grey tint with narrow vertical black stripes, strikingly similar to the "striped Angola trouserings" of the fashionable London tailors. The *obi*, or girdle, of thick silk, four yards long

[1] Formerly called Samurai; the Gentry, who formed the governing and military class in Old Japan.

and two and three-quarter inches wide, is smoothly and evenly wound about the waist. Over all, the *haori*,[1] or overcoat, of stiff, black corded silk, tied across the breast by two silken cords, slung in a graceful loop, the back of the coat, just below the collar, and the sleeves bearing the wearer's crest, his *mon*, beautifully embroidered in white silk, within a circle of about the size of a shilling.

These garments compose a costume which proclaims in its tasteful simplicity that it is the dress of a gentleman of refinement. And, indeed the impression is confirmed by closer examination; it is borne out by every outward sign, from the crown of the hatless head to the small, well-shaped feet, still free from the painful deformities caused by the irrational foot-gear of Western civilization, and encased in the most comfortable, hygienic covering imaginable, the soft, strong-soled socks, generally white, called *tabi*, which have a separate compartment for the big toe. This allows the big toe and the one next to it to have a firm grasp of the thick, padded loop, often covered with ribbed velvet, blue or grey, that is the only attachment to the foot of the straw sandal, the *zori*, worn in dry weather and for walking on smooth ground, or of the *geta*, the wooden clog commonly used to keep the soles of the feet dry in the very damp climate on roads which are often rivers of slush.

[1] The *haori*, as now worn reaches to below the knee. Its silk lining, often costly, is of a well-chosen colour, such as russet-brown or "old gold," with a beautiful woven pattern. During the war against China, and immediately after it, linings decorated with representations of victories and incidents of conspicuous gallantry were very popular in Tokio.

These pattens add a few inches to the small stature of the Japanese gentleman, just as the loose-cut and wide sleeves, used as pockets, of his robes and coat add breadth to his rather narrow shoulders.

The normal Japanese position, equivalent to our sitting, is a squatting on the heels, practised from babyhood, which has the one advantage that it keeps the feet warm in cold weather, but which forces the body into an unhealthy attitude, and has resulted, in the course of centuries, in producing the disproportionate figure of the modern Japanese of the upper classes, the trunk too long in comparison with the legs, the shoulders too narrow and the chest too flat. Amongst the working-classes, whose labour entails much standing and walking, the body is much more symmetrical, and the muscular development, particularly in the loins and the lower limbs, is often remarkable, especially in the case of "coolies," *jinriki-sha* drawers and fishermen.

The Japanese gentleman has been described as hatless. Would that this were always true, or that, at all events, when he feels the necessity of a covering for his head, he would wear one of the various shapes of shady, light, and cool hats, of straw, or of split and plaited bamboo, used in summer by the labouring classes and wayfarers, the kind most in favour amongst them being an inverted bowl, or basin, with a light inner rim fitting round the head, on the principle of the "sun-helmets" used by Europeans in the tropics, a perfectly rational, hygienic hat! Unfortunately, his natural good taste seems to fail him at times,

and he sees no incongruity in wearing, with his graceful, dignified, silken costume, any sort of Western head-gear, from the jaunty "Homburg hat," of grey or brown felt, with a "complimentary mourning" band, or of straw, with its cleft crown, or the hard, low-crowned "bowler," to the straw hat of the Occidental boating-man, and even—sad to relate!—to that abomination of modern Britain—the shapeless cloth "stable-cap," with its peak of the same material, or sometimes, more hideous still, the double-peaked, ear-flapped, "fore-and-aft" cap of sad-coloured cloth.

If he be not always hatless, he is certainly without gloves, so that we have an opportunity of admiring his small, delicately-formed hands, with their slender, supple fingers—whose pliancy is cultivated in childhood and youth, by the school-boy habit of twisting soft paper into tough string whilst poring over the lesson-book—fingers that can deftly handle the writing-brush or the eating-sticks, and that are kept soft and clean, with carefully-trimmed nails. Small and well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of the Turanian races, but nowhere are they more noticeable than in Japan, where the roughest labour does not seem to obliterate the good shape of the extremities.

The Japanese gentleman's clean, gloveless hand holds a small and simple fan, of paper and bamboo; not one of those garish articles the bad taste of Western purchasers compels Japanese craftsmen to produce for export by hundreds of thousands annually. No Japanese would cool

himself, or shield his head from the sun's rays (a frequent use of the fan), with one of the fans—too large, too bright, the design badly printed from a worn-out block—that Occidental ladies use without hesitation, and even exhibit, as artistic decorations on the walls of their rooms. The *Shi-zoku's ogi*, or folding-fan (not to be confounded with the *uchi-wa*, the stiff non-folding-fan, or hand-screen), is beautifully made of stout mulberry-tree paper, with a fine, glossy, parchment-like surface, and of carefully-selected split bamboo; it is light and very durable, and it closes with a sharp click testifying to the accuracy with which its faces are pasted on to the frame. Its decoration is severely simple; usually a mere suggestion of clouds, in pale gold and silver powdering on the colourless surface, or a delicate little sketch in sepia—a scene from classic literature, or an impression of romantic landscape, frequently with the addition of a short poem, a *shi*, or ode in the Chinese style, or an *uta*, purely Japanese, written with consummate art by the brush of some renowned master of caligraphy. When the fan is not carried in the hand, it is stuck into the girdle, or into the bosom of the gown.

According to the season, the Japanese gentleman carries a paper parasol, an umbrella, or a walking-stick. The parasol is of purely Japanese design, now too well known to need description; the umbrella is, sad to tell, more frequently a local imitation of the most ungainly form of the cheap Occidental article than one of the light and graceful umbrellas of oiled paper and split bamboo still used by the masses.

I have described thus in detail the dress of the gentleman of New Japan, and its accessories, not only because of the opportunities of throwing side-lights on some manners and customs affected by the introduction of Western ideas—and on some of the new industries created, and the old ones affected, by the new conditions—but with the object of dispelling the prevalent misconception that the national costume is in danger of early extinction. There was a period in which it seemed doomed to give way before the dress of the West, as represented by hideous imported "slop-clothes" and native imitations thereof. From 1873 to 1887, especially in the last three years of that period, the adoption of European dress progressed rapidly amongst the upper classes. It had been made compulsory for officials when on duty in 1873, and had steadily gained ground amongst students, bankers, merchants, and others coming, more or less directly, under foreign influence.

The wave of German influence that swept over Japan from 1885 to 1887 carried the innovation to a still more dangerous point. The beautiful costume of the women of Japan, so absolutely becoming to its wearers that one can hardly imagine them clad in any other way, was threatened, and sad to relate, the ladies of the Court began to order dresses from—Paris? No—the pen almost refuses to chronicle the appalling fact—*from Berlin!* In the nick of time, the reaction against a Slavish imitation of Occidental customs unsuited to the country came to the rescue. In 1887, the national spirit, roused to indignation against the Western

Powers by the failure of Count Inouyé's attempts to induce them to negotiate a Revision of the Treaties on the basis ardently desired by the Japanese, caused a sudden return to many of the old habits and customs that had fallen into abeyance. This reaction in minor matters, whilst not impeding the nation's progress in the adaptation of the essentials of modern civilization, has since made itself increasingly conspicuous.

Its outward and visible sign is the resumption of their picturesque and becoming national dress by both men and women of the upper class. The uniforms, naval, military and civil, are all of European patterns; so is the court dress of the nobility—more is the pity, for no statelier costume could be devised than that worn by the nobles of Old Japan—and, at most of the court functions, the Empress, one of those gracious little *grandes dames* who look charming and dignified in any costume, appears in European dress, together with her ladies, some of whom now accustomed to wear it, wear it with truly Parisian grace. Officials are clad in European costume during office-hours, but it may safely be said that, with the above exceptions, the Japanese of the upper class now wear their national dress at all times when the nature of their work, or recreation, does not render Western clothing much more suitable.

The dress I have attempted to describe is subject to some modifications, according to the seasons. In winter, a short under jacket, or *dogi*, of silk or cotton is worn; and, in very cold weather, two wadded gowns, the nether one called

shita-gi, the upper one *uwa-gi*, keep the body warm. In summer, the *kimono* is of thin material and of lighter colour, the *ji-ban*, or shirt, shows a white edge at the opening of the gown, and, indoors, or within the precincts of his own garden, the *Shi-zoku* throws off the summer *haori*, or overcoat, which is not necessarily black, like the one worn in winter, the silken *hakama*, and even the summer *kimono* of *ro*, or gauze silk, and slips on a *yukata*, a cotton bath-gown, generally white with some minute blue pattern—the perfection of a garment for lounging in hot weather. The loin-cloth (*shita-obi*) of bleached muslin is always worn next to the skin. Its plebeian counterpart, the *fundoshi*, is the foundation of the costume of every male Japanese who earns his rice or only his millet, by the sweat of his brow. When working away from houses, and secure from observation by the lynx-eyed policemen, he reduces his dress to its simplest form—the loin-cloth—wondering greatly why the powers that be, should, at the instigation of the foreigners, object to his thus baring his brawny limbs, his muscular back and chest, just as untold generations of his ancestors did unmolested.

The *Shi-zoku* has wisely reverted to his national dress, but in one point of his appearance he belongs irrevocably to New Japan. He wears his abundant hair cut in the Occidental fashion, not always, sooth to say, in the most approved Bond Street or Piccadilly style—too frequently, an inverted pudding-basin would appear to have guided the scissors in their course—but, uneven or sleek, his hair, with

its *parting* in the European fashion, is a sign of the Great Change. One of the first acts of those who shaped the policy of New Japan was to order all officials to abandon the national mode of wearing the hair, the time-honoured custom of shaving the centre of the front and top of the head, leaving the backhair long, to be gathered into a little cue, the *magé*, which was bound with a string, wound round and round its base, and then bent forward, lying well over the shaven poll, the ends neatly cut and trimmed. A glance at any Japanese picture representing a scene of any period between the heroic times and 1870, containing bare-headed male figures, will show the *magé*, and will demonstrate its appropriateness to the Japanese countenance, to which it imparts a look of great intelligence, due to the high, shaven forehead, and of peculiar dignity. But the *magé* was a troublesome fashion, involving the frequent ministrations of the barber, and the loss of much time that was required, under the new dispensation, for the study of many difficult subjects, such as chemistry, and political economy, and Parliamentary government. So the *magé* had to be cut off, the smooth space on the head was suffered to grow a crop of stubble, and the fraternity of barbers groaned inwardly, and learnt to cut the hair after the fashion of the West.

JAPANESE LADIES

T. E. M.

THE fair sex in Japan are the most simple, and, at the same time, the most complicated creatures imaginable. In their general ideas and knowledge of the world they are like children—delightful children too—and in their love of enjoyment and simple pleasures they retain their youthful simplicity all their lives. But, on the other hand, it is almost impossible for a foreigner really to understand their natures. Up to a certain point a Japanese lady is apparently friendly, as she greets one on meeting with that easy grace and courtesy which is one of her peculiar charms. But one seldom becomes more intimate. There seems to be a wall of reserve beyond which it is impossible to penetrate. I have vainly attempted to fathom the cause of this barrier, but without success; and I find it is the general experience of those who, like myself, have lived amongst the Japanese, and know them well.

Perhaps the natural antipathy which has so long existed between the Eastern and Western races may somewhat account for this want of intimacy, and I also fear we Europeans have often wounded the delicate susceptibilities of our Eastern cousins by our want of tact, and our tendency

to treat their manners and customs with ridicule, if not contempt.

I am speaking more particularly of the ladies of the upper classes. The little "musmée," generally considered by the ordinary globe-trotter to be the recognized type of a Japanese woman, is no more so than is the "grisette" the typical French woman, or the English ballet girl the typical Englishwoman.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the world does one find a more ideal "lady" than amongst the wives and daughters of "fair Japonica." A Japanese lady reminds me of a delicate sea-anemone which at the first approach of a rough hand shrinks into itself, avoiding contact with the practical hardness of every-day life. She is almost morbidly sensitive, but her natural pride and politeness forbid her in any way to retaliate. How little we understand her feelings! A Japanese *never* forgets. Sometimes revenge is impossible, but I have heard of more than one case when a foreigner's official position had been lost owing to his wife's indiscretion, though he, and his wife also, may be entirely ignorant of the cause of the dismissal.

In appearance a Japanese woman is smaller and or slighter build than a European. Many are distinctly pretty when young, but they age very quickly, and with their youth every vestige of good looks departs. Their complexions are very sallow, but their faces are generally thickly painted and powdered, a hard line round the neck showing the point where art stops and nature begins.

Beauty, from a Japanese standpoint, consists in a long, oval face, regular features, almond-shaped eyes, sloping slightly upwards, a high narrow forehead, and abundance of smooth, black hair. Their movements are graceful, although the style of their dress prevents them walking with ease; their feet and hands are delicately formed, and their manners are unquestionably charming.

They take little or no exercise, and one wonders sometimes how the little ladies employ their time—there seems so little to be *done* in a Japanese house. To begin with, there are no regular meals. The shops near at hand supply daily numberless little dishes, which seem to be eaten at all hours of the day and night—a few pecks at a time—with those impossible little chopsticks. Very little is kept in the larder except some slices of *daikon* (fermented turnip), some rice and sweet biscuits.

"The honourable live fish" is sold by men who carry round large water-tubs from house to house and cut off as much as is required from the unfortunate fish, and replace the sadly mutilated but struggling remains back in the tub.

Eggs are plentiful and cheap; bread is never used, so there is no necessity for an oven.

The great stand-by is tea. A Japanese lady is seldom seen in her home without the quaint little tea-tray by her side, and the inevitable pipe, containing one whiff of tobacco, which is in constant requisition.

There is practically no furniture in a Japanese house. The beds consist of large quilted rugs, called *futons*, which

are rolled up every morning and put in the cupboards concealed behind the *shoji*, or panels in the walls. There are no carpets, curtains, tables or chairs, only the straw *tatami*; and a few small flat cushions on the floor. Instead of our European fireplace, a brass or wooden *hibatchi*, *i. e.*, firebox, is substituted, containing charcoal. The boxes can be moved about a room as desired. Everything is spotlessly clean. No muddy shoes are allowed inside a house, and one can generally judge of the number of inmates by the row of wooden clogs placed in a row outside the front door. Yes, it is all very quaint and strange in Japan, and the longer one lives in the country, the more fascinated one becomes with the little people whose manners and customs differ so greatly from our own.

A Japanese lady is noted for her courage, her strength of mind and self-possession. It is wonderful to think what physical trials and dangers these fragile little creatures will undergo in an emergency. From her youth a Japanese lady is taught to control her feelings, and the strange immobility that is so noticeable in the Empress is considered, from a Japanese point of view, the very highest mark of good breeding.

The social position of Japanese women has very much changed for the better during the last few years, chiefly owing to foreign influence and the spread of Christianity in the country. The Empress, too, has done much by promoting charitable work of all kinds, and, through her influence, the horrible custom of blackening the teeth and

shaving the eyebrows of married women has been abolished. Her personal interest in the Red Cross Society was especially noticeable during the war, when she and the wives of many of the nobles visited, and some even nursed, the sick in hospital, and employed their days making lint and bandages for use of the wounded.

A Japanese courtship and wedding are both very curious ceremonies, and still somewhat savour of barbarism. "When a young man has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing, he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the suitor." At the time of the marriage the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow; which she immediately offers to her parents, in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and of the pains bestowed upon her education. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk *kimono* and white veil, and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by; on the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of *saké*, and cups; on the other is a miniature fir-tree—signifying the strength of the bridegroom; a plum-tree, signifying the beauty of the bride; and lastly a stork standing on a tortoise—representing long life and happiness desired by them both.

At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the *saké;* and the two-spouted kettle, also contain-

ing *saké*, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life, and at her death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience: whilst unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son.

In the *Greater Learning of Women*, we read: "A woman should look upon her husband as if he were Heaven itself, and thus escape celestial punishment. The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are:—indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies afflict seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them, and the parent of the other four, is silliness!"

The above extract shows us very clearly the position which women have, until quite recently, taken in Japan. As a German writer says, her condition is the intermediate link between the European and the Asiatic. On the one hand, Japanese women are subjected to no seclusion, and are as carefully educated as the men, and take their place in society; but, on the other hand, they have absolutely no independence, and are in complete subjection to their husbands, sons, and other relations. They are without legal rights, and under no circumstances can a wife obtain

a divorce or separation from her husband, however great his offence. Notwithstanding this, in no country does one find a higher standard of morality than amongst the married women of Japan. Faithlessness is practically unknown, although the poor little wives must often have much to put up with from their autocratic lords and masters. They bear all, however, silently and uncomplainingly, their characteristic pride and reserve forbidding them show to the outer world what they suffer.

JAPANESE CHILDREN

MORTIMER MEMPES

A CLUSTER of little Japanese children at play somehow suggests to me a grand picture-gallery, a picture-gallery of a nation. Every picture is a child upon which has been expended the subtle decorative sense of its family or neighbours, as expressed in the tint of its dress and sash and in the decoration of its little head. It is in the children that the national artistic and poetic nature of the Japanese people most assuredly finds expression. Each little one expresses in its tiny dress some conception, some idea or thought, dear to the mother, some particular aspect of the national ideals. And just as in the West the character of a man can be gauged by the set and crease of his trousers, so in Japan are the sentiments and ideals of a mother expressed in the design and colouring of her baby's little *kimono*. Thus, when watching a group of children, maybe on a *fête* day, one instinctively compares them with a gallery of pictures, each of which is a masterpiece, painted by an artist whose individuality is clearly expressed therein. Each little picture in this gallery of children is perfect in itself; yet on closer study it will be found that the children are more than mere pictures. They tell us of the truths of Japan.

The science of deportment occupies quite half the time

JAPANESE CHILDREN, BY MORTIMER MEMPES.

of the Japanese children's lives, and so early are they trained that even the baby of three, strapped to the back of its sister aged five, will in that awkward position bow to you and behave with perfect propriety and grace. This Japanese baby has already gone through a course of severe training in the science of deportment. It has been taught how to walk, how to kneel down, and how to get up again without disarranging a single fold of its *kimono*. After this it is necessary that it should learn the correct way to wait upon people—how to carry a tray, and how to present it gracefully; while the dainty handing of a cup to a guest is of the greatest importance imaginable. A gentleman can always tell the character of a girl and the class to which she belongs by the way she offers him a cup of *saké*. And then the children are taught that they must always control their feelings—if they are sad, never to cry; if they are happy, to laugh quietly, never in a boisterous manner, for that would be considered vulgar in the extreme.

Modesty and reserve are insisted upon in the youth of Japan. A girl is taught that she must talk very little, but listen sympathetically to the conversation of her superiors. If she has a brother, she must look up to him as her master, even although he be younger than herself. She must give way to him in every detail. The baby boy places his tiny foot upon his sister's neck, and she is thenceforth his slave. If he is sad, her one care must be to make him happy. Her ambition is to imitate as nearly as possible the behaviour of her mother towards her own lord and master.

A little boy flying a kite is like no other boy you have ever seen in England. There is a curious formality and staidness about him and his companions which never degenerates into shyness.

Once I drifted into a country village in search of subjects for pictures, and I found to my astonishment that every living soul there was flying a kite, from old men down to babies. It was evidently a *fête*-day, dedicated to kites; all business seemed abandoned, and every one either stood or ran about gazing up in the air at the respective toys. There were kites of every variety—red kites, yellow kites, kites in the shape of fish, teams of fighting kites and sometimes whole battalions of them at war with kites of a different colour, attempting to chafe each other's strings. It rather surprised me at first to see staid old men keenly interested in so childish an amusement; but in a very short time I too found myself running about with the rest, grasping a string and watching with the greatest joy imaginable the career of a floating thing gorgeously painted, softly rising higher and higher in the air, until it mingled among the canopy of other kites above my head, becoming entangled for a moment, then leaving them and soaring up above the common herd, and side by side with a monstrous butterfly kite; then came the chase, the flight and the downfall of one or the other. They were all children there, every one of them, from the old men downwards; all care and worry was for the time forgotten in the simple joy of flying kites; and I too, in sympathy with the gaiety

about me, felt bubbling over with pure joy. To see these lovely flower-like child faces mingling with the yellow wrinkled visages of very old men, all equally happy in a game in which age played no part, was an experience never to be forgotten. None was too old or too young, and you would see mites strapped to the backs of their mothers, holding a bit of soiled knotted string in their baby fingers, and gazing with their black slit eyes at some tiny bit of a crumpled kite floating only a few inches away.

Another game in which both the youth and the age of Japan play equal parts is the game of painting sand-pictures on the roadside. These sand-pictures are often executed by very clever artists; but I have seen little children drawing exquisite pictures in coloured sands.

Japanese children seem to have an instinctive knowledge of drawing and a facility in the handling of a paint-brush that is simply extraordinary. They will begin quite as babies to practise the art of painting and drawing, and more especially the art of painting sand-pictures. You will see groups of little children sitting in the playground of some ancient temple, each child with three bags of coloured sand and one of white, competing with one another as to who shall draw the quaintest and most rapid picture. The white sand they will first proceed to spread over the ground in the form of a square, cleaning the edges until it resembles a sheet of white paper. Then with a handful of black sand held in the chubby fingers, they will draw with the utmost rapidity the outline of some

grotesque figure of a man or an animal, formed out of their own baby imaginations. Then come the coloured sands, filled in the spaces with red, yellow, or blue, according to the taste and fancy of the particular child artist. But the most extraordinary and most fascinating thing of all is to watch the performance of a master in sand-pictures. So dexterous and masterly is he that he will dip his hand first into a bag of blue sand, and then into one of yellow, allowing the separate streams to trickle out unmixed; and then with a slight tremble of the hand these streams will be quickly converted into one thin stream of bright green, relapsing again into the streams of blue and yellow at a moment's notice.

A Japanese mother will take infinite pains to cultivate the artistic propensities of her child, and almost the first lesson she teaches it is to appreciate the beauties of nature. She will never miss the opportunity of teaching the infant to enjoy the cherry-blossom on a sunny day in Ueno Park. Hundreds of such little parties are to be seen under the trees enjoying the blossom, while the mother seated in the middle of the group points out the many beauties of the scene. She will tell them dainty fairy stories—to the boys, brave deeds of valour, to strengthen their courage; to the girls, tales of unselfish and honourable wives and mothers. Every story has a moral attached to it, and is intended to educate and improve the children in one direction or another.

THE GEISHA

MORTIMER MEMPES

THE geisha begins her career at a very early age. When only two or three years old she is taught to sing and dance and talk, and above all to be able to listen sympathetically, which is the greatest art of all. The career of this tiny mite is carved out thus early because her mother foresees that she has the qualities that will develop, and the little butterfly child, so gay and so brilliant, will become a still more gorgeous butterfly woman. Nothing can be too brilliant for the geisha; she is the life and soul of Japan, the merry sparkling side of Japanese life; she must be always gay, always laughing and always young ever to the end of her life. But for the girl who is to become the ordinary domesticated wife it is different. Starting life as a bright, light-hearted child, she becomes sadder and sadder in colour and in spirits with every passing year. Directly she becomes a wife, her one ambition is to become old—in fact it is almost a craze with her. She shows it in every possible way—in the way she ties her *obi*, the fashion in which she dresses her hair; everything that suggests the advance of the sere and yellow leaf she will eagerly adopt. When her huband gives a party, he calls in the geisha; she herself, poor dear, sits

up-stairs on a mat and is not allowed to be seen. She is called the "honoured interior," and is far too precious and refined to figure in public life.

The geisha in reality is a little genius, perfectly brilliant as a talker, and mistress of the art of dancing. But she knows that the Westerner does not appreciate or understand her fine classical dancing and singing, and she is so refined and so charming that she will not allow you to feel that you are ignorant and more or less vulgar but will instantly begin to amuse you in some way that she thinks you will enjoy and understand. She will perhaps unfold paper and draw rapid character-sketches of birds and fish, or dance a sort of spirited dance that she feels will entertain you. It is very seldom that they will show you their fine classical dances; but if by good fortune you can overpersuade them, as I have done, the sight is one that you will never forget—the slow, dignified movements, the placing of the foot and the hand, the exquisite curves and poses of the body, forming a different picture every time,—all is a joy and a perfect intellectual treat to the artist and to the lover of beautiful things. There is no rushing about, no accordion skirt and high kick, nothing that in any way resembles the Western dance.

Sometimes, if she finds that you appreciate the fine work, the geisha will give you imitations of the dancing on our stage at home, and although it is very funny, the coarseness of it strikes you forcibly. One never dines out or is entertained in Japan without the geisha forming a prominent

part of the entertainment; in fact, she herself decorates the room where you are dining, just as a flower or picture would decorate our dining-rooms at home, only better. And there is nothing more typical of the decorative sense innate in the Japanese than the little garden of geisha girls, which almost invariably forms the background of every tea-house dinner. The dinner itself, with its pretty doll-tables, its curious assortment of dainty viands set in red lacquer bowls, its quaint formalities, and the magnificent ceremonial costumes of its hosts, is an artistic scheme, elaborately thought out and prepared. But when, at the close, the troupe of geishas and maïkos appears, forming (as it were) a pattern of gorgeous tropical flowers, the scene becomes a bit of decoration as daring, original and whimsically beautiful as any to be seen in this land of natural "placing" and artistic design and effect. The colours of *kimonos*, *obis*, fans, and head-ornaments blend, contrast and produce a carefully-arranged harmony, the whole converging to a centre of attraction, a grotesque, fascinating, exotic figure, the geisha of geishas—that vermilion-and-gold girl who especially seizes me. She is a bewildering symphony in vermilion orange and gold. Her *kimono* is vermilion embroidered in great dragons; her *obi* is cloth of gold; her long hanging sleeves are lined with orange. Just one little slim slip of apple-green appears above the golden fold of the *obi* and accentuates the harmony; it is the crape cord of the knapsack which bulges the loops at the back and gives the Japanese curve of grace. The little apple-green

cord keeps the *obi* in place, and is the discord which makes the melody.

My vermilion girl's hair is brilliant black with blue lights, and shining where it is stiffened and gummed in loops and bands till they seem to reflect the gold lacquer and coral-tipped pins that bristle round her head. Yes, she is like some wonderful, fantastical, tropical blossom, that vermilion geisha girl, or like some hitherto unknown and gorgeous dragon-fly. And she is charming; so sweetly, simply, candidly alluring. Every movement and gesture, each rippling laugh, each fan-flutter, each wave of her rice-powdered arms from out of their wing-like sleeves, is a joyous and naïve appeal for admiration and sympathy.

No expensive paintwork, in feeble imitation of the wood it covers, stands ready to chip and scratch and look shabby. Everything remains as it left the carpenter's plane, usually smoothed but not polished. If the workman thought the bark upon the wood was pretty, he would probably leave even this, and he would certainly make no attempt to remove any artistic markings caused by the ravages of a worm or larvæ.

Besides the guest-room, there was usually a special room set apart for the *cha-no-yu*, or tea ceremony; this was not always in the building, but often one apart from the house in the garden. The *cha-no-yu* had its origin three hundred years ago. A code of rules was formulated for its observance, against which there was no appeal; it inculcated morality, good fellowship, politeness, social equality, and simplicity. "The members of the association were," as Mr. Anderson says, "the critics and connoisseurs, whose dicta consecrated or condemned the labours of artist or author, and established canons of taste, to which all works, to be successful in their generation, must conform." The *séances* constituted symposia in which abstruse questions of philosophy, literature, and art were discussed from the standpoint of acknowledged authority.

Persons in Japan who wish to start housekeeping are saved one great expense, namely, furnishing. No carpets, tables, bedsteads, wardrobes, or cupboards find a place in their requirements. Nor does the Japanese require chairs, for he is only comfortable when resting on his knees and

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heels on a cushion (*zabuton*); and he must have his *hibachi* or fire vessel, and his *tobako-bon*, or tobacco-tray. The *hibachi* is a portable fire-place, which throws out a slight heat, and also serves as a source whence to light the pipe. It contains small pieces of charcoal. According to the exhaustive work of Professor Morse on *Japanese Homes*, whenever a caller comes, the first act of hospitality, whether in winter or summer, is to place the *hibachi* before him. Even in shops it is brought in and placed on a mat when the visitor enters. At a winter party one is assigned to each guest, and the place where each is to sit is indicated by a square cloth cushion. The *tobako-bon* is also handed to a visitor; it contains a small earthen jar for holding charcoal. The baskets used for holding the charcoal for the *hibachi* and *tobako-bon* are often very artistically made. The only other articles of furniture will be the *kotatsu*, a square wooden frame, which in winter is placed over the *hibachi* or stove, and is covered with a large wadded quilt or *futon* (under this the whole family huddle for warmth), the pillow (*makura*), and the lantern (*andon*) which feebly illumines the apartment. No Japanese would think of sleeping without having this burning throughout the night.

All houses were until lately (1889) lit at night by lanterns, but now paraffine lamps are driving them out and assisting to increase the fires. Owing to the frequent visitation of fire, to which Japanese towns and villages are subject, almost every house of any importance possesses a *kura*, or "godown," a fireproof isolated building, in which

all the valuables are kept. Fires are so constantly occurring that it is almost impossible to take up a number of a Japanese weekly paper without more than one notification that several hundred houses have been destroyed.

The consumption of lanterns in Japan is enormous, without counting the export trade. Every house has dozens for internal use and for going out at night. These latter are placed in a rack in the hall; each bears the owner's name in Chinese characters, or his crest, in red or black on a white ground. One burns outside most houses and shops, and every foot-passenger carries one. No festival is complete without thousands of them.

Smoking is a universal habit with the Japanese. It begins, interrupts, and ends his day. The pipes used are very small in the bowl, and only hold sufficient tobacco for three or four whiffs; these are swallowed and expelled through the nostrils. In consequence of their tiny capacity they are often taken for opium pipes; upon them and the tobacco-pouch, artists lavish all their skill.

Many, perhaps the majority of the objects which come to Europe are utensils for food; it may therefore be interesting to describe a meal in a well-to-do house. Herr Rein says that each person is served separately on a small table or tray. For solid food, he uses chopsticks, but his soup he drinks from a small lacquered bowl. Upon his table will be found a small porcelain bowl of rice, and dishes upon which are relishes of fish, etc.; a tea-pot, for

the contents of which a saucer instead of a cup is used. The stimulants will be either tea (*cha*) or rice beer (*saké*). The tea is native green, and no milk or sugar is used; it is drunk on every possible occasion, and is even served when one visits a shop. The tea apparatus (*châ-dôgu*) is always in readiness in the living-room, viz., a brazier with live coals (*hibachi*), tray (*bon*) tea-pot (*dobin* or *cha-bin*), cups (*cha-wan*) and a tea-caddy (*cha-iré*). So too a labourer going to work carries with him a *bento* of lacquered wood for his rice, a kettle, a tea-caddy, a tea-pot, a cup, and chopstick (*hashi*). The *saké* contains a certain amount of fusel oil, and is intoxicating; it is usually drunk warm from *saké* cups, which may be either of lacquer or porcelain. Rice being the principal condiment, a servant kneels by with a large pailful, and replenishes the bowls as they are held out to her; it is eaten at almost every meal, the only substitute being groats made out of millet, barley, or wheat. Bread is seldom used. Other favourite edibles are gigantic radishes (*daikon*), which frequently figure in Art, lotus roots, young bamboo shoots, cucumbers, of which a single person will often consume three or four a day; so, too, the dark violet fruit of the egg-plant, and fungi (the subject of frequent illustration) are eaten at almost every meal. With fruits the Japanese is sparsely supplied; his grapes, peaches, pears and walnuts will not compare with Western specimens, but the persimmon, with which the ape is always associated, and which is always cropping up in fairy stories, a brillant orange-coloured fruit, the size of an apple, is common enough;

the tree grows to a large size, and holds its fruit in the autumn even after it has lost its leaves.

The wife eats separately from her husband in another room with the rest of the females, and holds a position little higher than that of an upper servant.

No notice of a Japanese house would be complete without some reference to the incense-burners (*ko-ro*), which find a place there, and also in Buddhist temples. An article which finds a place in most houses and in all shops and is constantly depicted in Art is the *soroban*, a frame enclosing rows of balls moving on wires by which accounts and calculations are made. Another article which is constantly being drawn is a besom, which must typify industry. In this respect the Jap is singularly clean, as every evening there is a simultaneous and universal sweeping up of the fronts of the houses. Hokusai is very fond of drawing persons sweeping, especially falling leaves. The old couple, Giotomba,[1] always have a broom and rake.

Picnicing is one of the favourite and the mildest of the out-door amusements. It is indulged in by all classes and at all seasons of the year. At stated times the roads leading from the large towns are thronged with animated and joyous crowds proceeding to some favourite haunt. The excuses for picnicing are many and various. For instance: upon a certain day in January all the world sallies forth to gather seven different kinds of grasses, which upon the return home, are made into a salad.

[1] An old man and woman, spirits of the pine.

THE JAPANESE HEARTH

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

I DO not remember that anybody has ever yet, in describing Japan, done any sort of sufficient justice to the immense and important part borne by the *hibachi* in the domestic life of this people. Tourists, travellers, and correspondents casually, indeed, mention the article, as something special to Japan, but forget to say how the entire existence of the Japanese centres in this very peculiar little institution. The *hibachi* is a fire-box, of which the simplest form is that of a square, or circular, or oblong receptacle of wood lined with sheet-copper. Into this a quantity of lime-dust, or sifted ashes, is put, and on the top of that a little pile of lighted charcoal, which burns slowly and steadily upon the fine ashes, giving out heat, but not a vestige of smoke. This is the primitive and plainest form of the "fire-box," such as will be seen in use for common purposes, at railway stations, in Kuruma-sheds, in wayside tea-houses and restaurants, and in unpretentious shops. But Japanese skill and taste love to lavish themselves on this central piece of domestic furniture, and you see *hibachis*, accordingly, of all forms and materials. Some are made of hammered copper, or brass, or iron, with patterns delicately and beautifully beaten out of the burnished metal. Some I

GARDENS, TOKIO.

have seen in great houses contrived from the root of a vast tree, the gnarled and knotted timber being laboriously hollowed out and lined with copper, and the exterior carefully polished to bring forth the beauty of the grain. These fantastic "fire-boxes" are in much vogue for country villas and smoking-rooms. The *hibachi* for daily home service must be useful before all things, and the general shape of it is, as I have said, that of an oblong box, about two feet in length by fourteen inches broad and a foot deep. Two-thirds of the length of this structure is occupied by the fire-box proper, lined with metal, and laid with carefully sifted ashes, upon which glows the little nest of red *sumi*-sticks. Upon the top of that will be placed a four-legged frame of iron, which supports the bronze kettle, the tea-pot, and, at need, a small gridiron of wire, or a glazed frying-pan in which fish are stewed or fried, or else the earthen dish whereupon the inmates roast their bean-cakes, or the slices of *daikon*. The remainder of the *hibachi* is made up of clever little drawers, and unsuspected compartments, where the lady of the house—whose special possession the "fire-box" is—keeps a world of things which profit by being dry, her biscuits, her paper for accounts, needles and thread, *kanzâshis*, combs, tea, chopsticks, and what not. Thus this piece of furniture is at one and the same moment the household hearth, the larder, the work-box, the writing-case, the toilette-stand, the kitchen, and the natural centre for the family of conversation, employment, and needle-work. But it may combine these with ever so much beauty

and richness of external decoration, and it is common to see the *hibachi* built of very beautiful striped and variegated woods, its drawers and compartments delicately adorned with chased handles and placques of silver or bronze metal, while neat little mats of plaited grass or embroidered velvet are laid upon the highly honoured part where the tea-pot of porcelain and the pretty small painted tea-cups usually stand. Sometimes a table for writing and working is ingeniously blended with the other conveniences, and there is one special form of *hibachi*, used for imparting heat in cold weather, which is closed in with a lattice of light wood-work all around. You can cover this over with *futons*, or bed-rugs, and warm the hands and feet in the confined glow, or, on frosty nights, you can put it boldly and bodily under the bed-clothes, and derive from it all the advantage of a permanent warming-pan. Then there is the *tobacco-mono*, another special form of the *hibachi*, but entirely devoted to the eternal *kiseru*, the small pipe of brass and bamboo in which the Japanese perpetually indulge. This is a kind of smaller fire-box, with a bed of ashes for the ever-glowing charcoal, a couple of drawers for the delicately cut fragrant tobacco, and a little compartment where the brass and silver tipped pipes repose while not in use. There is a cover, with an opening, for the charcoal, and a handle by which the *tobacco-mono* is carried about; for it accompanies the owner everywhere—to bed, to breakfast, to dinner—on all occasions; and next to the sliding of the *shôji*, the most universal sound heard, perhaps, in Japan, is the tapping of the

little *kiseru* on the edge of the tobacco-box, when, for the hundredth time during the day, the little pipe has been filled, and lighted, and the one full puff—"*ippuku*"—taken, which satisfies the refined and delicate desires of the Nippon smoker.

You must realize then, or try to realize, the prodigious import and positive universality of the domestic "fire-box" in Japan. There must exist at least as many as the inhabitants of the country—that is to say, about 40,000,000. Every shop has one in front of its shelves and bales, and every tea-house or hotel keeps them by the score, because the first thing brought to a traveller, or customer, on arrival, is the *hibachi*, either to warm him, or to furnish a chronic light for his pipe, or simply from habit and hospitality. The tradesmen and those who come to buy at his shop gather over the bronze fire-box to discuss prices, and at a dinner-party a *hibachi* is placed between every pair of guests. In the interior of an ordinary Japanese home, however, one sees the national institution in its simplest use. There it stands, always lighted, at least during the autumn and winter months, and in its copper receptacle the bed of ashes, and the glowing nest of genial fire. It is good to see with what dainty care the Japanese dame will pick up, stick by stick, and fragment by fragment, the precious pieces of charcoal which have fallen from off the central fire! With what delicate skill she builds a little dome or peak over the tiny crater of the domestic volcano, arranging and distributing! With what silent interest

everybody watches her purse up her lips, and gently but persistently blow upon the sleeping fire till the scarlet life of it creeps from the central spark into every grey and black bit of the heap, and the *hibachi* is once more in high activity. Then the hands of the household meet over the kindly warmth, for this is the only "hearth" of the domicile, and when the palms and wrists are warm all the body will be comfortable. There are little square cushions laid all around the fire-box, and upon this we kneel and chat. You must drop nothing into that sacred centre in the way of cigar-ends, stumps of matches, or cigarette-paper; it is the Vestal Fire, not to be violated by disrespectful fuel. But you may put the *tetsubin* on it, and boil the "honourable hot water," or fry peas over it, or cook little fishes, or stew slices of orange and persimmon, and in fact treat it as a supplementary kitchen to the larger and permanent hearth established in the *daidokoro*. Every now and then the mistress of the house, who has the seat of honour before it, controlling the supply of *sumi* and the brass *hashi*, with which the fire-box is tended, will delicately and economically pick out with them from the brass basket at her side, a nodule or two more of charcoal, and place these on the sinking fire, treating her *sumi-hako*, or charcoal-store, as elegantly and sparingly as a London lady would the sugar-basin.

Confess that it is a mark of the refined natural life of this people, that they have thus for their family hearth-stove a pretty piece of cabinet-work lined with copper, and

for their coal-cellar a tiny flower-basket filled with a handful of clean picked charcoal! You might place the entire affair on the toilet table of a duchess, and not spoil or soil one lappet of her laces, or leave one speck of dust upon her mirrors and her dressing-bags. Japan in her social aspects is already, in truth, half understood when the universal use and the graceful utility of the *hibachi* have thoroughly become comprehended.

One happy consequence of this omnipresent employment of charcoal for domestic and culinary purposes is that Japanese cities, villages, and abodes are perfectly free from smoke. The clear air is always unpolluted by those clouds of defacing and degrading black smuts which blot out our rare sunshine in London, and help to create its horrible fogs. There is no doubt a peril of a special kind in the fire-box. If not supplied from the kitchen hearth with glowing coals already past their first firing, there will be a constant efflux of carbonic acid gas into the room, which will kill you, subtly and slowly, as certainly as an overdose of opium. In European apartments this would prove a very serious danger, but the *shôji* and sliding doors of wood let in so many little sources of ventilation—and the rats, moreover, take care to gnaw so many holes in the paper of the *mado*—that the fatal gas becomes dispelled or diluted as fast as it is created. Nevertheless accidents occur, especially in bath-rooms where the *fune*, or great tub, is heated by a large mass of raw charcoal, and there was a case a week ago in Yokohama of a sea-captain found dead in the

furo-do of his hotel. The Japanese are too wise to sleep with a large *hibachi* in their apartments. They know well that the deadly gas, being heavy, sinks to the bottom of the room, where their *futons* are spread upon the mats; and they either put the fire-box outside, or are careful to see that it has "honourable mature charcoal" burning low in it.

GARDENS

J. J. REIN

ENCLOSED fruit and vegetable gardens, such as are usually found with us around the dwelling, are unknown to the Japanese. He plants his Yasai-mono (vegetables) on the Hatake, or Sai-yen, the vegetable ground in the open field. He calls the fenced tree-nursery Uye-gomi, and the little ornamental garden, commonly behind the house, Niwa (Sonô is the poetical expression) or Kô-yen. It is the Niwa which chiefly interests us.

Siebold says that even in the large cities there is scarcely a house which has not its garden, or at least a court adorned with one or more evergreen trees. This idea has become very prevalent, but it is nevertheless erroneous. Extensive journeys through different portions of the three principal islands of Old Japan, and the numerous observations in cities and countries have convinced me that only a small proportion of dwellings have any ornamental or particularly cultivated piece of ground about them, and that these are only to be found in the homes of the cultured and wealthy classes. Even the substitute for a garden—the court with its few evergreen trees (more properly bushes)—although frequently seen, is still only an exception. The two shrubs which are found most often in these narrow

courtyards are the Tôshuro (*Raphis flabelliformis*), a kind of fan palm about two inches in height, and even more generally the Nanten (*Nandina domestica*), a bush which seldom grows more than one to two inches high. Its trunk, when old, is covered with a rugged bark. It bears red berry clusters in winter, and is a favourite house-decoration at the New Year.

The enclosures of gardens and parks differ greatly. They are whitewashed mud and stone walls, palings generally of bamboo cane and quickset hedge. Quickset hedges are seen most often around the houses of the Samurai. They are generally very carefully cultivated and trimmed and shut off a small garden from the street. Oftentimes a pretty bamboo paling takes their place, but in this case an evergreen thicket grows just behind it, so as to hide the modest dwelling as much as possible from the passers-by.

It can hardly be doubted that flower cultivation and the art of gardening among the Japanese received their first impulse and encouragement from Buddhist priests. For many centuries the Chinese had cultivated the beautiful ornamental plants which were brought from China to adorn altars and graves, temple courts and holy pools, gardens and parks; also the plants which, like the peony and lotus, were at the same time producers of valuable medicines. In the enjoyment of the beautiful appearance and prosperity of the foreign plants, interest in the indigenous flora increased also, and its finest specimens

were gradually brought into cultivation and carefully reared.

As the feudal system developed in Japan and, under the rule of the Tokugawa, the privileged classes enjoyed their prerogatives in peace, the parks surrounding the fortresses of the Daimios and their Yashikis in Yedo became the gathering-place of various ornamental plants which had been introduced gradually from the neighbouring continent, and principally of those which had been borrowed from the splendid indigenous flora.[1] Every Samurai cultivated as large a selection as space would permit in the little garden which was his pleasure-ground, but the nationality of the little plants after so many digressions was unrecognizable.

The Japanese ornamental garden is not intended to be an abode, but merely to please the eye. It is not a pleasure-garden or *jardin d' agrément* in the German or French sense, but it has its own peculiar charm. The cosy arbour which is hardly ever wanting in the most modest German house garden, in whose shade from childhood we pass so many happy hours of recreation and agreeable work, is not to be found in the Niwa.[2] There is also no

[1] Most of these very interesting large parks with their grand old tree-groups and tasteful landscapes of rock and water, avenues and lodges, their many sorts of fanciful gardening, pruning, dwarfing and deforming, stone turrets and idols, were destroyed after the Restoration. The finest specimen of Japanese landscape gardening now to be seen is at Fuki-age, the Imperial Garden in Tokio.

[2] The Glycine (*Wistaria chinensis*) is cultivated here and there on trellises, but not in order to afford shade, only to exhibit better the hanging clusters of blossoms.

fine, carefully kept sward, with flower-beds here and there, and broad gravel walks. But there is often a great deal of taste and refinement manifested in imitating nature and constructing a miniature landscape. If the limited space will not permit a little pond in which gold fishes and turtles may comfortably play and lotus flowers unfold their lovely leaves, and petals in midsummer, there is nevertheless room for a modest water-basin, with small red-bellied Imori (*Triton subcristatus*) in its clear bottom, for a small arched bridge over the little stream flowing from it, and a pile of rocks. On a somewhat larger plan, this becomes a beautiful cool place where clear rippling water flows from a little mossy grotto, whose arches are built up in close imitation of mountain rocks. These are covered with ferns and little bushes of Tsutsuji (*Azalea indica*), resembling our alpine roses, being clothed in early summer with red blossoms; and further with the beautiful Daimiôjisô (*Saxifraga cortusæfolia*) and other tastefully distributed favourites of the indigenous flora. A little cemented basin or trough is made just in front of this group of rocks, where the water is collected, and near by grows the Giboshi (*Funkia ovata*) its bluish green leaf-tufts covered in late summer with spikes of beautiful bluish white flowers. The narrow paths which wind through a Japanese garden of this kind are paved with one row of stone slabs, in which all regularity of form is avoided. There is no attempt to make the edges even. Potted plants of the popular dwarfed varieties take the place of borders on both sides.

Dwarfing or enlarging one part at the expense of the other, variegation and cultivation of every accident or trick of nature, are, as has been intimated, the careful occupation of the Japanese gardener. He distinguishes himself in these efforts, and even becomes, in one or the other, a specialist. He works with great enjoyment to himself, and knows also that he is pleasing the taste of his customers, among whom he counts not only the educated and the rich, but also the ordinary labourer.

The Japanese not only take great pleasure in this artificial deformation, but they admire and collect also natural malformations of every kind. They admire a stone, for example, through which water has worn a hole, or an old decaying tree-trunk with one or more plants growing out of a knothole where seeds have been accidentally lodged.

The arrangement and colouring of bouquets is not understood by the Japanese. The separation of flowers from their stems and gathering them in bunches is not to their taste. They admire far more their individual beauty and enjoy their natural combinations,—the lovely blossoms (Hana) and leaves (Ha) on their stalks (Ko-yeda) or slender twigs, the iris and the lotus flower (Kuki). One would scarcely suppose that under such circumstances there could be such a thing as "the art of arranging flowers" in set pieces. Nevertheless Japanese literature possesses under this or similar titles a number of works full of illustrations in which, however, the many forms of Hana-ike or flower-

vase play a conspicuous part, and a labouring man, obliged to content himself with a cylinder vase of bamboo cane, or an earthen vessel, can learn but little to his advantage.

The enjoyment of beautiful flowers is common to all the Japanese people. Even the humble labourer is a customer at the gardens where flowers are kept for sale. In view of this, Hana-ichi, or flower-markets, are often held on summer evenings, lighted with torches of pitch and many-coloured lanterns. They attract the poorer classes especially, and afford them an opportunity to gain a flowering sprig of the most popular plants, which bloom at this time.

GARDENS, KOGOSHIMA.

THE FLOWERS OF JAPAN

JOSIAH CONDER

AMONG the many general impressions which exist abroad with regard to Japan, is one that it is a land abounding in flowers,—that nature has lavished her floral gifts with special favour upon these sunny islands of the Far East. And in a great measure is this popular fancy justifiable, considering the abundant and imposing display produced by flowering trees and shrubs, at certain seasons in and around the principal cities. In the sense, however, of wild floral profusion, Japanese scenery lacks much that other countries can boast. The traveller from the West, whose rural wanderings nearer home have made him familiar with furze and heather-clad moors, green flower-sprinkled meadows, and hills and forests girdled or carpeted with flowering plants, will miss in Japan some of these charming adornments of natural landscape. There is one short season in the year, when the rice is young, and the honey-scented rape blossom spreads broad stretches of yellow colour over the plains, that recalls to the mind the soft flowering verdure of other lands; but the rice culture, with its endless terraces of mud flats, and the coarse bamboo grass, which in place of softer mead covers every uncultivated hill and glen, deprive the scenery

of all but a passing suggestion of the colouring of Western meadows and uplands. The comparative scarcity of groups of wild flowering plants as a feature in the landscape, is, however, to some extent made up for by the blossoming trees, which at certain seasons show soft masses of colour amid the foliage of the hillsides. The wild camellia, azalea, magnolia, plum, peach, and cherry are the most important of these flowering trees. In particular the wild cherry, which abounds in the Northern island, adds to the wooded landscape an appearance of soft clouds of pale, pearly tint, likened to mist upon the mountains. Almost every month is known by its special blossoms, and all the important cities have groves and gardens devoted to their public display. Treasured chiefly as heralds of the seasons, and as inseparable from the favourite pursuits and pastimes of out-door life, Japanese flowers are by no means esteemed in proportion to their scarcity or difficulty of production. The isolated merit of rarity, so much sought after in the West, has here little or no attraction. The florists of the country are not deficient in floricultural skill, and produce in certain blossoms forms of considerable artificial exuberance, but the popular taste shows a partiality for the more ordinary and familiar flowers, endeared by custom and association.

Flower-viewing excursions, together with such pastimes as *Shell-gathering*, *Mushroom-picking*, and *Moon-viewing*, form the favourite occupations of the holiday seeker throughout the year. By a pretty fancy, the snow-clad

landscape is regarded as Winter's floral display, and *Snow-viewing* is included as one of the flower festivals of the year. The Chinese calendar, followed until recently by the Japanese, fitted in admirably with the poetical succession of flowers. Spring, the Japanese *Haru*, opened with the New Year, which commenced about February, and was heralded by the appearance of the plum blossoms.

Enriching the bare landscape with its bloom and filling the air with its fragrance at a time when the snow of winter has hardly passed away, the blossoming plum-tree has come to be regarded with especial fondness by the Japanese. Combined with the evergreen pine and bamboo, it forms a floral triad, called the *Sho-chiku-bai*, supposed to be expressive of enduring happiness, and is used as a decorative symbol on congratulatory occasions. The plum blossom is often referred to as the eldest brother of the hundred flowers, being the earliest to bloom in the year. Quick in seizing the peculiar features which distinguish one growth from another, to the extent almost of a tendency to caricature them, the Japanese have been chiefly attracted by the rugged and angular character of the plum-tree, its stiff, straight shoots, and sparse, studded arrangement of buds and blossoms. Thus, a fancy has arisen for the oldest trees which exhibit these characteristics to perfection. In them is shown the striking contrast of bent and crabbed age with fresh and vigorous youth; and, as if to render more complete this ideal, it is held that the plum-tree is best seen in bud and not in full blossom.

The gardeners of the country, so clever in the training of miniature trees, find in the plum a favourite object for their skill, imitating in miniature the same character of budding youth grafted on to twisted and contorted age. These tiny plum-trees, trained in a variety of shapes,—bent, curved, and even spiral,—with their vertical or drooping graftings of different coloured blossom-sprays, fresh, fragrant and long lasting, form one of the most welcome room decorations during the first months of the year.

Poets and artists love to compare this flowering tree with its later rival, the cherry. With the latter, they say, the blossom absorbs all interest, whereas, in the case of the plum, attention is drawn more to the tree itself: the cherry blossom is the prettier and gayer of the two, but the plum blossom is more chaste and quiet in appearance, and has, besides, its sweet odour.

The season of the plum blossom is made musical with the liquid note of the Japanese nightingale, and in the different decorative arts this bird is inseparably associated with the plum-tree. Similar combinations of bird and flower, or even of beast and flower, are numerous, and strictly followed by the many designs of the country; such, for example, are the associations of bamboo leaves and sparrows, pea-fowls and peonies, and deer with maple-trees.

In later times plum-trees were planted in large numbers in rural spots near to the ancient capitals, forming pleasure resorts for the ladies of the Imperial Court. Along the banks of the River Kizu, at a place called Tsuki-ga-se, in

the province of Yamato, fine trees of pink and white blossom line the banks for upwards of two miles, diffusing their delicious scent around. These trees are what remains of quite a forest of plum-trees said to have stretched for miles around. The modern capitals have also their favourite plum orchards, visited by crowds of sightseers in blossom time, at the end of January. Sugita, a village not far from Yokohama, possesses one of the most famous, having over a thousand trees, many of which are eighty or a hundred years of age, and which supply in the summer most of the fruit consumed in the Eastern capital, Tokio. It is popularly known and frequented for its blossoms alone in the early spring. This orchard boasts six special kinds of tree, distinguished by different fancy names having reference to the character of flower; the principal of which are trees of pink, and others of green blossom,—for the white plum flower has a faint tinge of emerald. In all, there are said to be sixty different species existing in Japan. The blossom held most in esteem is the single blossom of white or greenish white colour and of small size. All the white kinds are scented, but of the red some have no perfume. There is an early plum of red double blossom which blooms before the winter solstice, and is of handsome appearance, but it has little or no scent.

Every visitor to Japan has heard of the *Gwa-rio-bai*, or Recumbent-dragon-plum-trees at Kameido, a famous spot in the north of Tokio. At this place there existed, up to fifty years ago, a rare and curious plum-tree of great age

and contorted shape, whose branches had bent, ploughing the soil, forming new roots in fourteen places, and straggling over an extensive area. This tree, from its suggestive shape, received the name of the Recumbent Dragon, and, yearly clad with fresh shoots and white blossoms of fine perfume, attracted large crowds of visitors. From this famous tree fruit was yearly presented to the Shogun. Succumbing at last to extreme age, it has been replaced by a number of less imposing trees, selected on account of their more or less bent and crawling shapes. This present group of trees, inheriting the name and somewhat of the character of Recumbent Dragons, makes a fine show of blossoms in February, and keeps up the popularity of the resort.

Komurai and Kinegawa, near Kameido, also have blossom-groves much frequented.

Another noted spot is Komukai, near Kawasaki, on the Tokaido, not far from the capital, historically famous as having been often visited by the Shogun, and possessing trees over two hundred years of age.

At Shinjiku, another place on the outskirts of Tokio, is a fine grove of plums, popularly called the Silver-world (*Gin-sekai*), a term often applied to the snow-clad landscape, and having special reference in this instance to the silver whiteness of these blossoms.

The third month of spring, corresponding with the present April, is the month of the cherry blossom, the king of flowers in Japan. This flower is remarkable for its soft-

ness and exuberance, as contrasted with the severe simplicity of the plum blossom. The latter blooms fresh, vigorous, and leafless in the bare and often snow-clad landscape; the former, with its florid richness, enhanced in some cases by young reddish leaves, is specially fitted to assert itself amid the greenery of budding spring. But the splendour of the cherry's bloom is transitory in comparison with the more lasting qualities of the plum which retains its beauty for a full month. The cherry flowers must be viewed during the first short days of their prime, and should these days be stormy, the full glory of the sight is lost. The most enthusiastic partisans of the cherry blossom assert that it is all the more precious on account of its transient character.

The wild cherry seems to have existed in Japan from time immemorial, and still abounds in the woods of the northern island, where the Aino aborigines apply its bark to many purposes. Though early records refer often to the plum, there is no mention of the cherry earlier than the time of Richiu, an Emperor of the Fifth Century.

This monarch was disporting himself with his courtiers in a pleasure boat, on the lake of the Royal park, when some petals from the wild cherry-trees of the adjoining hills fluttered into the wine cup from which he was drinking. This circumstance is said to have drawn his Majesty's notice to the beauty of this neglected blossom, and from this time also arose the custom of wine drinking at the time of cherry viewing. To this day there is a popular

saying: "Without wine who can properly enjoy the sight of the cherry blossom?" It was reserved for a later Emperor in the Eighth Century to give to the cherry that importance as a national flower which it has ever since retained. Whilst on a hunting expedition on Mount Mikasa, in the province of Yamato, the Emperor Shomu, attracted by the beauty of the double cherry blossoms, composed the following short verse, which he sent, with a branch of the flowers, to his favourite Consort, Komio Kogo:

"This gathered cherry branch can scarce convey
A fancy of the blossom-laden tree,
Blooming in sunlight; could I shew it thee,
Thoughts of its beauty would drive sleep away."

To satisfy the curiosity of the ladies of his Court, the Emperor afterwards ordered cherry-trees to be planted near the Palace at Nara, and from this time the custom was continued at each succeeding capital.

In the Thirteenth Century the Emperor Kameyama caused a number of cherry-trees from Yoshino to be planted at Arashiyama, a beautiful hilly spot on the banks of the rapid River Oi. Here he built a summer pavilion, and, in spring and autumn, Court after Court visited the lovely spot, rendered further famous in a verse composed by one of the Imperial line:—"Not second to Yoshino, is Arashiyama, where the white spray of the torrent sprinkles the cherry blossoms." This spot no longer possesses its Imperial pavilion, but remains a favourite resort for sight-

ON THE SUMIDA RIVER.

seers from the Western capital, in the months of the cherry and maple. Numerous tea-houses and booths, on the banks of the rapids, give a fine view of the wooded hills opposite, amidst the spring greenery of which may be seen the pearly white clouds of the cherry blossoms. Here the blossoming trees form a part of the distant landscape, as they must have been originally viewed in their natural wildness, when they first attracted the admiration of the earlier Emperors, and before their more gorgeous successors of the double-flower became arranged and isolated in artificial orchards and avenues.

In and near to the present Eastern Capital are several spots renowned for their show of cherry-trees in blossom, originally brought from Yoshino, and from the banks of the Sakura River in the province of Hitachi. One of these resorts, at a place called Asukayama, is often spoken of as the New Yoshino.

Koganei, some half day's ride from Tokio, is perhaps the most attractive spot for seeing the double cherry in full bloom. Here a fine avenue of these flowering trees extends upwards of two and a half miles along the aqueduct which conveys the water of the River Tama to Tokio. It is said that they were first planted immediately after the completion of the aqueduct, by command of the Shogun Yoshimune, in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, with the idea that cherry-trees had the virtue of keeping off impurities from water. For this purpose ten thousand trees were brought from Yoshino, and from the banks of

the River Sakura; but the number now remaining has dwindled to only a few hundred.

In the old temple grove, now a public park at Uyeno, there are a number of fine trees of the single early cherry blossoms, called by the Japanese *Higan-zakura*, among which are some magnificent specimens of the Weeping cherry. This latter species has pendant branches, drooping like the willow, and bears single white flowers, but no fruit; thus being an exception to the general rule, that the trees of single blossom bear fruit whilst those of double blossom are fruitless. The fruit of the Japanese cherry-tree is, however, at its best, insipid and worthless. These trees at Ueno are all of majestic size, and present a gorgeous sight in April, with their pale pink blossoms seen partly against the blue sky, and partly against the rich foliage of the pines and cedars which surround the golden shrines and cenotaphs of the Shoguns.

The most popular resort in Tokio is the cherry avenue at Mukojima, extending for more than a mile along the banks of the River Sumida. Here the trees lack the grandeur and natural beauty of those at Uyeno, and have no surrounding foliage to set them off; but they are of double blossom, and bending with their weight of flowers,—looking almost artificial in their luxurious fulness,—present a most imposing sight. The spot is frequented by the gayest holiday makers. Wine-drinking is considered essential to a proper enjoyment of the scene, and crowds of pedestrians, bearing their gourds of rice-wine, make

such resorts merry and boisterous with their carousals. Other visitors, of a richer class, indulge in the prospect of the blossom-laden banks from roofed pleasure boats, accompanied often by a gay gathering of singing girls.

The month of the cherry is one of high winds, and the soft petals of the full blown blossoms fall like snow flakes covering the pathways beneath. This simple fact is not without its attraction to the Japanese, who make much of the falling cherry petal in their poetry and other arts.

The first popular flower of summer, which in public places, attracts the pleasure-seeker is the wistaria, blooming in May, soon after the cherry blossom has fallen. This stalwart flowering creeper is reared upon large trellises, arranged to cover long walks, bridges or arbours, in pleasure grounds and gardens. A favourite position is one sheltering an open gallery, which overhangs a lake or stream. In the precincts of the popular temple at Kameido, in Tokio, close to the famous plum-trees, there are wistarias of magnificent size, bearing blossoms which hang in rich purple clusters, from two to three feet in length. Wide rustic galleries, in connection with garden *kiosks*, extend over an artificial lake stocked with gigantic gold fish, and the wistaria trellises form an extended covering overhead. A belief exists that this flower attains great size and beauty if its roots are nourished with the rice-wine of the country, and there is, at Kameido, a tree producing specially fine blossoms, at the base of which visitors are accustomed to empty their wine cups. Other

fine specimens exist in various parts of Japan, bearing clusters over three feet in length, among which may be mentioned one at Noda, in the province of Settsu, called the *Shitose*, or tree of a thousand years.

The wistaria of purple blossom is most common and most esteemed, ranking higher than the white kind. This is an exception to the prevailing custom, which places white before other colours in blossoms of the same species, and especially proscribes purple flowers as associated with mourning, and unfit for felicitous occasions. In various designs the pheasant is shown in combination with the purple wistaria.

In June, the popular flower is the iris or flag, which is cultivated in large marshy flats near to some river or lake. In many gardens watered by a stream, a loop or bend in the water-course is spread out into a marshy expanse, planted with flags, and crossed by fancy plank bridges of zigzag shape. There are four distinct species of iris, known by different native names, but the kind most seen is the *Acorus calamus*, or sweet flag, which the Japanese call *Hana-Shobu*. In the case of displays of iris flowers, a mass of varied colour is delighted in, the purple, white and variegated blossoms being grown together, indiscriminately, and with no attempt at pattern or design. The most noted place for shows of this flower is Yatsuhashi, in the province of Makawa; but the popular resort nearest Tokio is a spot called Horikiri, close to the River Sumida, to which place it is the fashion to make excursions, in

WISTARIA BLOSSOMS AT KAMEIDO.

pleasure boats early in June. Here the beds which contain the flags, in every variety of colour, are surrounded by elevated grassy banks, dotted with summer-houses, from which visitors can look down upon the rich variegated carpet below. Narrow wooden bridges give further picturesqueness to the scene, crowded in the season with a brilliant throng of visitors, whose pretty costumes almost vie in gaiety of colour with the flowers.

The iris, as a water plant, is associated in art with the kingfisher, water-rail, mandarin duck and other water birds.

Summer's hottest months bring the peony and lotus flowers which, though hardly sufficiently democratic to rank among the most popular, yet play an important part in the art of the country. The peony is cultivated in long sheltered beds, forming generally the *parterre* to some adjoining chamber, from which its magnificent blossoms can be viewed. In the grounds of the wealthy it is subjected to scrupulous care and nursing, in order to produce flowers of enormous size and fulness, often so large and heavy as to need artificial support. It is regarded as the flower-queen of China, and is essentially the favourite of the upper classes in Japan. The peony was first, it is said, imported into this country in the Eighth Century, and was chiefly cultivated in the provinces of Yamato and Yamashiro. Even now, the finest specimens in Tokio are brought from the neighbourhood of the old capital, Nara. The largest blossoms measure as much as nine inches across. The

peony is sometimes called the flower-of-prosperity, and another fancy name by which it is known is the Plant of Twenty Days, given because it is said to preserve its beauty and freshness for that period of time. Of the large tree-peony there are ninety distinct kinds, not including the small single kind of the same species, of which there are said to exist five hundred varieties. Among colours, the red and white are most valued, purple and yellow specimens though rare, being less prized. This exuberant flower, with its large curling petals, is a favourite subject for design and decoration. Its companions in art are the peacock and the *Shishi*, a kind of conventional lion, derived from Chinese designs; and in such company it forms the constant decoration of temple and palace walls.

The lotus is closely connected with the Buddhist religion, and is associated therefore, in the minds of the people, with mortality and spirit-land. The lakes of temple grounds, especially those dedicated to the water goddess Benten, are frequently planted with lotuses. The fine wide moats of the Tokio Castle abound in these water plants, which imparts to them much beauty in the season. Wherever undisturbed pools and channels of muddy water exist, the lotus is to be found, and even the ditches beside the railway connecting Tokio with its port, are rendered gay in the summer by the lotus flowers in bloom. As the peony is said to be the national flower of China, so the lotus is called the national flower of India, the source and centre of Buddhism. It is therefore considered out of place

as a decoration for occasions of festivity and rejoicing, being suggestive of a spiritual life; but it is constantly used for obsequies and other sacred ceremonies. The lotus serves as a suitable theme for religious contemplation, and is the favourite flower of monastic and temple retreats; the best displays are therefore to be seen in the lakes of the old temple groves of Kioto and other cities.

The chrysanthemum is the flower of Autumn and the triumph of Japanese floricultural skill. Remarkable variety in form and colour of blossom is produced in the specimens cultivated in the gardens of the court and nobility. The chrysanthemum flower, in its most exuberant form, loses its disc-like character, and presents a combination of long oval petals, partly extended, and partly curling inwards, exhibiting in contrast the different tints of face and back; whilst, in its most eccentric and artificial shape, it assumes the character of a confused mop of thread-like petals, more curious than beautiful.

The chrysanthemum is sometimes spoken of as the national flower of Japan, a rank really belonging to the cherry-blossom; and this misconception is probably owing to the former being used as one of the crests of the Imperial House. The flower has always been much honoured by the Court, and as early as the time of the Emperor Heizei, in the Ninth Century, garden parties were held in the Palace for the purpose of celebrating its blossoming time, just as, at the present day, a yearly chrysanthemum show takes place in the Imperial grounds. These ancient

celebrations seem to have partaken of a truly pastoral character, the courtiers wearing the plucked blossoms in their hair, drinking wine and composing verses upon the beauties of the flowers. The modern chrysanthemum displays in the Palace gardens are more like our own flower-shows in the social conventionality of their arrangements; but the numerous variety, of every imaginable colour and profusion of shape, arranged in long open rustic sheds, forms a brilliant and imposing scene hardly rivalled by any flower-show in the world.

There are said to be in Japan two hundred and sixty-nine colour varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which sixty-three are yellow, eighty-seven white, thirty-two purple, thirty red, thirty-one pale pink, twelve russet, and fourteen of mixed colours. A fancy prevails that in this flower the same tint is never exactly reproduced, and that in this it resembles the endless variety of the human countenance. Blooming longer than most flowers, the chrysanthemum has come to be associated with longevity. In the province of Kai, a hill, called Chrysanthemum Mount, overhangs a river of clear water, into which the petals fall, and a belief exists that long life is assured by drinking the water of this stream. A favourite motive of decoration, which may be seen in numerous conventional designs, is the chrysanthemum blossom floating in running water. A custom also survives of placing small blossoms or petals in the cup during the wine-drinking which takes place during the festival of the ninth day of the ninth month.

The ordinary varieties of the chrysanthemum are to be seen in great abundance in the street fairs during the autumn months. Dango-zaka, in Tokio, is the favourite popular resort, and here the flowers are trained into groups of figures and animals, representing historical subjects.

The chrysanthemum is associated with the crane, the royal bird of Japan.

The paucity of important flowering trees and plants in Autumn, has, perhaps, led the Japanese to make much of certain simple plants, comparatively insignificant in themselves, but gathering importance and interest in combination. As has already been pointed out, almost every month of the year is associated with a special blossom, and the calendar would not be complete without a reference to these flowers of late Autumn. These seven plants are: the lespedeza, the morning-glory, the *eularia japonica*, the *valeriana villosa*, the *valerina officinalis*, the *pueraria thunbergiana* and the carnation. Perhaps the favourite of these is the *lespedeza*, of which there are several kinds, some having pink, others white, and others yellow flowers. Growing wild on grassy moors, it is associated with wild horses, deer, and the wild boar, together with which it is often depicted in different designs. The deer is specially associated with the Autumn time, and represented also with other Autumn flowers and with the reddening maple. The seven Autumn plants are grown together in the *Hiyak-kwayen*, or garden-of-a-hundred-flowers, at Mukojima. The

temple grounds of the *Hagi-dera*, near Kameido, are famous for their show of *lespedeza* flowers.

A notice of the floral festivals of the year would not be complete without reference to the maple,—for the reddening leaf of the maple, like the foliage of many other flowerless trees, is regarded as a flower in Japan. The rich tints of the changing leaves of certain deciduous trees, hardly distinguishable from the colouring of blossoming shrubs such as the azalea, form a favourite object of attraction during the Autumn months. The native term Momiji, which is generally translated maple, is, strictly speaking, a general name applied to many trees which redden in the Fall. Of the maple itself, there are many varieties, distinguished both by the form of their leaves and the tone of their colour. No garden is considered complete without its group of maple trees, placed beside some artificial hill towards the West, to receive additional splendour from the setting sun. Grassy slopes and valleys are planted with these trees, with the object of bringing into one limited prospect the red and golden tints in which the natural scenery of the wooded hills abounds. The grand slopes above the river at Arashiyama, noted in the Spring-time for their show of cherry blossoms, make a fine display of scarlet maple foliage in the Autumn. At Ko-no-dai, a famous prominence commanding a view of the whole plain of Tokio, there are some fine maple trees, noted for their enormous size. A spot called Tatsuta, in the province of Yamato, is renowned for its splendid maples, which line

the banks of the river, and are in full glory about the end of October. At Oji, a suburb of Tokio, the slopes of a natural glen between the hills are thickly planted with fine specimens of these trees, forming a most romantic spot, where, from the galleries of a rustic arbour, may be seen the foliage in all its burning splendour. Shinagawa and Meguro, other well-known spots in the vicinity of the capital, have also good groups of maple-trees which attract many sightseers. Picnicing and mushroom-gathering are pastimes which accompany the viewing of the maple. In the poems and pictures of the country the maple is associated with deer.

THE TEA-CEREMONIES (*Cha-no-yu*)

AUGUSTUS W. FRANKS

THE Tea-Ceremonies, known as the "Cha-no-yu," do not appear to have been noticed at any length in any English work, though a short account of them, obtained from Baron Alexander von Siebold, may be found in the English translation of Dr. Jagor's *Travels in the Philippines*. A much fuller description of them has been published by Dr. Funk, in the sixth part of the *Mittheilungen der deutschen Gesellschaft für Natur und Völkerkunde Ostasiens* (Yokohama, 1874), from which our account of them has been condensed, with some additional information kindly furnished by Mr. Kasawara.

The cultivation of teà is said to have been introduced into Japan from China in A. D. 805, though it did not take firm hold till later. It is uncertain when the tea-ceremonies or clubs first commenced; and they do not appear to have adopted fixed rules till the middle of the Fifteenth Century. These rules were made by a Japanese named Shuko, under the patronage of the Shogun Yosimasa (1443–1473); later the famous Taiko Hideyoshi appointed another Japanese, named Rikiu, to revise the old statutes, and the rules drawn up by him are still observed.

There are, or rather were, several varieties in the ob-

servance of the ceremonies, of which the principal are Senké, Enshu, Oribé, Matsu-o, and Yabu-no-uchi. Under the present *régime* they are nothing more than friendly reunions; the ceremonies, in fact, are dying out, and will probably have entirely disappeared in a few years.

The place destined for the ceremonies is either a separate building, or an apartment removed from the rest of the house, and it was known under the names of *Kakoi* (the enclosed), or *Sukiya*. It was covered with shingles, and consisted of a room usually measuring four and a half mats (a mat equals about six by three feet), or, about eighty-one square feet; on one side was another smaller room, called *Midzu-ya* (water-room), where the utensils were arranged; on the other side was another small room for receiving the guests. Surrounding the house or apartment was a garden, *Ro-ji* (dewy ground).

Two modes of conducting the ceremonies were observed —the winter and summer modes. In the former the garden was strewn with fir leaves, the guests retained their shoes, and the furnace for the kettle was a pit in the floor filled with ashes. In the latter, the garden was decked out with flowers, the guests took off their shoes, and a portable earthenware furnace (*furo*) was used.

The inside of the room was to be as plain as possible, though costly woods might be employed if the means of the host admitted it. The walls had a dado of white paper, and on one side was a niche (*toko*), with an inscribed roll and flowers, the latter sometimes placed in a hanging vase.

The hours fixed for the invitations were 4 to 6 A. M., noon, or 6 P. M. The guests, assembling in a pavilion (*machi ai*) in the garden, announce their arrival by striking on a wooden tablet (*han*) or bell, when the host himself or a servant appears to conduct them into the chamber. The entrance being only three feet square, the host kneels and lets the guests creep in before him. They being seated in a semicircle, the host goes to the door of the side room in which the utensils are kept, saying: "I am very glad that you are come, and thank you much. I now go to make up the fire." He then brings in a basket (*sumi-tori*) containing charcoal in pieces of a prescribed length, a brush (*mitsu-ba*), made of three feathers, a pair of tongs (*hibashi*), the stand of the kettle (*kama-shiki*), iron handles for the kettle, a lacquer box[1] containing incense[2] (*kobako*), and some paper. He again leaves the chamber to bring in a vessel with ashes (*hai-ki*) and its spoon. He then makes up the fire and burns incense, to overpower the smell of the charcoal. While he is thus occupied, the guests beg to be allowed to inspect the incense-box, generally an object of value, which passes from hand to hand, and the last guest returns it to the host. This closes the first part of the ceremony, and both host and guests withdraw.

The second part commences with eating, and, as it is a rule that nothing should be left, the guests carry off, wrapped

[1] This is used in the summer mode. In the winter a porcelain or earthenware box (*kogo*) is employed.

[2] In the winter odoriferous pastilles are burned; in the summer sandal wood.

JAPANESE TEA-ROOM.

up in paper, any fragments that remain. The utensils used in this part of the ceremony are as follows: (1) an iron kettle (*kama*) with a copper or iron lid, resting on a stand (*kama-shiki*); (2) a table or stand (*daisu*) of mulberry wood, two feet high; (3) two tea jars (*cha-iré*) containing the fine powdered tea, and enclosed in bags of brocade; (4) a vessel containing fresh water (*midzu-sashi*), which is placed under the *daisu*, (5) a tea-bowl of porcelain, or earthenware (*cha-wan*), or, when of large size (*temmoku*), simple in form, but remarkable for its antiquity or historical associations. Besides this, there is a bamboo whisk (*cha-sen*); a silk cloth (*fukusa*), usually purple, for wiping the utensils; a spoon (*cha-shaku*) to take the tea out of the *cha-iré*; and a water ladle (*shaku*). All these objects are brought in singly by the host in their prescribed order.

After solemn salutations and obeisances, the utensils are wiped and some of the powdered tea is placed in the tea bowl, hot water is poured on it, and the whole is vigorously stirred with the whisk until it looks like thin spinach; a boy then carries the bowl to the chief guest, from whom it passes round the party to the last, who returns it empty to the boy. The empty bowl is then passed round once more that the guests may admire it. The utensils are then washed by the host, and the ceremony is at an end.

The rules forbid any conversation on worldly subjects, such as politics or scandal; flattery is also forbidden, and, properly speaking, the meeting should not last longer than two hours. No distinction of ranks is observed. There

can, however, be no doubt that in early times these societies were encouraged by the princes, that their retainers might have an opportunity of quietly promoting the political designs of their lords.

The ceremonial described above is that known as the "*Koi-cha*," and Dr. Funk states that he was present on one of these occasions when the tea bowl and water jar were exhibited with much pride as old Korean; the host dilated on the age and origin of the various utensils, and mentioned, for instance, that the bag of one of the tea jars was made from the dress of the celebrated dancer, *Kogaru*, who lived in the time of Taiko Hideyoshi.

There is another form of the tea-ceremonies, the "*Usucha*" (weak tea), which differs from the first in some respects. It is far less ceremonious, the tea is thinner and of inferior quality, and the bowl is filled afresh for each guest, being rinsed out with water each time. The tea jar is also different, being a *natsumé* made of lacquer.

The tea used in both these ceremonies comes from Uji, near Kioto, the most celebrated tea district of Japan, and is differently prepared from the commencement according to the ceremony for which it is intended. These ceremonies were the cause of the large prices occasionally paid for the vessels of pottery used in them, especially while they were in the height of fashion; hence we hear that, in the time of Taiko Hideyoshi, a single tea bowl of Seto ware was sold for some thousands of dollars.

PILGRIMAGES

BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN

THE reputation of most Japanese shrines is bounded by a somewhat narrow horizon. The Yedo folk —the Eastern Japanese—make pilgrimages to Narita, and up Fuji and Oyama. Devout natives of the central provinces round Kioto repair to the great monastery of Koya-san, or perform what is termed the "tour of the holy places of Yamato" (*Yamato-meguri*), including such celebrated temples as Miwa, Hase, and Tonomine; and they also constitute the majority of the pilgrims to the shrine of the Sun-goddess in Isé. The religious centre of Shikoku is a place called Kompira or Kotohira; in the north that rank belongs to the sacred island of Kinkwazan, while the Inland Sea has another sacred and most lovely island—Miyajima—where none are ever allowed either to be born or to be buried, and where the tame deer, protected by a gentle piety, come and feed out of the stranger's hand. But some of the greatest shrines have branches in other provinces. Kompira has a branch in most Japanese cities; the great Kioto temple to the Fox-goddess Inari has a branch in almost every village. Again there are shrines whose very nature is multiple. Such, for instance, are the Thirty-Three Holy Places of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy.

Pilgrimages are generally of a social nature. There exist innumerable pious associations called *ko* or *koju*, whose members contribute each a cent a month, and then, when the proper time of year comes round, a certain number of persons are chosen by lot to represent the rest at the shrine of their devotion, all expenses being defrayed out of the common fund. When these representatives form a considerable band, one of them, who has made the pilgrimage before, acts as leader and cicerone, recounting to his gaping audience the legend of each minor shrine that is passed on the way, and otherwise assisting and controlling the brethren. The inns to be put up at on the road are mostly fixed by custom, a flag or wooden board inscribed with the name of the pilgrim association being hung up over the entrance. Inns are proud to display many such authentic signs of constant patronage, and visitors to Japan will often notice establishments whose whole front is thus adorned. As a general rule, the pilgrims wear no special garb: but those bound for Fuji, Ontake, and other high mountains, may be distinguished by their white clothes and very broad and sloping straw hats. While making the ascent, they often ring a bell and chant an invocation which, being interpreted, signifies: "May our six senses[1] be pure, and the weather on the honourable mountain be fair!"

The Japanese, as has often been remarked, take their

[1] The six senses, according to the Buddhists are the eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, and heart. The pilgrims repeat the invocation, for the most part, without understanding it, as most of the words are Chinese.

religion lightly. Isé and other favourite goals of piety are equally noted for the distractions which they provide of an evening. Nor is much inquiry made into the doctrines held at any special shrine. Kompira was Buddhist and is now Shinto, having been made so by order of government during the present reign. But the pilgrims flock there all the same, the sanctity of the name of the shrine overbalancing any lapses in the theology of the priests. Nor need this be matter for wonderment, seeing that the pilgrim ranks are recruited almost exclusively from the peasant and artisan classes, whose members scarcely realize that Buddhism and Shinto are two separate cults, and are prepared to pay equal respect to all the superhuman powers that be. When tradesmen of any standing join a pilgrim association, they mostly do so in order to extend their business connection and to see new places cheaply and sociably.

People who remember the "good old times," assert that pilgrimages are on the wane. Probably this is true. The influence of religion has been weakened by the infiltration of Western ideas of "progress" and material civilization. Then, too, taxation weighs far more heavily than of yore, so that there is less money to spend on non-essentials. Still many thousands of persons, mostly pilgrims, annually ascend Fuji; and the concourse of worshippers at the temple of Ikegami, near Tokio, is so great that on the 12th October, 1897 (that being the annual festival), over forty-seven thousand persons passed through the wicket at the little country railway station, where the daily average is only

some five hundred. Many, doubtless, were mere holiday-makers, and the scene in the grounds was that of a great holiday-making. The happy crowds trot off to amuse themselves, and just do a little bit of praying incidentally,—give a tap at the gong, and fling a copper into the box,—so as to be sure of being on the right side. They are ten thousand miles away from Benares, and from Mecca, and from the Scotch Kirk.

The holy objects which Japanese pilgrims go out for to see and to bow down before, belong exactly to the same category as the holy objects of Christian devotion, modified only by local colouring. Minute fragments of the cremated body of a Buddha (these are called *shari*), foot-prints of a Buddha, images and pictures by famous ancient saints, such as the Abbot Kobo Daishi and Prince Shotoku Taishi, whose activity in this direction was phenomenal if legend can at all be trusted—holy swords, holy garments, wells that never run dry, statues so lifelike that when struck by an impious hand, blood has been known to flow from the wound,—these things and things like these are what will be brought to the notice of the traveller curious to pry into the arena of Japanese piety.

ORNAMENTAL ARTS

GEORGE ASHDOWN AUDSLEY

OF all the countries of the Orient, Japan holds a pre-eminent position in all matters connected with the Ornamental and Decorative Arts; and in several branches of art-manufacture it stands at the head of the civilized world. Japanese Art, is, however, now so well known and so widely appreciated in Europe and America, that it is quite unnecessary to enlarge on these facts; every one who takes any interest in the subject of art-industry is acquainted with the wonderful works in lacquer, ivory, metal, embroidery, enamel, and pottery which have reached us from Japan, and now adorn so many of our public and private collections; and these alone are sufficient to prove the exalted position the Japanese art workmen have held for centuries and still hold at the present time.

It has been the fashion to remark that art and manipulative skill in Japan are things of the past: but investigation with an unprejudiced mind hardly supports this view. Indeed, the careful examination of many examples of work executed during the last few years has convinced us that the art workman of to-day is quite as clever and painstaking as he of two or three centuries ago. Why should he

not be, with all the advantages the study of the works of the past gives him? It is questionable if modern science can be included in his advantages; one thing is certain, it has supplied him with bright and glaring dyes and pigments, which he has, in the interests of commerce, been induced to adopt, frequently to the total suppression of his natural taste. One of the characteristics of the best periods of Japanese Art is a peculiarly quiet and refined scale of colour, in which the harmonies of analogy are generally more marked than the harmonies of contrast. Vivid contrasts are not of frequent occurrence, except for the production of some startling effects, as, for instance, where a bright red sun, with a white crane flying across it, is placed directly upon a light blue ground. Brilliant colours associated with rich gilding are lavishly employed by the Japanese architects in the decoration of temples and shrines; indeed, in the application of brilliant colour, both on plain and carved surfaces, they rival the decorations of the Alhambra. But the amount of shade which of necessity pervades such elaborate and complicated wooden structures as the Japanese temples, exercises an important modifying influence upon the bright colouring and gilding, refining and subduing vivid contrasts, and blending all into a pleasing harmony. The effects of the decorations are ever changing with the changing daylight; salient portions now sparkling in the sunshine, now retiring into shade; and parts buried in deep shadow under the powerful sunshine come forward in rich hues under the softer and more dif-

fused light. We may safely state that a careful study of all the departments of decorative art leaves us no alternative but to pass a favourable opinion on the skill of the Japanese colourists; they are unquestionably in advance of all Oriental artists in this respect.

In metallurgy, modern science has taught the Japanese founders nothing; for centuries they have been unapproachable in the composition of bronze and other alloys for ornamental purposes, their skill being only surpassed by that of the artists who wrought them into quaint and expressive pictures; or into sword-guards, vases, perfume-burners, domestic utensils, and countless other objects of utility and beauty. The Japanese appear to have been for many centuries acquainted with all the processes of Ornamental Metal-Working; and in certain branches have surpassed the artists of all other countries. With great manipulative skill, untiring patience and consummate taste they have produced works in the precious metals, upon grounds of iron and bronze, which are unsurpassed, and we may say unsurpassable, as examples of Ornamental or Decorative Art in their own class.

The Japanese have always shown a warm love for the common productions of nature, and have with the greatest ingenuity bent them to their service in the Ornamental Arts. Such materials as finely marked and coloured woods, ivory, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, coral, metallic ores, pure metals, alloys, rock-crystal and coloured stones have one and all been manipulated with most happy results, es-

pecially in their Applied and Incrusted Work. To this list must be added the sap of the *Rhus vernicifera*, which plays the most important part in the greatest art industry of the country, being the material from which all the Japanese Lacquer is made.

The conditions under which the old artists and artificers cultivated their special talents were those most favourable to the production of perfect works of art. Living under the protection and in the establishments of the great Daimios, perfectly free from all the cares, and supplied with all the necessaries of life, they concentrated every thought and expended the most loving care upon each object they essayed to produce. Time was of no account to them; and their masters were well content to watch the gradual development of ideas, and the tedious processes of manipulation, which were to produce masterpieces never before achieved. It was under such circumstances that all the great artists worked for centuries prior to the suppression of the feudal system; and, in examining their masterpieces, especially those in lacquer and metal-work, we can with great difficulty form any idea of the thought, skill, and time expended in their production.

In examining or passing an opinion on a work of Ornamental Art, one cannot well separate the artistic design from the manipulative treatment; and in works of Japanese origin the separation of the two equally important elements is a matter well-nigh impossible; this springs from the fact that the artist and workman are one

MOTHER AND CHILD, BY KENZAN (1663–1743), IN KENZAN-IMADO WARE.

individual, and that mind and hand go together in all he does. It is true that the artist of to-day works on tradition to a great extent, and adopts the materials and motives for his designs which have been common property for generations; yet, after all, there are evidences, never wanting, which indicate that they have been filtered through his own heart and seen through the window of his own mind.

We are not going to press an opinion that *all* the Japanese artists have done is perfect or even good art, as the term is understood in the West; on the contrary, we will freely admit that their works are full of imperfections and even distortions, especially in the schools of drawing; but yet it must be maintained that in their purely Ornamental and Decorative Art works there are charms of design, quaint beauties of treatment, and immense skill in the graphic delineation of natural objects, so far as the immediate requirements extend, and in the happy use of different materials, which one can find in the corresponding works of no other nation. Special works of art in the shape of hanging pictures, *kakemono*, are hung up on certain occasions, and help to relieve the extreme simplicity of the apartments. The most talented Japanese artists have produced many of their best drawings in the shape of *kakemono;* and numerous examples of great interest are now in the possession of European and American collectors.

After all, a very careful study of Japanese art throughout

its extensive range, inclines us to pronounce the entire family of native artists deficient in purely inventive power. On the other hand, the marvellous patience, highly cultivated manipulative skill and the happy and lively fancy of the artisan artists of Japan, have led them to improve upon every idea or suggestion they have received from other countries. This fact may be readily proved by the comparison of Japanese and Chinese art works. China, India, and Korea have largely contributed to the foundation of Japanese art; and it is not a difficult matter to trace their influence in the works of all the great periods. Every thought, however, which the Japanese artist has received from these nations, he has invested with a charm and expression peculiarly his own; so, although the origin may be foreign, the work is in treatment and excellence altogether Japanese.

DECORATIVE ARTS

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK

THE school of Art due to the native genius of the Japanese as a race is essentially decorative, and, in its application, to a great degree purely industrial. Pictorial art as understood in Europe can hardly be said to have any existence in Japan. Most of their decorative designs consist of natural objects treated in a conventional way. This conventionalism is, however, so perfect and free in its allurements that nature seems to suggest both the motive and the treatment. Though neither botanically nor ornithologically correct, their flowers and their birds show a truth to nature, and a habit of minute observation in the artist, which cannot be too much admired. Every blade of grass, each leaf and feather, has been the object of loving and patient study. It has been rashly assumed by some of the writers on Japanese Art that the Japanese do not study from nature. All their work is an emphatic protest against so erroneous a supposition. It is impossible to examine even the inferior kind of work without seeing evidences of minute and faithful study. It can in fact be shown conclusively that the Japanese have derived all their fundamental ideas of symmetry, so different from ours, from a close study of

nature and her processes in the attainment of endless variety.

It is a special feature in their art that, while often closely and minutely imitating natural objects, such as birds, flowers, and fishes, the especial objects of their predilection and study, they frequently combine the facts of external nature with a conventional mode of treatment better suited to their purpose. During the long apprenticeship the Japanese serve to acquire the power of writing with the brush the thousand complicated characters borrowed from the Chinese, they unconsciously cultivate the habit of minute observation and the power of accurate imitation, and with these a delicacy of touch and freedom of hand which only long practice could give. A hair's breadth deviation of a line, or the slight inclination of a dot or an angle, is fatal to good caligraphy, both among the Chinese and the Japanese. When they come to use the pencil therefore in drawing, they are possessed of the finest instruments in accuracy of eye and free command of the brush. Whether a Japanese art-worker sets himself to copy what he sees before him or to give play to his fancy in combining what he has seen with some ideal in his mind, the result equally shows a perfect facility of execution and easy grace in all the lines.

In their methods of ornamentation the Japanese treat every object flatly, as do their Chinese masters to this day, and this to a certain extent has tended to check any progress in pictorial art, though they have obtained other and

very admirable decorative effects. Without being, as Mr. Cutler,[1] in common with some other writers, assumes, ignorant of *chiaroscuro*, or the play of light and shadow, it is true that they usually, though not invariably, paint in flat tones as on a vase and so dispense with both. It is not a picture so much as a decoration that they produce, but it is a decoration full of beauty in its harmonized tints and graceful freedom of design. The delicacy of touch is everywhere seen, whether bird, or leaf, or flower, or all combined be chosen as the subject. The Japanese artist especially excels in conveying an idea of motion in the swift flight of birds and gliding movements of fishes, one of the most difficult triumphs of art.

It has been said that the golden age of Japanese art is over and gone, and that the conditions no longer exist, and can never be renewed, under which it has developed its most characteristic excellences. A feudal state in which the artist and the workman were generally one and the same person, or at least in the same feudal relation to a chief who was bound to support them working or idle, and took pride in counting among his subjects or serfs those who could most excel in producing objects of great beauty and artistic value, is a condition as little likely to return to Japan as the former isolation and freedom from all foreign influences of the people. Under these altered circumstances it is to be feared that Japanese Art has culminated and shown the best of which it is capable.

[1] *Grammar of Japanese Ornament and Design* (*1881*).

One of the characteristic features of all Japanese art is individuality of character in the treatment, by which the absence of all uniformity and monotony or sameness is secured. Repetition without any variation is abhorrent to every Japanese. Fret patterns are in constant use in all Japanese Art, sometimes in the form of borders, and more frequently in diapers, which they use with excellent effect on surfaces in filling up and varying the spaces, in combination with floral and other designs. Their love of variety leads them to adopt several different diapers in covering any surface, often enclosing them in irregular-shaped compartments, fitting into each other, or detached according to the fancy of the artist and the shape of the object ornamented. The same kind of ornamentation and decorative art is carried out in their woodwork, as may constantly be seen in their cabinets of marquetrie and inlaid boxes. Their predilection for geometrical forms is best to be seen in their great variety of diapers. Nor must their floral diapers be overlooked, consisting as they do of an almost infinite variety for covering whole surfaces, in which flowers and foliage form the material. In the spaces of decoration as in all else, the Japanese artist studiously avoids uniformity or repetition of exact spacing. He repeats, but with the greatest irregularity possible, to disguise, as it were, the repetition of what is in effect the same design or pattern.

In close connection with the diaper system of ornamentation is that known as powdering, familiar enough in European Art; but in Japan, following the principle of ir-

regularity, the decorator avoids any regular distribution of the design adopted. Lastly, there is a style of ornamentation peculiarly Japanese which consists in the use of medallions grouped or scattered over a surface—of various colours and forms—and filled in with different diapers, the whole producing an effect as pleasing as it was novel when first introduced to European eyes.

In all manipulations of metals and amalgams the Japanese are great masters. They not only "are in possession of secret processes unknown to workmen in Europe," by which they produce effects beyond the reach of the latter, but show a mastery of their material in the moulding and designing of their productions which imparts a peculiar freedom and grace to their best work. A lotus leaf and flower and seed-pod they will produce with inimitable fidelity in the subtle curves and undulating lines and surfaces, and in the most minute markings of leaf and flower. So birds and fishes and insects cast in bronze seem instinct with life, so true are they to nature, while at other times the same objects are adopted for a purely conventional mode of treatment. The inlaying and overlaying of metals, bronze, silver, and steel, more than rival the best productions of the *ateliers* of Paris or Berlin, and constitute a special art-industry, with some features of finish and excellence not yet attained in Europe. Of the metallurgic triumphs of art which the Japanese may justly claim over all competitors, Chinese, Indian, or European, perhaps the greatest is the perfection to which they have brought

the designs in "*Shakudo*," an amalgam of which are usually made the brooches or buttons used to fasten their tobacco-pouches and pocket-books, or to ornament the handles of their swords. "*Shakudo*" is chiefly of iron, relieved by partial overlaying of gold, silver and bronze.

In the varied applications of the art of enamelling, the Japanese have run their great rivals in *cloisonné* work very close, although upon the whole the Chinese have the superiority, their colouring being more brilliant and finely toned in harmony, and their work more solid and satisfactory both to the eye and the touch. A dull and sombre tone is generally adopted in Japanese *cloisonné* work, which much impairs the beauty of their good workmanship in its general effect.

There is a great field for the display of their originality and love of variety in the wall-papers, which are much used to ornament their walls and screens. What has already been said of their decorative system and methods of surface ornamentation applies to their wall-papers; and the system itself is nowhere so severely tried, because something of mechanical reproduction is unavoidable. Whether stencilled or printed, the design of a single square must of necessity be the same in each. By what force of imagination and ingenuity they disguise the effect of exact repetition, and lead the eye away from noticing the uniformity, can only be realized by inspection of the papers covering the walls of an apartment, and no description could supply a substitute.

Of textile fabrics and embroidery, in both of which they have developed an industry peculiarly their own, something of the same kind may be said as of their wall-papers. These fabrics have, however, been so familiarized in England by the eager adoption of the best and most novel in female costumes that their chief characteristics must be very generally known. It was the custom in former times for each *daimio* to have his private looms, for weaving the brocades which he himself and his wife and family required, and also the fabrics of less costly materials for his retainers. The robes manufactured for the court at Kioto and Yedo were in like manner only to be had from the Imperial looms; some of these, a gift from the Shogun on a minister taking leave of his court, were to be seen in the London exhibition of 1862.

But in many of the more common textile fabrics the best evidence perhaps may be found of the artistic feeling of the nation, and the universality of art work. Towels and dusters of the least expensive material often display very choice designs—as do also the Turkish and Syrian fabrics of the same quality. A piece of bamboo, a broken branch of blossoms, or a flight of birds in counter-changed colours, suffices in their hands to produce the most charming effect, in the most perfect taste. Their embroidery has never been excelled in beauty of design, assortment of colours, and perfection of needlework.

It is true, and strange as true, that the Japanese have apparently never sought to overstep the limits of purely

decorative art, and have thus stopped short of the art development of other nations. Whether this limitation be from some organic defect, or is merely a result of their neglect to study the human figure and master the difficulties of proportion seen in greatest perfection there, it is difficult to determine. Certain it is, they have never advanced so far. They have always been content to treat the human figure in a conventional style, not much in advance of the Egyptian rendering, and quite incompatible with good drawing.

ARCHITECTURE

Houses—Castles—Pagodas—Bridges

CHRISTOPHER DRESSER

THE two great facts now before us which concern our study of Japanese art are these,—Shinto, which has influenced the home of every Japanese for a long series of centuries, has stimulated the people to the most conscientious work; and Buddhism has created a love for all natural objects. These two influences will account for many of those qualities which characterize Japanese works, be they temples, objects of utility or ornaments.

Before we begin to consider Japanese architecture itself, we must look at one or two of those circumstances which have always modified the architecture of a nation, as the climate, the materials at command for the erection of edifices, and the wants which have consequently to be met by the production of a building.

Although Japan has a considerable rainfall, the rain is almost exclusively confined to one season of the year (about six weeks, between the end of April and the early part of June), and this wet period is followed by a continuance of wet weather.

This is a general statement, but the climate is by no

means the same throughout the whole of Japan. In the central portion cold is intense on some winter days, while the heat is great in summer; but the long and severe frosts of the north are unknown at the Satsuma end of the country.

The Japanese seek shelter from the rain, and they desire houses which give shade from the sun. They also require buildings which allow of the freest circulation of air. They are a hardy people, and can stand cold, and in the warmer season lead what is practically an outdoor life. At this period of the year, and indeed through most of the winter days, the window-like surroundings of their houses are removed, when all that remains is a roof supported on uprights.

But although a Japanese house is a building intended to afford shelter from rain and sun, the nature of the building is influenced by other causes. Japan is a land of earthquakes. And this brings us to one of the most singular facts connected with the structure of Japanese buildings; —a method adopted with the special view of insuring safety during these periods of the earth's vibration.

Japanese houses and temples are put together in a solid and simple manner, each work being complete in itself, and having an altogether independent existence. Thus a Japanese house is in no way built upon foundations, or fixed to the ground on which it rests. It stands upon a series of legs, and these legs usually rest on round-topped stones of such a height as will, during the rainy season, support

GATEWAY OF THE SHIBA TEMPLE, TOKIO.

the timber uprights above any water that may lie upon the ground.

I am aware that much damage has occurred through some of the severe earthquakes felt in Japanese cities; and one that passed across Yedo within the memory of living men caused great destruction of property and loss of life. I am confident that such calamities as these are due simply to the fact that the Japanese place tile roofs upon their houses, for these tiles can readily be shaken loose and are heavy and dangerous. The Japanese suffer much from fire, and it is probable that the dread of falling sparks led to the use of tiles instead of thatch about five hundred years since. Thatch in Japan is formed of straw, certain fibrous materials, or layers of the inner bark of a kind of cone-bearing tree. It looks well, but in warm weather is highly combustible. Some of the prettiest roofs that I have seen in Japan are formed of what I might describe as little wooden tiles.

Certainly there is but little danger of being injured from a shock if the building is of wood and the roof is of a material which is light and can be held securely in its place. Yet the Europeans in Tokio are encouraging the Japanese to build European houses with stones and bricks; and the Government offices are of these materials, while it is proposed that the new Mikado's palace be also of European character. To me, nothing could be more absurd than this departure from architectural custom which has had the sanction of ages; and the result of this incongruous inno-

vation will probably be a return to the native style of building after the occurrence of some dire calamity.

It may be argued that Japanese castles are built of stone; but it must be remembered that these are formed of vast blocks so arranged, one on the other, that each wall is of pyramidal shape, slanting from the base to the apex in the old Egyptian manner. These walls are also supported from within, and are tied together with timbers of great size; indeed it would almost be fair to say that the castle towers are wooden buildings of immense strength faced with slanting walls which consist of stones,—each stone being in some cases more than twenty feet in length.

A notable instance of the Japanese understanding of the conditions under which they exist occurs in the manner of giving security to pagodas. Pagodas are often of great height, yet many have existed for seven hundred years, and have withstood successfully the many vibrations of the ground, which must have inevitably achieved their overthrow had they been erections of stone or brick.

When I first ascended a pagoda I was struck with the amount of timber employed in its construction; and I could not help feeling that the material here wasted was even absurdly excessive. But what offended my feelings most was the presence of an enormous log of wood in the centre of the structure, which ascended from its base to its apex. At the top this mass of timber was nearly two feet in diameter, and lower down a log equally large was bolted to each of the four sides of this central mass. I was so

PAGODA AT ASAKUSA.

surprised to see this waste of timber that I called the attention of my good friend Sakata to the matter; and especially denounced the use of the centre block. To my astonishment he told me that the structure must be strong to support the vast central mass. In my ignorance I replied that the centre part was not supported by the sides, but upon reaching the top I found this monstrous central mass suspended, like the clapper of a bell; and when I descended I could, by lying on the ground, see that there was an inch of space intervening between it and the earth which formed the floor of the pagoda.

The pagoda is to a Buddhist temple what a spire is to a Christian church; and by its clever construction it is enabled to retain its vertical position even during the continuance of earthquake shocks: for by the swinging of this vast pendulum, the centre of gravity is kept within the base.

I now understood the reason for that lavish use of timber which I had so rashly pronounced to be useless; and I see that there is a method in Japanese construction which is worthy of high appreciation. In the absence of any other instance, the employment of this scientific method of keeping the pagoda upright shows how carefully the Japanese have thought out the requirements to be met.

In speaking of structure reference ought to be made to the bridges of Japan. These, some have said, prove that the Japanese have no true understanding of the principles of construction. To me it seems that we might as well

deny the existence of structural knowledge in England, because in certain parts of the country we find planks spanning rivers, and other ill contrived arrangements for the crossing of brooks, as deny to the Japanese a knowledge which they possess to a remarkable degree, because we find in their bridges instances of false construction.

Japanese bridges are of many kinds:—some are most primitive in character, others are of a complex nature; while some show an understanding of true structural qualities.

The most simple bridge—if bridge it may be called—used for the passage of rivers where there is but little traffic consists of two trunks of trees placed side by side, and having one extremity fixed at one side of the river, while the other, which reaches within jumping distance of the opposite side, is held in its position by a rope fastened to a peg at some little distance up the stream. But from this they advance through every conceivable degree of complexity.

There are bridges made of piles of fagots. There are bridges made of straight bamboos, resting on supports in the river so that the bridge is flat. There are others similarly formed only with the centre raised so that the bridge somewhat resembles an inverted V. There is also a bridge in Japan formed of stout planks, which rest on the decapitated branching tops of two large trees. There are bridges supported by a complicated system of bracketing; there are others consisting of semicircular arches; while in Kioto we find what is called the "spectacle bridge,"—a

SPECTACLE BRIDGE, KIOTO.

bridge with two circular openings through which the water flows. But what has caused Europeans to regard the Japanese as devoid of a knowledge of structure is the fact that some of the bridges which have the arch form are yet propped by supports. As these supports come in contact with the under surface of the arch, such bridges reveal no understanding of structural qualities. So far as I have seen, these curved and yet supported bridges are invariably formed of wood; hence they differ widely from arched structures formed of stone. Yet if Japan contains many illustrations of false structure, these do not prove that Japan does not possess men who have perfect understanding of true structural principles.

The Japanese have never been great engineers, but they have, undoubtedly been great architects. Architecture involves a knowledge of structure, but engineering does not necessarily involve any knowledge of the beautiful, as we so often discover to our dismay in England. A man may be able to construct an edifice so that it will stand securely, but he may be altogether unable to erect a beautiful building. No one could look upon either the great temples of Shiba or of Nikko without feeling that the architect of these glorious buildings understood perfectly the principles both of construction and beauty.

PAINTING

WILLIAM ANDERSON

JAPANESE pictorial art in its main principles of style and technique must be regarded as a scion of the more ancient art of China, in which the characters of the parent stock have been varied by native grafts. In its motives, it claims a share of originality at least equal to that of any art extant; in the range and excellence of its decorative applications it takes perhaps the first place in the world; but in the qualities of scientific completeness it falls much below the standard of modern Europe.

Regarded as a whole, it is an art of great potentiality, but incomplete development. It displays remarkable beauties and obvious faults; but while the latter are pardonable and remediable effects of a mistaken reverence for the traditional conventions, the former demonstrate the existence of qualities that mere academical teaching could never supply.

To differentiate the principal characters of the leading schools, it may be said that of the older, the Buddhist is the most ancient, the most strictly traditional, the most ornate, but in certain examples the noblest and most impressive; the Chinese school, with the Sesshien and Kano branches, displays the greatest caligraphic power, but the least inven-

KAKEMONO, BY HOKUSAI, REPRESENTING OFUKU THROWING BEANS AT A DEMON; PAINTED ABOUT 1800.

tion, and the Yamato Tosa is the most national in style and motive, but the least forcible. Of the later schools, the Korin is the most purely and boldly decorative; the Shijo the most natural and graceful; and the Ukiyo-yé the most original and versatile, but the least cultivated. The four latter, with the Toba-yé caricatures, represent the native, the first four the "classical" phases of the art. European pictorial art, hitherto imperfectly understood, has exercised little appreciable influence over that of Japan, except in some of the popular book illustrations, and a few very modern pictures, and has, so far, weakened the national characteristics of the work without advancing its scientific ideal.

The typical Japanese artist is a caligraphist and impressionist. As an impressionist he fairly claims the right to represent no more of his subject than he considers sufficient to convey his meaning, and seeks rather to awaken ideas by suggestion than to explain them by elaboration of detail; but he does not care to admit that all he elects to reproduce should be true, or at any rate free from obvious falsity. Those who are most inclined to admit his main principle would find it hard to offer an excuse for placing a front view of the eye upon a profile, for caricaturing the muscles of an athlete by misplaced and misshapen slabs of flesh, for introducing the light of day into a night scene, or for wilfully ignoring the facts of *chiaroscuro* in the optical phenomena of perspective; but in all these vagaries and many others the painter indulges himself hardily and habitually. His work is not a lie, for he does not deceive him-

self or others; but it is weak in accepting an inefficient sham when the reality is within his reach. He sacrifices the substance of nature for its hazy and distorted reflection in the mirror of conventionality, and is tempted to veil by a fatal facility of brush the defects of interpretation which a more complete "finish" would only throw into disagreeable prominence.

Regarding the art from a caligraphic standpoint, we must grant that the leaders of the schools of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, and some of their predecessors, attained the extreme limits of excellence; yet we must recognize at the same time that they were neither the originators nor the sole representatives of their style. As art caligraphists, they were only the pupils of the Chinese masters of the T'ang, Sung, and Yuen dynasties, and could not—in fact did not—claim to have surpassed their instructors; but even were they without precursors or rivals in this direction, the comparative value of a caligraphic basis for pictorial art remains open to discussion. The Chinese or Japanese painter can undoubtedly stamp his work with an unmistakable impress of mental culture and artistic feeling, but he can give expression to all this as clearly—for his countrymen at least—in a line of writing as in a portrait of a Buddhist god. We may, perhaps, accept writing, especially that of China, as a branch of art; but the Japanese teaching in the past tended to reduce painting to the contracted dimensions of a branch of caligraphy.

On the other hand, the Japanese painter has endowments which leave a heavy balance in his favour—a large share of that quality in art which, for want of a better name, may be called "power"; a perfect appreciation of harmony in colour; an instinctive sense of effectiveness and propriety in composition; unequalled command of pencil; a ready and fertile invention; and, when he is disposed to exercise it, a keen and intelligent gift of observation.

This ancient phase of pictorial art is destined to pass away, and already its images, overlapped by those of a new ideal, betray all the confusion of the change in a dissolving view; but it will leave indelible traces on that which is to replace it, and it must always possess a powerful attraction for the student, not only as matter for an important and interesting section of art history, but as a record of the mental, moral and social characteristics of the people and castes by whom it was nourished and in some degree created.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN

AUGUSTUS W. FRANKS

JAPANESE writers refer the origin of the making of pottery to a remote period, anterior to B. C. 600, their date for the commencement of real history in Japan. Vases are found in ancient tombs, and from their sometimes containing claw-like ornaments in hard stone, they are known as *magatama tsubo*, or "precious jewel vases." They are probably the remains of a race which preceded the existing Japanese, though perhaps to a certain extent merged in it—a race connected with the Ainos, and who are known to have occupied, even in historic times, the northern part of the main island. The pottery is coarsely made, and resembles somewhat the early pottery of Europe. Some of the specimens, however, have a considerable affinity to vessels discovered in North America, the exact age of which is not settled.

During the first two centuries of our era Korean potters came to Japan, and no doubt introduced some improvements; one of the greatest, however, was due to native talent, being the introduction of the potters' wheel by Giyogi, a native of the province of Idzumi. In the early part of the reign of the Emperor Suinin, B. C. 27, the followers of the Korean prince, Amano Hiboko, settled at

Hasama, province of Omi, where they manufactured a kind of pottery somewhat harder than that previously made. After the successful invasion of Korea by the Japanese Empress Jingo, in A. D. 200, several Koreans settled in Japan, and made pottery. In 463, some Japanese princes introduced from Petsi a number of colonists, among whom were some potters; but these were stated to have belonged to a Chinese corporation established in Korea. Koreans were likewise concerned in establishing the factory at Karatsu (Hizen) at the end of the Seventh Century, the Raku fabric at Kioto, about 1550, another at Seto about 1590, and, somewhat later, one at Hagi. The principal fabric, however, which they had to do with is the well-known one of Satsuma, where the kilns were built on Korean models, and the potters formed a class apart, not being allowed to marry out of their own community. Excepting, however, the Satsuma ware, the Koreans do not appear to have introduced any pottery of remarkable excellence.

The Chinese influence produced more important results. In 1223, Kato Shirozayemon, better known as Toshiro, returned from China, where he had been to study the art of making pottery. He settled at Seto (Owari) and made a glazed stoneware, employing for the earlier specimens Chinese clay.

For the manufacture of porcelain the Japanese are also indebted to the Chinese, though this was not introduced till the Sixteenth Century. In 1513, Gorodayu Shonsui

of Isé returned from China and settled in the province o Hizen. The porcelain which he made was chiefly on the Chinese models, and only ornamented with blue painting. The various porcelain factories of Hizen seem to have been established on the principle introduced by him. In 1799, there were no less than eighteen factories in the neighbourhood of Imari in that province. Two of them, Okawaji and Mikawaji, did not make their wares for sale, being the private factories of the princes of Saga and Hirato respectively. Of the factories producing porcelain for sale, it is stated that only one decorated its wares with colours and gilding, and from it must have proceeded the great quantity of porcelain known to us under the name of "Old Japan." This was first made in 1641 for exportation to China, probably to supply the Portuguese market at Macao, and afterwards exported by the Dutch to all parts of Europe. It would be very interesting to know whence was derived the peculiar style of decoration, which is evidently not borrowed from the Chinese. The sets of vases would be useless in a Japanese house, there being no place on which they could be stood; and their rarity in that country is shown by their being seldom now received, and by the high prices which are asked for them.

We have spoken of the pottery of Seto, but its porcelain has considerable merit, and though the factory is of more recent origin than those of Hizen, it has oddly enough given its name to porcelain, which is often known in Japan as *Setomono*, or Seto ware.

VASES OF OWARI PORCELAIN.

The Kutani factory was founded in the Seventeenth Century by Tamura Gonzayemon, and was improved by Goto Saijiro, who had studied porcelain-making in Hizen. Its earlier productions are a coarse kind of porcelain, decorated in strong colours; but, later, this gave way to the well-known red decoration, familiar to us under the name of Kaga, chiefly used on a fine yellow pottery.

The Satsuma ware, so much esteemed by European collectors, was made at first in small quantities for the use of the Prince of Satsuma and his friends. The decoration in colours was not introduced till the end of the last century. Most of the specimens sold as old Satsuma have been made at Ota and Awata in recent times.

The various wares made at Kioto, by Ninsei and his followers, Kenzan and others, are remarkable for their quaint and fanciful forms, owing, no doubt, to their being made at the city in which the Mikado resided, and for the use of his courtiers.

The ceramic wares of Japan exhibit great differences in their composition, texture and appearance, but may be roughly classed under three principal heads: (1) common pottery and stoneware, generally ornamented simply by scoring and glazing the surface; (2) a cream-coloured faïence, with a glaze, often crackled, and delicately painted in colours; (3) hard porcelain. To the first of these classes belong the wares of Bizen, old Seto, Shigaraki, and other small fabrics, including the Raku wares.

The principal factories of the second class are Awata,

Satsuma, and the recent imitations of the latter at Ota and elsewhere.

Among the porcelain the coarsest is that made at Kutani, but the most celebrated fabrics are in the province of Hizen, at Seto in Owari, and Kiyomidzu near Kioto.

We have already mentioned the vases used in the tea-ceremony: the furnace, water-vessel, jar to hold the powdered tea, pan for ashes, and tea-bowl (see page 285). We next come to vessels employed in incense-burning, which, as we have seen, forms part of the tea-ceremony, but was likewise a favourite pastime among the Japanese nobles of old times. The game consisted in guessing the name of the perfume which was being burnt, with the usual forfeits, etc. We find here incense boxes (*kogo*) of the most varied forms, generally small in size. The incense-burner (*koro*) varies also considerably, sometimes taking the forms of men, animals, or birds. The lower part of the vessel was filled with a fine white ash, on which a piece of lighted charcoal was placed, and again upon this the incense. This arrangement will account for few of the incense-burners showing any marks of fire on the lower part, though plentiful traces of smoke may be observed on their lids and elsewhere.

The only vessel connected with tobacco-smoking which is made in pottery is the fire-holder, from which the smoker lights his pipe. The vessel is generally of small size, and cylindrical in form, to fit into the lacquer smoking-box in which the Japanese keep all their apparatus for smoking.

For keeping the hands warm a small earthenware brazier (*shiu-ro*) was used, somewhat pear-shaped in form, with an opening on one side. This vessel is sometimes very quaintly shaped.

The objects for use at the writing-table consist of small ornamental screens, used also as paper-weights, vases for washing the brushes or pencils used in writing, vases for holding them, and small closed vessels for supplying water to the inkstand. These are very various in form, but all have a diminutive spout to allow the water to issue, drop by drop, and a small hole on which to place the finger to regulate the flow.

The vases for *saké* drinking are chiefly bottles, either square, round, or polygonal, and jugs with spouts something like kettles, or tea-pots. The *saké* is generally drunk out of small porcelain cups, sometimes graduated in size.

The tea-pots (*dobin*) are generally of two forms—one like the ordinary European vessel, the other (*kiu-su*) with a hollow handle at right angles to the spout. The latter was first introduced in the Fifteenth Century. The cups are of the ordinary form, but without handles; a saucer, when there is one, serves only as a stand for the cup. At their meals plates and dishes are used, but chiefly of the saucer shape, the flat edge being made only to suit European habits. Small bowls are used for eating rice, an invariable feature of a Japanese meal, but the rice is served in a large wooden or lacquer bowl. Bowls to contain cake may be found of varied and elegant forms. Small saucers are used

to hold comfits. Coarse pottery is naturally employed for all kinds of kitchen uses, gardening and agriculture, among others for steeping rice and other grains.

In ornamental pieces we find a number of figures, both of men and animals. The flower-vases form a large class. As in China so in Japan, the people have a great admiration for flowers. Their nosegays, however, are very different from ours—a picturesque disposition of a piece of old fir-tree and one or two other plants being the end to be attained. It is scarcely necessary to describe the ordinary flower-vases (*hana-ike*); but one class, the hanging flower-vases attached to the beam of the room, deserve notice from their quaint and fantastic character. The most varied forms are sought for—a bunch of wistaria (fuji), an old pine cone, a section of bamboo, a gourd, a firefly, a swallow beating as it were against the wall, are designs that may be found in these vases. It is a question whether what we are pleased to call decorative vases belong to the proper native Japanese taste; they are either copies of Chinese originals or made for the European market. Such objects would be quite out of place in a Japanese interior. Moreover, pairs of vases would be quite contrary to Japanese fancy, which abhors symmetry.

On Chinese porcelain the marks chiefly consist of a date, the names of the halls at which it was made, inscriptions commending the specimens, or ornamental devices, none of which throw any light on the locality of the manufacture. The Japanese marks are far more instructive. Dates in-

deed are less frequent than with the Chinese, but we occasionally find the Japanese *nengo*, which like the Chinese *nien-hao*, is an arbitrary name given to the reign, or a portion of the reign, of an emperor. We frequently find the name of places at which the wares were made, or sometimes the names by which they are known, for instance, Asahi, Minato, etc. The most common mark, however, on Japanese wares, is the name of the potter.

SCULPTURE AND CARVING

MARCUS B. HUISH

SCULPTURE in Japan originated in the service of religion, and the only examples of any size which come under our notice in this country, are those which partake of this character. Principal among these are shrines and figures of deities. Few date back beyond the Sixteenth Century.

The images of deities are for the most part of the Seventeenth Century, as in 1614, an edict was issued by Hidétada that every house should contain one, and this must have given a considerable impetus to their creation, for the mere force of example would probably induce the majority of believers to discard their old idol for a new one. Many of the shrine cases, too, in which they are enclosed testify by their metal ornamentation to the hands of the Gotos, living at that time, having been employed upon them.

This compulsory edict may have been indirectly the cause of the *netsuké* taking its present shape. In this wise: it was the introduction of tobacco, some time in the Sixteenth Century, which called it into existence. The edict shortly afterwards also created a numerous body of crafts-

men, whose business it was to furnish every family with a carving in miniature of a deified figure.

There is no section of Japanese Art which succeeds in attracting the attention of everybody who is brought into contact with it, so much as that which is comprised under the heading of *netsuké* carvings. Enthusiasts have gone so far as to compare them to the Tanagra figures of Greek origin. Until very recently a *netsuké* was a term which included, in the minds of all foreigners, every carving below a certain size, and it is only a comparatively small class who now know the contrary. In reality, a *netsuké* is a toggle affixed by a cord to the tobacco pouch, or the pipe or the *inro*,[1] to prevent it from slipping through the sash or waistband. In early times it probably had little, if any, ornamentation, but gradually, as it was one of the few articles upon a Japanese's dress which admitted of it, ornamentation was added. But so long as it was used as a toggle it never lost its original idea, or its form; so that whenever we see a *netsuké* without compactness, or with extraneous excrescences which would catch the folds of the dress, or break off, it may be taken for certain that it is of modern date and has been made for the outside market.

Netsukés are made of wood, or lacquered wood, elephant or walrus ivory, boars' tusks or teeth of animals, vegetable ivory, horns of stags, antelopes, and oxen (the latter sometimes compressed), fishbone, walnut or other shells, jade,

[1] Medicine-case or seal-box, a nest of small compartments, suspended from the girdle of the *Samurai*.

metal, porcelain, amber, onyx, coral and crystal. The oldest are those of wood; ivory was only imported in any quantity in the Eighteenth Century, and it is singular that whilst those made from this material are almost always inferior to those carved from wood, they hold the pride of place in the estimation of the majority of collectors. The wood used, which is generally the core of the cherry-tree is softer, more subtle, and less liable to splinter than ivory, and whereas the latter usually fails with age, the wood hardens and acquires a patina of a rich warm hue. Ivories are subjected to soaking in coffee and all sorts of mixtures to make them assume an antique appearance.

The ancient city of Nara, probably owing to its being a place replete with temples, was for centuries celebrated for its wood-carvers, and it was here that many of the most notable *netsuké*-makers lived. Osaka was also the head-quarters of a large number, as was Kioto.

Those makers whose works are most sought after are, Shiuzan, Miwa, Ikkan, Masanao, Tomotada, Tadatoshi, Demé-Uman and Demé-Joman, Minko, Tomochika, Kokei. Shiuzan lived at Nara towards the close of the Seventeenth Century. Authentic examples of his work are very rare, and very few, if any, of those which bear his name are genuine. The signature of Shiuzan is affixed to a number of brightly coloured figurines which do not pretend to be of ancient date, and also to others from which time has almost erased the traces of colouring in a style which was affected by the master.

CARVED IVORY GROUP, BY MEI-GIOKU BUTSU, REPRESENTING THE FAMOUS ARCHER TAMÉTOMO AND HIS SWORD-BEARER.

The Miwa family came from Yedo. The *netsukés* of the first maker of this name are held in high esteem and are of great rarity, and it is probably also the case with his *netsukés*, that few of those which pass current as his are actually so. M. Gonse can only count with certainty six in Paris. He considers that it is impossible to compress into the space more grandeur of style and knowledge of drawing than is to be found in the works of this master. It is said that Miwa sometimes coloured his *netsukés*, but of this there is little evidence; his subjects were invariably figures.

There is a class of ivory *netsukés* about which little is known, even by such experts as Mr. Gilbertson. I refer to the tall archaic stiff oddly-dressed figures from three to six inches high, invariably of ivory, much worn both as to the noses and any projecting surfaces. None of the old and very few of the modern ones are signed. The former very often represent the figure of a Sennin[1] with a toad on his shoulder or head, or else a figure clad in what I believe to be Dutch costume. They have evidently served for something heavier than an *inro* or pouch, possibly a metal pipe. Mr. Gilbertson considers that from their large size and the material employed they were neither cheap nor common in Japan. They frequently appear in miscellaneous lots, and every collection should contain a representative specimen.

There are certain names which are identified with the portrayal of animals, and many of them have produced works which leave nothing to be desired. Amongst them

[1] Supernatural being.

Ikkan was noted for his rats, Masanao for fowls and rats, Masatami for his rabbits, Tomotada for his oxen, Tadatoshi for snails, and Tamétaka for wild boars. Sokwa Héi-shiro worked at flowers and grasses in baskets.

Those who excelled in figures were Minkoku, Sensaï and Masanao, and in groups Nobuyuki. As Mr. Anderson has so well expressed: "The designs of the *netsuké-carvers* embrace the whole range of Japanese motives, and the artist tells his story with the utmost lucidity. Nothing is safe from his humour except, perhaps, the official powers that be, of whom the Japanese citizen has a salutary dread. Religion, history, folk-lore, novels, incidents of daily life, all provide material for his tools, and his subjects are mostly treated in a comic or even flippant vein. The pious Dharma, or Daruma, aroused from his nine years' motionless contemplation by the attentions of an obtrusive rat who ventures to nibble the saintly ear, is made to assume an expression suggestive of the strongest equivalent for swearing of which we may suppose a good Buddhist to be capable. The Thunder God is seen extracting the storm-cloud from the basket that gives it stowage room in idle days of sunshine. An inquisitive bird has unwarily inserted his long beak between the valves of a giant clam, whose gaping shell had invited the incautious search after the unknown, and now, with straining thighs and flapping wings, struggles vainly to regain his liberty. An expectant domestic party surround a fish-kettle, while the head of the family triumphantly extracts a carp of tempting proportions,

but the averted heads, disgusted faces, and finger-tweaked noses of the hungry group, eloquently proclaim the central idea of Buddhism—the impermanency of all things and the vanity of human wishes. Such examples might be multiplied without end."

It is this variety of subject which gives so great an interest to the collection of these *bibelots*, and which usually leads to their selection more for the incident they illustrate than for the master who made them.

The *netsuké-makers* also occupied themselves with the manufacture of toys for the amusement apparently of the Japanese elder folk. These consisted of tiny figures (*bina*) carved in wood, dressed in brocade, and with a rounded bottom weighted with lead which necessitated their retaining their equilibrium.

There are few people who have examined even casually any collection of Japanese wares, be it only in a curio-dealer's window, but must have been struck by the frequent introduction of masks into Japanese Art. Either it is the original masks themselves, or copies of them, or some representation wherein personages old and young are figured as wearing them.

The usage of the mask in the theatre is another of the many features which connect Japan with Greece. The custom arose from the desire to accentuate either the tragic or the comic expression. In Japan, as M. Gonse shows (*L'Art Japonais*), they can be traced back as far as the Ninth Century, and he gives an illustration of one which

dates from the Twelfth. They were first used for performances called Kagura, which were of a semi-religious character, but in later centuries for theatrical and court usages also, the performances or dances taking the names of Bu-gaku and No. They have fallen into desuetude since the Seventeenth Century.

LACQUER

ERNEST HART

IT has been said that art works in lacquer are the most perfect objects which ever issued from the hand of man. At the very least they are the most delicate. Their fabrication has been for long centuries, and still is, the glory of the Japanese. It is a national industry which belongs exclusively to them, and for which they owe nothing to any one. The singularity of the processes, the finish of the handiwork, the beauty and precious nature of the material, make it a thing apart in the artistic manifestations of the Far East. Among artists and connoisseurs, the lacs of old Japan enjoy universal celebrity; they are the most delicate treasures which adorn the cabinets and enchant the eye of the collector. No one who is at all familiar with the study of the lacs of old Japan, or with the finest productions of modern artists of the last ten years, will be inclined to gainsay this eulogistic dictum. Its first uses were those of everyday utility. According to the Japanese annals, there lived in the reign of the Emperor Koan, who came to the throne in 392 B. C., a certain Sammi, Mitsumi-no Sukune, who founded a school of lacquer artists called *Nuribe*, or *Urushibe*. At this time, however, and for long after, the lac products do not appear to have had

an ornamental character, and the introduction of colour was unknown. According to Ma Twan-Lin, a Chinese authority, who wrote in the Thirteenth Century a valuable book on the ethnography of races foreign to China, and who quotes the reports of an embassy sent in the Sixth Century from Japan to China, the Japanese of that day were a people backward in art; but, he specially notices, they wore jacket-petticoats as their garments, and carried bows with bone-pointed arrows, and cuirasses of *lacquered leather*. Incidentally he mentions that they had then no written alphabet, but engraved certain marks on wood, and used knotted cords for the like purpose. It was at this period that they began to study the religious system of China, and to learn from her various literary and artistic methods. In lacquer, however, the Japanese had nothing to learn from the Chinese; on the contrary, we read in the annals of Goshiro that presents of lac, which were sent from Japan to China by the Emperor Hanozono, by the hands of the priest Atsu, in the year 1308, were so much admired that a party of Chinese were sent to Japan, there to study lacquer. Meantime great progress had been made. During all the earlier periods of Japanese history lacquer was specially appreciated for its durability and its applicability to the purposes of daily use. In the temple of Todaiji at Nara, lacquer boxes containing the manuscript prayer-books are preserved, which are alleged to date from the Third Century. In the year 380 the Sadaijin Shihei published a book called *Engishiki*, in which he inciden-

tally mentions red lacs and gold lacs, which would indicate an advanced stage in this industry. Eighty years later an official, named Minamoto-no Juin, in a work entitled *Utsubo Monogatari*, speaks not only of gold lac, but of the gold-powdered lacs, of which I shall have to say more presently, known to the Japanese as *Nashiji*, or yellow pear-skin lacs. He gives no names, nor does he indicate the seat of production; but he states that these lacs were manufactured by renowned artisans. In the famous book, *Genji Monogatari*, by the celebrated female writer, Murasaki Shikibu, she speaks of a new kind of lac encrusted with mother-of-pearl, the kind of lac known as Raden, showing that already, in her time, there was considerable wealth and variety in the decoration of lac. We read that, in the Seventh Century, the Emperor Kotoku, who came to the throne in the year 645, took a keen interest in the art of lacquer, and established a special department for its development, under which were placed the chief artists of repute at that time; the production of inferior makes of lac being at the same time prohibited by official order. Incidentally it is mentioned, and may be noted as an example of the then use of lacquer, that it was ordered at this time that coffins should be sealed at the angles with a threefold coat of lacquer, to give them strength and durability. Cabinets of red lacquer, that is lacquer mixed with vermilion, are specially mentioned as having been manufactured to the order of the Emperor Temmu, who came to the throne in the year 673 A. D.

The oldest existing lac-work is said to be a sword of the Emperor Shomu 724 A. D., which is described in a letter addressed by the Empress Koken to the conservators of the Todaiji temple in the eighth year of Tempio (736). The scabbard of this sword is of black lac, with a flower design worked in gold dust, and again covered with layers of polished black lac. In the same temple was preserved the sword of Hiomon, with similar designs of flowers, grasses and animals.

In the thirteenth year of Enriaku (794), the Emperor Kammu built a palace in Kioto, and removed the capital from Nara to Kioto. Owing to the long-continued peace after this event the people began to give more attention to fine art, and swords with scabbards highly decorated came into general use.

In the second year of Kasho (849), among the presents given to the Emperor Nimmio, on the occasion of his fortieth birthday, there was much valuable black lac called *Hyomon-no-Zushi*, after the design of Hyomon. *Hyomon* is now known as the art of polishing lac with a mirror-like smoothness of surface, after the encrusted designs of gold and silver have been put on the lower layers.

During the period Tenriaku (947–957), the fashion of decoration of apartments of the nobles with lacs was introduced.

In the period of Kwanna (985 to 986), a new style of *Makiye*, especially ordered by the Emperor, was introduced, and called *Okiguchi*. This consisted in binding the

FOUR BOXES OF LACQUER.

edges of the lacquer articles either with silver, tin, or lead.

In the second year of Eiyen (988), a priestly artist, Chonen, was sent to the Chinese Court to present gifts of lacquer of his own work to the Emperor of China. The work was of a very high order.

At the time of the Emperor, Horikawa (1087), a temple called Chusonji was built in the province of Mutsu, and was highly decorated with gold-powdered lac and encrustations of mother-of-pearl. This temple is even now extant and in good condition. The province of Mutsu is now known under the name of the province of Rikuzen.

In the era of the Emperor Konoe (1142), the whole furniture of the Palace of the Emperor was made in a new style of lac, *nashiji nuri*. This was richly encrusted with gold, mother-of-pearl, and various coloured stones, called the stones of five colours, specimens of which are preserved now in the collections of a nobleman, Doi.

During the period of the Emperor Takakura (1169), the new fashion of decorating the *kuruma*, or carriages of nobles, with *hyomon bun* lac, was introduced. These carriages were, therefore, called *Hyomon-no Kuruma*.

On the fiftieth birthday of the Emperor Horikawa (1129), two celebrated artists of that time, Norisuye and Kiohara no Sadayasu were invited to the imperial banquet. This was recognized by the public to be a great honour.

From this date the most distinguished of many lacquer

artists might be named—Shosakan Kino Sukemasa, Nakahara Suyetsune, Kiohara Sadamitsu, etc.

The productions of lac during the era of the Emperor Gotoba (1186), are well preserved in the temple of Hatchiman at Kamakura, where also are seen the sword, quiver, and other objects belonging to Yoritomo. The decoration of much of this lacquer was either with birds or chrysanthemums, encrusted with mother-of-pearl.

In the fourth year of Showa (1315), the temple of Hiyoshi, in the province of Omi, was built, and decorated in lac by the following distinguished artists—Kiyomitsu, Morichika, Moriuji, Yoshinaga, Tomoshige, Tomonaga, Kunitomo, Morihiro.

At the time of the Emperor Go Hanazono (1429), many students from China came to study lacquer work in Japan.

In the period Kokoku (1339–1345), experts arose who classified lac according to the periods of its production. About this date also a change was introduced in the schools of design. Up to this date the designs had been chiefly either birds or flowers; but now there were introduced landscape designs, temples, and human figures. The most distinguished artist of this period was Igarashi.

During the period Kwanei (1624–1644), a new temple was built, Zojoji, in Yedo, now called Tokio, by the Governor or Prime Minister of the Tokugawa Shogun Iyemitsu. In this temple the pagoda, decorated with *makiye* (height ten feet, breadth six or seven feet, and of octagonal form), was considered by the public as the masterpiece of the age.

Among the most flourishing artists of the age were Motobumi, Koma Kiuhaku, Kajikawa Kiujiro, of Yedo; and Yamamoto Shunsho, of Kioto. The execution of lacquer work in the period Genroku (1688–1704), was considered to approach the highest possible perfection. The production of this age was specially called Jidai *makiye*.

On the occasion of the International Exhibition in Vienna (1873), the Japanese Government sent out a number of articles for exhibition, among which was a *kendai* (bookstand used by Daimyo), made in the Genroku period, which was considered a most perfect work. After the exhibition the French mail steamer, loaded with all the articles exhibited by the Japanese Government, sank on its way to Japan, near Cape Idzu. After a lapse of eighteen months the articles were brought up from the sea. On examination the lac proved to be unchanged in colour, showing the most durable and skilful work of that period.

In the sixth year of Eisho (1051) the Hohodo or Phœnix Hall of the temple Byodo-in, was built in the town of Uji, in the province of Yamashiro, and the whole of the ceiling was encrusted with mother-of-pearl lacquer. This is preserved at the present time, and is highly valued as an artistic monument. Another temple, called Chusonji, in the village of Hirardzumi, in the province of Mutsu, which is now the province of Rikuzen, was built during the era of the Emperor Horikawa (1087), which is also preserved in good condition at the present time, and considered to be a good specimen of temple decoration with

the powdered gold lac *Nashiji*, and mother-of-pearl encrustation.

In the period Keicho (1596–1614) *Inro*, decorated with lacquer and encrusted with *Raden* came into vogue. Kioto, Osaka, Yedo and Nagasaki produced the most artistic work of this character.

Chinkin-bori, or Chinkin lacquer is produced by incising the black lacquer in various patterns, and then coating the incised surface with gold powder. Its origin is unknown. Some say it was introduced from China, but this is uncertain.

During the period Kioho (1716–1736), Nagasaki was well known for the production of *Chinkin*, and a doctor called Ninomiya, who lived in Yedo during the period Kwansei (1789–1801), was especially skilled in this art. It is stated that he used the teeth of mice instead of the ordinary graver for producing very delicate incised work. His tools and materials are still preserved. Among his productions is a peacock standing on a rock, which is considered one of his greatest works. The art is now practised in the island of Wajima, in the province of Noto.

Tsuishu was first introduced by the lacquer artist Monyiu, who lived in Kioto during the reign of the Emperor Go-Tsuchi-Mikado (1465). It was an imitation of Chinese work. It is stated in the *Kogeishiro* that he introduced, in addition to the Chinese methods, the practice of coating the objects to be decorated with layers

of different coloured lacs, chiefly red, green, and black, and carving them deeply in oblique lines, so as to show the different layers of lac of which the whole is made up. This is known as Guri *Lac*, and when the carving is very shallow it is called *Hashika-bori*.

Tsuishu is still produced in Kioto, Nagasaki and Yedo.

Vermilion-lacquered dinner sets were considered more aristocratic and ceremonious than black-lacquered ones, and were used for public banquets, etc. This custom still prevails at the present time to a great extent. Black-lacquered articles were, however, also used on public occasions, but chiefly when the guests were inferior in rank to the host.

In 1545, the celebrated general called Takeda Shingen, during his campaign against the celebrated General Uyesugi Kenshin, caused those soldiers who proved brave in the field to dine off red-lacquered sets, and those who were not brave off black-lacquered ones, in order to encourage the courageous.

When, in 1175, the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa held a banquet on the occasion of his Jubilee, the celebrated lacquer artists of Kioto, among whom were Sadayasu and Norisuye, had the distinction of being invited to the banquet. This was considered at that time a great honour for an artist, and it can therefore be imagined that the art was recognized as a very important and refined one, and that it attracted great attention at that time.

When Yoritomo established his Government at Kamakura, about 700 years ago, that town became very populous

and important, being second only to Kioto; and consequently a great many lacquer artists went to settle there. Among the artists there was one who invented the process of carving the ground of articles, and covering it with coloured lac; this was termed *Kamakura-bori*, or Kamakura carving. An artist of Nagoya, called Tosuke, invented a process of covering china with gold-lacquered pictures, and this kind of work was called after his name. When in 1858 the Shogun, Tokugawa Iyesada, signed a treaty with several countries in Europe, and established commerce with European nations, European ideas and methods were adopted in making lac, and such things as tables and chairs were made for the first time.

Since the Meiji era, that is since the Restoration, the Government has greatly encouraged the art.

At the present time Yamato, Ise, Mikawa, Kai, Hitachi, Hida, Shinano, Kotsuke, Shimotsuke, Iwashiro, Rikuzen, Uzen, Tango, Tajima, Inaba, Kü are the provinces where the lacquer trees are specially cultivated; and Tokio, Kioto, Osaka, Noto, Shimotsuke, Rikuzen, Rikuchu, Iwaki, Iwashiro, Mutsu, Ugo, Hitachi, Suruga, Owari, Omi, Ise, Yamato, Idzumi, Wakasa, Tajima, Etchu, Kaga, Sanuki, Hizen, Kü are the cities and provinces where the lacquer industry is most celebrated.

Generally, lacquered articles are called after the process followed, or after the name of the place where they are made, or after the name of the artist.

LITERATURE

W. G. ASTON

THE same spirit which pervades other classical literatures animates that of Japan, viz., a refined common sense and good taste, which rejects all extravagance, and aims rather at the fit expression of what is felt and known by all, than at startling, horrifying, or instructing the reader.

A literature of this kind does not spring up all at once out of nothing. Its existence implies that some necessary conditions have been previously fulfilled. A certain degree of political stability is a *sine quâ non*, as well as some progress in the arts and in material civilization, together with a sufficient previous literary culture, based on the study of native or foreign models. Not until these conditions have been for some time realized, is it possible to have a classical literature. Let me enumerate briefly the principal events which prepared the way in Japan, for this development.

The next important was the introduction, early in the Fifth Century, of a knowledge of the Chinese character and of the study of Chinese literature. At first the Japanese did not attempt to write their own language. Their

earliest literary experiments were in Chinese. It was not until the Eighth Century that they began to compose books in the native tongue. Buddhism was introduced soon after writing, but it did not become generally practised until the Seventh Century. Its influence is traceable in the humane and gentle character of the classical literature.

The principal political event which paved the way for a more general literary culture was the establishment of the Mikado's capital at Nara towards the end of the Seventh Century. Previous to this time, every Mikado had built a new palace and founded himself a capital in a fresh locality —a custom which was plainly a serious obstacle to progress of any kind. During the Eighth Century, however, the authority of the sovereign was extended so as to embrace a far larger portion of the nation, wealth increased, and great progress in the useful and fine arts followed. Architecture in particular, made rapid advances.

The impulse which urged the Japanese nation at this period towards a higher civilization came from abroad. The political ideas embodied in the Imperial theory, which has lasted to this day, came from China. The same is true of their literature. That it owed much to China is indisputable. Their obligations to the older classical Chinese literature are well known, and it seems probable that more is due to the study of the writings of the Tang Dynasty than has yet been acknowledged. One author of this period, a poet named Hakuraku (Peh Kŭ-yeh 772–846), we know to have been a favourite with the Japanese

in the Tenth Century. But there is comparatively little outward appearance of Chinese influences. The Chinese words in the language at this time were few, and allusions to Chinese history and literature rare, in comparison with later times. Whatever was borrowed was passed through the alembic of the native genius, and came out transformed into something genuinely Japanese.

The classical age of Japanese literature extends, roughly speaking, over a period of five hundred years, comprising the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries of our era. The first section of it (the Nara Period) begins with the establishment of the Mikado's Court on a more permanent basis at Nara, a beautiful spot in the province of Yamato.

The Nara Period corresponds pretty closely to our Eighth Century. The prose of this earlier section of the classical period may be passed over without notice. It is not classical in character, nor considerable in point of quantity. It is for its poetry, which has been collected in the well-known anthology—the *Manyoshiu*—that the Nara age is famous. The *Manyoshiu* is an extensive work. It consists of several thousand pieces, most of which are in the metre known as *Tanka*, or short poems, the remainder being chiefly what are called *Naga-uta*, or long poems. There are no epics, no drama, hardly any ballad or narrative poems, no political satires, and scarce anything didactic or religious. Nearly all are lyrical, such as elegies, courtly effusions, sententious or sentimental stanzas,

praise of wine or beauty. Little poems on the moon, flowers, the song of birds, the varying aspects of nature are very numerous, and testify to the gentle disposition and refined culture of the authors.

One important characteristic of this epoch must not be forgotten. The women at this time shared in the mental culture of the stronger sex, and a large and important part of the classical literature of Japan is from their pens. Several poetesses appear in the pages of the *Manyoshiu*, while in the prose literature of the Heian Period—the most perfect of its kind that Japan has produced—the two chief names are those of women. This is a very remarkable fact, more especially when we compare with it the other great period of Japanese literature, viz., that of the Tokugawa Shogunate, which was written exclusively by men. The reason of this is to be sought in the different social position of women in the classical times of Japanese literature from what it afterwards became under Chinese influences.

It may be noted as a favourable symptom of the newer development of Japanese literature since the Restoration of 1868, that the names of women are again beginning to appear as authors.

The second section of the classical age of Japanese literature is that known in history as the Heian Period, viz., that when Heianjo (or Kioto) was the real centre of government of the country. It may be taken as lasting from A. D. 784, when Kioto was made the capital, until

PANEL FROM A SCREEN, LACQUER, WITH FIGURE OF A COURT LADY AND POETESS OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, INCRUSTED IN IVORY; DESIGN BY YOSAI.

1185, when Yoritomo established the rule of the military caste at Kamakura.

About the beginning of this period the phonetic script known as the *Kana* came into use. It greatly simplified the art of writing the Japanese language. The poetry of this time is contained in the Anthology known as the *Kokinshiu*, which consists almost exclusively of short poems of thirty-one syllables to the neglect of *Naga-uta*.

The next work of the Heian Period to be noticed is the *Taketori Monogatari*. It is the first specimen of a kind of literature which has ever since been a great favourite in Japan, viz., the fairy tale, or, to be more accurate, the *Mährchen*. It is the story of a moon-maiden banished to earth for an offence against the lunar laws, and who gives much trouble to her earthly suitors, the Mikado himself included, before she returns to her celestial home in a flying chariot which was sent for her. It contains both sentiment and humour, but the language has hardly yet attained to classical perfection.

The *Ise Monogatari* is a work of a different stamp. As a specimen of early Japanese prose it is unrivalled, being systematic in its arrangement, and elegant, concise and perspicuous in style. It has, in short, all the qualities which we are accustomed to comprehend under the term "classical." The *Ise Monogatari* is a sort of novel. It relates the love adventures of a gay young courtier named Narihira, and his journey to the east of Japan, then a region

full of terrors to the traveller from the capital. The *Tanka* contained in it are of more than average merit.

The Heian Period produced a large number of other *Monogatari* of considerable merit and interest. *Monogatari*, it should be explained, means "narrative." It is generally applied to fictitious narrative, but towards the end of this period one or two historical works appeared under this description.

The great glories, however, of the Heian Period of Japanese literature are the *Genji Monogatari* and the *Makura Zoshi*, both written by women and nearly at the same time, *i. e.*, about A. D. 1000.

The author of the *Genji* was a lady of noble birth, known to us as Murasaki no Shikibu, who held an official position at the Court of the Mikado. As a picture of a long past state of society, there is nothing in the contemporary European literature which can for a moment be compared with it. The language of the *Genji* is the acknowledged standard of the classical period.

The second masterpiece of the Heian Period, the *Makura Zoshi*, is a work of a different description. The author, Sei Shonagon, was a lady-in-waiting to the Empress, and came of a distinguished family, being directly descended from one of the Mikados. It is the first specimen of a kind of literature of which Japan has in recent times seen many examples, and which is represented in English by such works as the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*, etc. In the *Makura Zoshi* the

author has recorded her impressions and observations during her life at Court. Humour is her forte as sentiment is that of Murasaki no Shikibu.

Towards the end of the Heian Period, we meet with the first attempts (if we except the archaic *Kojiki*), at writing history in the Japanese language. The most important of these is the *Yeigwa Monogatari*, in forty volumes, which covers the period from 889 to 1093, but is intended chiefly as a glorification of the rule of the Kwambaku or Regent Michinaga. The *Oho-Kagami*, or *Great Mirror*, is another work of this kind. Unfortunately, however, there is observable a tendency for the historical works written in Japanese to become more romantic and poetical than instructive. They subsequently degenerated into mere paraphrases of history, and in modern times resulted in the historical novel. For research, the only trustworthy records are the official histories in the Chinese language.

There are two works which, although not written in the classical period, are characterized by the same qualities of style and language, and therefore deserve a short notice here.

One of these is the *Hojoki*, written about A. D. 1200, by a Buddhist hermit named Chomei. In it he describes his hut in a retired mountain spot a few miles from Kioto, with his manner of life and occupations. A much more important work is Kenko Boshi's (died 1350) *Tsure-dzure-gusa*. The *Tsure-dzure-gusa* is plainly inspired by Sei Shonagon's *Makura Zoshi*. It is a series of essays

and anecdotes something in the style of Selden's *Table Talk*.

The classical literature of Japan has not yet received the attention which its importance deserves. With a very few exceptions, the translations of the works which compose it fail to do complete justice to their literary quality, or even to represent the meaning with sufficient accuracy.

THEATRE

MORTIMER MEMPES

I ALWAYS agree with that man who said, "Let me make the nation's songs and I care not who frames her laws," or words to that effect, for, in my opinion, nothing so well indicates national character or so keenly accentuates the difference between individuals and nations as the way they spend their leisure hours; and the theatres of Japan are thoroughly typical of the people's character. It would be utterly impossible for the Japanese to keep art out of their lives. It creeps into everything, and is as the very air they breathe. Art with them is not only a conscious effort to achieve the beautiful, but also an instinctive expression of inherited taste. It beautifies their homes and pervades their gardens; and perhaps one never realizes this all-dominating power more fully than when in a Japanese theatre, which is, invariably, a veritable temple of art. But here with us in the West it is different. We have no art, and our methods merely lead us to deception, while we do not begin to understand those few great truths which form the basis of Oriental philosophy, and without which perfection in the dramatic art is impossible.

In Japan the scenic work of a play is handled by one

man alone, and that man is the dramatic author, who is almost invariably a great artist. To him the stage is a huge canvas upon which he is to paint his picture, and of which each actor forms a component part. This picture of his has to be thought out in every detail; he has to think of his figures in relation to his background, just as a Japanese artist when building a house or a temple takes into consideration the surrounding scenery, and even the trees and the hills, in order to form a complete picture, perfect in balance and in form. When a dramatic author places his drama upon the stage, he arranges the colour and setting of it in obedience to his ideas of fitness, which are partly intuitive and partly traditional. It is probably necessary that his background should be a monotone, or arranged in broad masses of colour, in order to balance the brilliancy of the action, and against which the moving figures are sharply defined. And it is only in Japan that you see such brilliant luminous effects on the stage, for the Japs alone seem to have the courage to handle very vivid colours in a masterly way—glorious sweeps of gold and of blue—vivid, positive colour. No low-toned plush curtains and what we call rich, sombre colour, with overdressed, shifted-calved flunkeys, stepping silently about on velvet carpets, shod in list slippers, and looking for all the world like a lot of burglars, only needing a couple of dark lanterns to complete their stealthy appearance.

Then, there are no Morris-papered anterooms and corridors in Japan, as we have here—sad bottlegreens and

browns leading to a stage that is still sadder in colour—only a sadness lit up by a fierce glare of electric light.

The true artistic spirit is wanting in the West. We are too timid to deal in masses for effect, and we have such a craving for realism that we become simply technical imitators like the counterfeiters of banknotes. Our great and all-pervading idea is to cram as much of what we call realism and detail into a scene as possible; the richer the company, and the more money they have to handle, the more hopeless the work becomes, for the degradation of it is still more fully emphasized.

The Japanese are not led away by this struggle to be realistic, and this is one of the chief reasons why the stage of Japan is so far ahead of our stage. If a horse is introduced into a scene he will be by no means a real horse, but a very wooden one, with wooden joints, just like a nursery rocking-horse; yet this decorative animal will be certain to take its proper place in the composition of the picture. But when realism has its artistic value, the Japs will use it to the full. If the scene is to be the interior of a house, it will be an interior, complete in every detail down to the exquisite bowl of flowers which almost invariably forms the chief decoration of a Japanese room. But suppose they want a garden: they do not proceed, as we do, to take one special garden and copy it literally; that garden has to be created and thought out to form a perfect whole; even the lines of the tiny trees and the shape of the hills in the distance have to be considered in relation to the figures of the

actors who are to tell their story there. This is true art. Then, when you go to the theatre in Japan, you are made to feel that you are actually living in the atmosphere of the play; the body of the theatre and the stage are linked together, and the spectator feels that he is contained in the picture itself, that he is looking on at a scene which is taking place in real life just before his very eyes. And it is the great aim of every ambitious dramatic author to make you feel this. To gain this end, if the scene is situated by the seashore, he will cause the sea, which is represented by that decorative design called the wave pattern, to be swept right round the theatre, embracing both audience and stage and dragging you into the very heart of his picture.

For this same reason, a Japanese theatre is always built with two broad passages, called Hanamichi (or flower-paths), leading through the audience to the stage, up which you can watch a Daimio and his gorgeous retinue sweep on his royal way to visit perhaps another Daimio whose house is represented on the stage. This is very dramatic, and greatly forwards the author's scheme of bringing you in touch with the stage. But we in our Western theatres need not trouble ourselves with all this, for we frame our scenes in a vulgar gilt frame; we hem them in and cut them off from the rest of the house. When we go to a theatre here, we go to view a picture hung up on a wall, and generally a very foolish inartistic picture it is too. And even taking our stage from the point of view of a picture, it is wrong, for in a work of art the frame should

never have an independent value as an achievement, but be subordinate to, and part of, the whole. All idea of framing the stage must be done away with; else we are in danger of going to the other extreme, as some artists have done, and cause our picture to overlap and spread itself upon the frame.

Now, built as the Japanese theatres are, with their flower-paths leading from the stage, there is no fear of such a disaster; yet Westerners who have never been to Japan, on hearing of the construction of a Japanese theatre, are rather inclined to conjure up to their fancies visions of the low comedian who springs through trap-doors, and of the clown who leaves the ring of the circus to seat himself between two maiden ladies in the audience; but if these people were to go to Japan and see a really fine production at a properly conducted theatre, such an idea would never occur to them at all.

Here and there, however, the unthinking globe-trotter, with more or less the vulgar mind, will be inclined to laugh as he sees a richly-clothed actor sweep majestically through the audience to the stage; he will point out the prompter who never attempts to conceal himself, and the little black-robed supers who career about the stage arranging dresses, slipping stools under actors, and bearing away any little article that they don't happen to want. "How funny and elementary it all is!" they will remark; but there is nothing elementary about it at all; these little supers who appear to them so amusing are perfect little artists, and are

absolutely necessary to ensure the success of a scene. Suppose Danjuro, the greatest actor in Japan, appears upon the stage dressed in a most gorgeous costume, and takes up a position before a screen which he will probably have to retain for half an hour: these little people must be there to see that the sweep of his dress is correct in relation to the lines of the screen. The placing of this drapery is elaborately rehearsed by the supers, and when they step back from their work even the globe-trotter is bound to admit that the picture created by Danjuro and the screen is a perfectly beautiful one, and a picture which could not have been brought about by merely walking up and stopping short, or by the backward kick that a leading lady gives to her skirt. These little supers may go, come, and drift about on the stage; they may slip props under the actors and illuminate their faces with torches; yet the refined Japanese gentleman (and he is always an artist) is utterly unconscious of their presence. They are dressed in black: therefore it would be considered as the height of vulgarity in him to see them. Indeed, the audience are in honour bound not to notice these people, and it would be deemed in their eyes just as vulgar for you to point out a super in the act of arranging a bit of drapery, as to enter a temple and smell the incense there. No Japanese ever smells incense: he is merely conscious of it. Incense is full of divine and beautiful suggestion; but the moment you begin to vulgarize it by talking, or even thinking of its smell, all beauty and significance are destroyed.

Everything connected with the stage in Japan is reduced to a fine art: the actor's walk—the dignity of it!—you would never see a man walk in the street as he would on the stage. And then the tone of voice, bearing, and attitude—everything about the man is changed.

THE NEW JAPAN

ARTHUR DIÓSI

ON the seventeenth of September, 1894, from noon to sunset, the thunder of great guns rolled over the waters of Korea Bay, between the Island of Hai-yang and the mouth of the Yalu River, proclaiming to an amazed world the birth of the New Far East.

In that fierce sea-fight, by its consequences the most important naval action since Trafalgar, Japan had completely broken China's maritime power. The hotly-contested battle between the fleets of the two great yellow peoples, using, for the first time in warfare, the latest death-dealing devices of the white men, had resulted in a victory for Japan so decisive that from that moment no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the struggle could arise in the minds of those who understood the modern science of war.

The importance of the Yalu sea-fight was quickly appreciated throughout the world. It revealed suddenly, as if by magic, the existence of an entirely new, hitherto barely suspected, condition of affairs in Eastern Asia. That huge Chinese Empire, which the Western world, ever ready to mistake bigness for greatness, had credited with boundless stores of latent strength, was shown to be an inert mass of

corruption, feebly drifting towards disintegration, whilst Japan stood revealed in the full glare of a new light as a nation no longer in leading-strings, but capable of being, and fully determined to be, a dominant factor in Eastern Asia—a power to be reckoned with, in future, in any political combination affecting the countries which face the rising sun. Preconceived notions, deeply implanted in the minds of Western statesmen, were uprooted, popular misconceptions received a rude shock; and, as the battle-smoke drifted away over the waves of the China Sea, the astonished eyes of Occidentals beheld the Old Far East sinking in the flood, along with the boasted naval power of China, and, in its stead, rising steadily from "the Edge of Asia," the New Far East came into view.

For a quarter of a century the sun of New Japan had been steadily rising over the horizon, whilst China continued to sink deeper and deeper into the slough of corruption, losing one tributary state after another through the incompetence and venality of her officials, the inefficiency of her diplomatists, and the contemptible weakness of her forces. To most Occidentals the contrast presented by the two nations unfortunately failed to convey its lesson. In their eyes, and especially in those of British people, China still loomed mysterious, huge, possessed of vast latent power and of untold resources. It seemed impossible that such a large proportion of the human race should remain absolutely deaf to the voice of progress, perfectly blind to the advantages of modern civilization. The

slightest sign of movement in a forward direction, although it was chiefly aimed at the possession of modern armaments, was hailed by the West as an indication that China was really on the eve of her awakening. The wish was father to the thought, and much sympathy was wasted on what were erroneously held to be symptoms of China's resurrection.

As for Japan, it was still, in the opinion of the great majority of Europeans and of Americans, what it had always been,—a pleasant land of beautiful scenery, bright with lovely flowers; a country inhabited by an interesting race with charming gentle manners, imbued with delicate artistic taste, and showing, in recent times, a marvellous aptitude for assimilating Western civilization, often in a manner producing quaint, even grotesque results. In short, Japan was to the Western world, that strange medley of the beautiful and the comical described in the narratives of scores of travellers in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Until the battle of Ping-yang (in Korean "Phyŏng-yang"), the first in which the army of New Japan proved its complete efficiency, and the naval victory off the mouth of the Yalu, testified to her attainment of her majority as a modern nation, the Western peoples had never taken Japan seriously. The wonderful intelligence and spirit of adaptability of the Japanese had long been recognized, they had been patted on the head and smilingly praised for their successful imitation, as it was thought to be—it was really *adaptation*—of certain phases of European civilization, and

in some quarters, and those laying claim to be the best informed, they had been solemnly warned of their inherent weakness, of the futility of any attempt on their part to enter into serious rivalry with European Powers. The West, having delivered its praise and its homily, turned its attention to the lacquer and the carvings, the bronzes and the coloured prints of Old Japan, and, with a pitying smile, left the New to struggle through its political teething, its attempt at Parliamentary Government.

A few months changed all this. The *Risen* Sun of Japan, shining on her victorious armies and fleet cast its rays into every diplomatic *Chancellerie* in Europe, and produced in all of them, except amongst the ice-cool heads in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the banks of the Neva, a remarkable effect. A sort of "Japan sunstroke" affected the entire *personnel*, not excepting even those who steered the various ships of state. Such a fluttering of diplomatic dovecotes, such a general "setting to partners," such an almost universal re-casting of parts in the great historical drama, had, in all probability, not occurred since those sultry days, twenty-five years before, when the Napoleonic Empire succumbed to the sledge-hammer blows of the Germans.

The truth is that the struggle for which both the Empires had been preparing, each in its own characteristic way, for years, was inevitable. China had, long ago, determined to seek the first favourable opportunity of reducing Japan, the "Upstart Nation of Dwarfs," as she called

her to that condition of vassalage Chinese tradition had assigned as Japan's proper position. The Chinese official classes, blind votaries of stagnation, gloated over the disastrous fate in store for "the Dwarfs" who had in their opinion, turned traitors to the Yellow Race, those "Monkeys" who struttled about in Western dress, and who had the audacity to prosper in their imitation of the ways of the hated "Western Foreign Devils." As far back as 1882, the famous Li Hung-Chang had memorialized the Throne, advising the postponement of the invasion of Japan, the plan for which the Emperor had "graciously ordered him to prepare" until the Chinese navy could be brought to a high condition of strength and efficiency, "meanwhile," wrote the wily old Viceroy, "carefully concealing our object" until a convenient opportunity of "bringing about a rupture with Japan." Whilst biding her time, China carried on, for years, without intermission, a war of needle-pricks against Japan, slighting, baffling, snubbing the Power which had set the whole Yellow Race the shockingly subversive example of reform and progress, and which had lit a torch the rays of which might some day shine across the sea and dazzle the hordes of sluggish Celestials.

The knowledge of China's malevolent intentions, the accumulated resentment of years—at various times repressed with the greatest difficulty, by wise statesmen awaiting the right moment for action—these were, undoubtedly, potent factors in causing Japan to draw the sword against China. Another strong incentive lay in the

necessity for Japan, a thickly populated country, mountainous and narrow, of finding a ready market in China for the products of her rapidly-rising industries, that give employment to those whom agriculture or the fisheries cannot support. The Treaty of Peace of Shimonoseki (1895) opened new ports in China to the trade of the victorious Japanese, but also, owing to the operation of the Most-Favoured-Nation Clause in the various treaties with China, to the trade of the world—a fact too often ignored by Occidentals when considering the results of the war.

Of the manifold influences which were at work to impel the Japanese towards the struggle, none was more important than the necessity, often painfully impressed on Japanese statesmen, of convincing the fiery spirits amongst the *Shi-zoku*, and especially those of the great fighting clan of feudal times, the men of Satsuma, that the new civilization had not emasculated the race. The war conclusively proved to them, and to the thousands whose hearts still hankered, in secret, after the old order of things, that Western science and foreign ways had not, as they feared, diminished the true Spirit of Old Japan. The old *Yamato-Damashi-i* burnt as brightly as ever in Japanese hearts. The Japanese sword was still keen, the Japanese arm still strong, the Japanese heart still fearless. All was well with Japan; the new civilization had not tarnished her honour. It had added lustre to her glory. Henceforward the new

[1] Formerly called *Samurai*; the Gentry who formed the governing and military class in Old Japan.

civilization would have no opponents, would cause no regrets.

The wise men who guided the destinies of Japan foresaw what a war, which they knew must be successful, would mean as regards their country's position in the world. With that quick sharp perception of what is insincere that is peculiarly their own, they had seen through the sham of Occidental international ethics. For thirty years the West had been urging the Japanese onward in their adaptation of Occidental civilization, ever replying to their claim to be treated as equals: "Not yet! Go on building railways, erect more schools, establish new hospitals. Study, work, trade, become learned, peaceful, rich—in one word, a civilized nation—and we will admit you into our midst on an equal footing."

The Japanese took the advice to heart. They built railways in every direction, established a national educational system second to none, opened hospitals that aroused the admiration of foreign medical men; they studied, they worked, they traded; the nation became well-educated, peaceful, and wonderfully prosperous. But all this was of no avail. Until Britain, to her everlasting honour, gave the others a noble lead by the Treaty Revision which admitted Japan into the comity of nations as an equal, the Powers had continued to treat her like an interesting, clever child, not to be taken seriously for a moment. Japan went to war, she conquered by land and sea, and hey! presto!—the scene changed. The great, civilized Christian Powers

stood in a line, bowing courteously to the victor and exclaiming in unison: "Here is a nation that has cruisers and guns, and torpedoes and long range rifles, and that knows how to use them so as to kill a great number of people with small loss to herself. Truly this is a great nation and one worthy of our respect!"

In a few months, "frivolous, superficial, grotesquely imitative, little Japan" had become "the predominant factor in the Far East"—"a nation to be reckoned with in all future international combinations affecting Eastern Asia"—"a rising naval Power," and "the modern Jack the Giant-Killer." The statesmen and the warriors of Japan smiled grimly as they noted the complete success of their efforts to prove Japan a nation. They had rightly gauged the relative value of the triumphs of peace and those of war in the estimation of the great Powers of the West. Governments that had, in the past, treated Japan with scant courtesy, now seriously considered the question of an alliance with her. Other great Powers paid her the almost equally great compliment of looking upon her as a dangerous rival, and formed a monstrous, unnatural coalition for the purpose of coercing her. Friends and foes alike had begun to grasp the changed situation. The New Far East was born.

PRESENT CONDITIONS

E. S.

JAPAN, or Nippon, consists of four large islands Honshiu (the mainland), Yezo, Kiushiu and Shikoku, and many small islands (said to comprise more than 4,223), the area being about 147,655 square miles and the population 44,733,379. In 1895, the Island of Formosa (about 13,500 square miles, with a population of 2,640,309, chiefly Chinese), and the Pescadores (eighty-five square miles with a population of 52,400), were ceded by China. The Kurile Islands have belonged to Japan since 1875; and in 1876, the Luchu Islands were incorporated as the "Prefecture of Okinawa." The Empire of Japan consists of an area of 162,655 square miles, with a population of 44,260,606 (22,329,925 men and 21,630,681 women).

Tokio (formerly Yedo), is the capital and residence of the Mikado (population 1,507,642), and the two chief ports and centres of foreign trade are Yokohama and Kobe (populations respectively in 1898, 193,762 and 214,119). The population of the other important cities are: Osaka, 1,311,909; Kioto, 351,461; Nagoya, 239,771; Hiroshima, 114,231, and Nagasaki, 106,574. In 1898, ten other towns contained a population of between 50,000 and 100,000. The chief towns of the island Formosa are Tamsui, Tai-

nanfu and Anping. The almost inaccessible mountainous inlands are occupied by a primitive tribe of Malays. The Ainu, an uncivilized tribe that anciently occupied the greater part of Japan, still inhabit Yezo. The islands of the Japanese archipelago are volcanic, and disastrous earthquakes are frequent, as are also tidal waves. There are no less than eighteen active summits; but the chief peak Fuji-san, or Fujiyama (12,370 feet), Japan's highest and most sacred mountain, has been dormant since 1707. As the country is very mountainous, the area available for cultivation does not exceed one-sixth of the whole, but the soil is productive and agriculture is extensively carried on, the chief products being rice, wheat and other cereals, and the potato, tea-plant and tobacco. The mineral products include gold (discovered in 1899), silver, copper, iron, sulphur, coal, agate, cornelian and rock-crystal. The vegetable products include the camphor-tree, the lacquer-tree, the vegetable wax-tree and the paper mulberry. The principal timber trees are the Cryptomeria japonica, Pinus Massoniana, and Zelkowa Keaki. The chief products of Formosa are rice, sugar, tea, coal and camphor. The coasts, which have very fine harbours, abound in fish.

Japan claims to possess a written history of 2,500 years and that the present Mikado, Mutsu Hito (the 121st of his race), is a direct descendant of the Emperor Jimmu, who founded the present dynasty in 660 B. C., which, after a short war in 1868, overthrew the Shogun who had practically ruled the country since the Twelfth Century. The

Mikado (Honourable Gate) has been absolute sovereign of Japan ever since that date. Mutsu Hito, the Mikado of Japan, was born at Kioto, Nov. 3, 1852. He succeeded his father, Komei Tenno, in 1867, and in 1869 married the Princess Haruko, daughter of Prince Ichijo. His children are Prince Yoshihito (born 1879, proclaimed Crown Prince in 1889, and married to Princess Sadako in 1900), and four Princesses. Under his rule Japan has entered upon an era of phenomenal prosperity and her quick absorption of Western ideas and methods has placed her among the Powers.

Japan was an absolute monarchy until 1889, when the Mikado granted a new constitution to the people by which the Emperor is head and sovereign of the people, but exercises his executive powers with the advice of Cabinet Ministers, who are appointed by himself. He exercises the legislative power with the aid of the Imperial Diet, composed of a House of Peers (about 300 in number) and a House of Representatives (375 members). The Imperial Diet must be assembled once a year. It has control over the finances. The present Cabinet is as follows: Field Marshall Viscount Taro Katsura, Prime Minister; Baron Jutaro Komura, Foreign Affairs; Baron Tosuke Hirata, Agriculture and Commerce; Baron Tadakatsu Utsumi, Interior; Baron Arasuke Sone, Finance; Major-General Masatake Terauchi, War; Admiral Baron Gombei Yamamoto, Marine; Baron Keigo Kiyoura, Justice; Baron Dairoku Kikuchi, Education; Viscount Akimasa Yoshi-

kawa, Communications; and Major-General Viscount Tanaka, Imperial Household.

The first national Parliament met in 1890. The new aristocracy consists of five grades corresponding to the European titles of Prince, Marquis, Count, Viscount and Baron. The feudal lords retain their social position, but have lost all powers of government. The Emperor has supreme command of the army and navy. In gratitude for his wise direction of the naval and military operations against China in 1898, the Diet voted the imperial estates 20,000,000 yen of the indemnity obtained through the victories.

The existing military regulations date from 1883. The entire army is organized on the basis of conscription, all male Japanese subjects from the ages of seventeen to forty are subject to service as follows: three years in the standing army, four years in the standing army reserve, and five years in the territorial army; while the national army corresponding to the European Landsturm, is another reserve. In 1901–2, the military budget amounted to 50,111,000 yen and provided for thirteen divisions, comprising the Imperial Guard, twenty-six infantry brigades, seventeen regiments of cavalry, nineteen regiments of artillery, thirteen battalions of pioneers, thirteen battalions of train, one railway and one telegraph battalion. Besides these, there are three regiments of coast and two battalions of foot artillery and the Yezo Brigade consisting of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and pioneers. The Army of the Second Line com-

prises thirty-six battalions of infantry, as well as cavalry, pioneers and other troops. The military schools and academies are of the best type and the army is efficiently drilled. The men are armed with the 256 inch rifle, a Japanese invention. In 1901–2, the peace strength was reported to be 143,649 (8,116 officers) and the war strength (not including all the reserves), 392,220 with 1,098 guns (171 battalions, forty-three squadrons and seventy-one batteries). According to the *St. Petersburg Gazette* (Nov. 1902) the force was 509,960.

The Japanese navy is one of the most important developments in the politics of the Far East. The Minister of the Navy has his department of command in Tokio. The chief of the naval command is appointed from the list of admirals. In 1902, there were two admirals, nine vice-admirals, twenty-five rear-admirals, sixty-five captains, 119 commanders, 167 lieutenant-commanders, 220 lieutenants, 305 sub-lieutenants as well as engineers, medical officers, etc. The sailors numbered 31,688. The total was 35,355 officers and men. The coast is divided into five maritime districts, the headquarters being at Yokosuka, Kure, Sasebo, Maizuru and Muroran (the last is now being established). Japan has a large ship-building programme, which is said to include four battleships from England and six first-class cruisers from England, France and Germany. She is building her own protected cruisers and destroyers and founding armour factories by which means she will soon be enabled to build her battleships also. Her newest

TEMPLE BELL AT KIOTO.

battleships are the Fuji, Yashima, Shikishima, Asahi, Hatsuse and Mikasa. Her most efficient armoured cruisers are Asama, Azuma, Yakumo, Idzumo, Iwate and Tokiwa. She also owns the battleship Chin-Yen captured from China; and a large and efficient flotilla of torpedo boat destroyers, which is constantly increasing. The proposed sum for strengthening the navy and to be extended over a period of eleven years (beginning March 31, 1904), is 99,860,305 yen. Some of this provides for the establishment of an armour-plate making plant at Kuré.

In 1903, the mercantile marine of registered ships above 100 tons were 555 steamers of 563,389 gross tons, and 1,241 sailing vessels of 171,024 gross tons.

Commerce with foreign nations is carried on through the open ports of Yokohama, Kobé, Osaka, Nagasaki, Hakodate, Niigata and twenty special export ports. The chief exports are rice, silk, tea, fish, copper, matches, coal, camphor, straw-plaits, marine products, cotton yarn and mats for floor. The principal imports are machinery from Europe and the United States of America, kerosene oil from the latter; raw cotton from China and the United States of America, metals, woollens, drugs, locomotives, sugar, beans, peas, pulse, and rice. In 1901, the imports of bullion and specie were 10,960,750 yen and the exports 14,049,099 yen.

The chief industries of the country are factories for silk and cotton and cotton yarn, paper, glass, matches, porcelain, japanned ware, as well as bronze and shipbuilding.

In the province of Echigo, the petroleum industry is being developed; at Wakamatsu, a Government foundry is engaged in pig-iron, Siemens' steel, and rails and plates, and at Nagasaki, shipbuilding is conducted by skilled European workmen with the newest machinery on a large scale. The camphor industry is of extreme value. In 1891, no less than 2,508,361 persons were engaged in fishing. In 1900, the fish industry yielded: dried fish, 12,783,934 yen; salt fish, 2,267,512 yen; fish manure, 9,662,768 yen; fish oil, 399,648 yen; and sea-weed, 2,008,604 yen.

In 1901, of the total foreign ships entering Japanese ports 1,644 of 4,080,583 tons were British; 385 of 1,192,153 tons, German; 284 of 455,243 tons, Russian; 188 of 240,906 tons, Norwegian; 175 of 404,724 tons, American; and 154 of 303,690 tons, French.

The Japanese have shown great energy in developing their railway lines.

In 1900, there were 2, 802 miles of private railway and 833 miles of Government. The latter owns the Tokaido, Shinano and Echigo as well as the Oshiu and Dewa lines (661 miles). Progress is being made on the East Coast route. A railway was opened in Formosa in 1900 from Takao to Tainan (forty miles), and a Japanese line is also being built in Korea from Fusan to Seoul. In the budget of 1901–2, the net profit on these lines was estimated at £746,977. In 1899, there were 1,562 miles of telephone.

In 1897, the currency was placed upon a gold standard, the unit of value is 0.75 grammes of pure gold and is

called the yen which is not coined, the smallest gold coin being the 5-yen piece. The old silver 5-sen piece and copper 2, 1 and ½ sen pieces are used as formerly. The sen is the hundredth part of a yen and the rin is the tenth part of a sen. In 1901 the local exchange value of the yen was 2s 0½d. The paper money in circulation is Nippon Ginko notes, or notes of the Bank of Japan, exchangeable for gold on presentation, amounted on April 1, 1902, to 187,194,336 yen. The revenue for 1902–3 amounted to 273,630,836 yen and the expenditure, 270,424,495 yen.

The constitution permits freedom of religious belief and practice. There is no state religion nor state support, although the state and local authorities support many shrines. In 1900, there were 196,358 of these shrines dedicated to the eminent ancestors of the Imperial House and meritorious subjects. The chief forms of religion are Shintoism (with twelve sects) and Buddhism (with twelve sects and thirty-two creeds). In 1900, there were 89,507 Shinto priests and 687 students, while there were 71,951 Buddhist temples, 111,264 bonzes, and 9,276 students. Moreover there were 1,035 churches and preaching stations of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant Churches.

The two Universities are Tokio Imperial University and Kioto Imperial University. Both are supported by the Government. Elementary education is compulsory. There are about 27,000 elementary schools with more than 4,300,000 pupils. Technical schools are rapidly increas-

ing. Formosa has a special educational system. In 1900, Japan had forty-three libraries with 525,971 volumes. In that year 944 periodicals and newspapers and 18,281 books were published.

THE END.